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FEBRUARY, 1928

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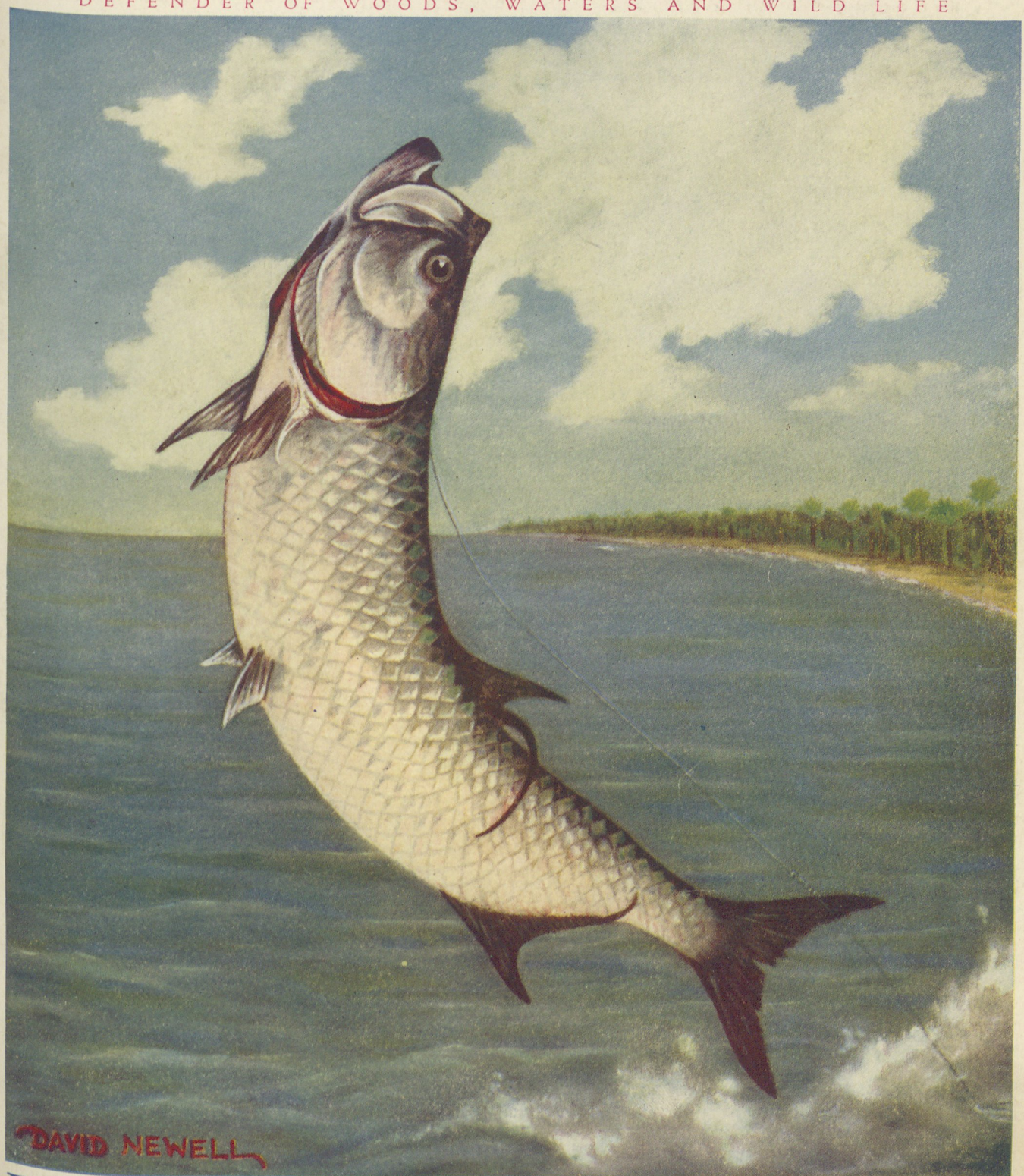

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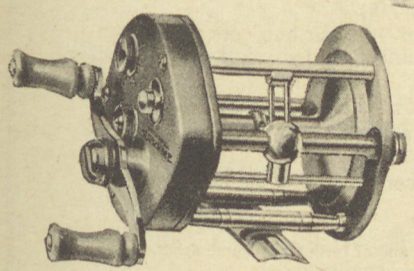

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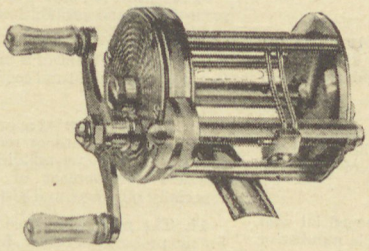

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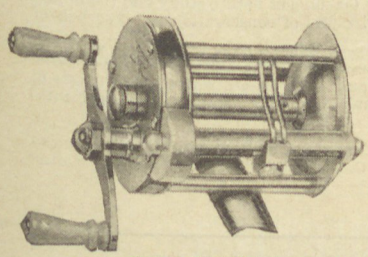

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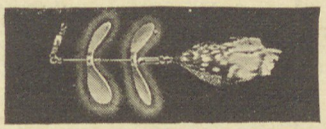

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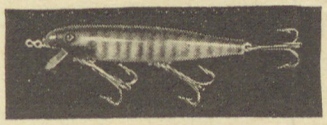

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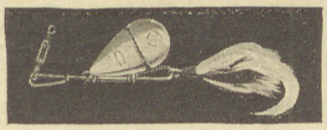

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 3000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

This Platform of Waltonism Means

More forests
More clean streams
More fish and game
More outdoor life

These are the greatest blessings we can acquire for ourselves and for our children, the best legacy we can leave them, adding to their happiness, their health, and their character.

The objects of the Izaak Walton League of America are:

To develop opportunities for the enjoyment of the great outdoors as an essential part of the character building and the spiritual and physical development of our people.

To encourage the protection and restoration of woods, wild flowers and wild life.

To safeguard the public health and conserve aquatic life by the elimination of pollution, and

To restore and transmit to posterity the Outdoor America of our ancestors.

The League's platform is as follows:

1. A comprehensive system of forest extension and management, reforestation of denuded areas, and proper encouragement to private landowners to grow timber.

2. A copious supply of pure water to safeguard public health and conserve aquatic life, and an aggressive campaign to eradicate pollution from inland and coastal waters.

3. Opposition to drainage projects which injure natural resources without equivalent benefit to the general public, and the restoration of unwisely drained areas.

4. More adequate protection for beneficial wild life, and the establishment of an ample number of properly administered fish and game refuges, and public fishing and hunting grounds.

5. The establishment of sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

6. The establishment of biological experiment stations for the training of scientific workers to guarantee expert supervision of all game and fish propagation and distribution.

7. Opposition to the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes, except for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. Encouragement of a more universal appreciation of the aesthetic and economic value of our birds and wild flowers.

10. To develop greater opportunities for and encouragement of outdoor recreation as an essential part of the character-building, and the spiritual and physical development of the American people, especially our boys and girls.

11. The practice of true sportsmanship, respect for the property of others, and strenuous opposition to all unfair and illegal methods.

12. The teaching of nature study and the fundamental principles of conservation in all schools of America.

13. Co-operation with all organizations having like aims and better co-ordination of the efforts of such organizations with state and governmental agencies.

14. An unceasing militant educational campaign to attain the declared objects of the Izaak Walton League.

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With the single exception of Pike's Peak, the Royal Gorge is the best known scenic wonder of Colorado.

The Royal Gorge
Shall Man Desecrate It?

By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

THE writer of this magnificent plea for the saving of one of America's greatest scenic beauties is the noted author of many books and short stories. His stirring protest against the vandalism that would forever destroy The Royal Gorge will appeal to all beauty lovers and all patriotic Americans.

EDITOR.

WITH the single exception of Pike's Peak the Royal Gorge is the best known scenic wonder of Colorado. During the past forty years its fame has brought hundreds of thousands of visitors to this state. Comes now a power plant company, hungry for dollars, and asks the Federal Power Commission for a permit to change the Gorge from a panorama of indescribable beauty to an ugly rock quarry. That is not the way the application is phrased, but that is essentially what the granting of the permit would mean.

The Public Service Company of Colorado, a powerful corporation, wants to withdraw 300 second feet of water from the Arkansas River at a point below Texas Creek, Colorado, and just above the entrance to the Royal Gorge, for the purpose of developing power for the generation of electricity for commercial consumption, the water to be returned to the river below the Gorge.

To begin with, let us get this straight. The Royal Gorge belongs to you and to me and to millions of other Americans, many of them yet unborn. It has been given to us as part of our heritage to have and to hold by bountiful Mother Nature. All lovers of beauty have a proprietary right in it, all those who love to wander from the roaring streets of cities back to the primeval open wilds, all who find healing for tired souls in the varied aspects of Nature, both in her sunny placid moods and in the extravagances of her more awesome miracles. We must keep inviolate this God-given right.

For ages the Gorge has stood there, a Titanic sword cleft gashed into the heart of the great Rockies by God for purposes of His own, a chasm so deep, so sharp, so narrow, that it is without a duplicate in the world. By a marvel of engineering a railroad has corkscrewed its shining rails into that tortuous rift and made its wonders accessible to all. Yearly a great many thousands of Americans take the trip to see the Hanging Bridge, the massive walls of gneiss and granite shot with mica, the rich coloring of the rugged ramparts, and the dashing river foaming over and around boulders on its mad rush to the sea.

The Royal Gorge is unique. Neither Colorado nor Switzerland have anything comparable to it. The Canadian Rockies can show no such stupendous narrow gash in the earth's surface. It stands alone. There are ways and ways to negotiate mountains in railroad engineering. Some lines run over them. Some go around, following the line of least resistance. But the Denver & Rio Grande Western at the Royal Gorge literally goes through the Rockies. It winds and twists its snaky way 2,000 feet into the bowels of the earth, the sky scarcely visible above the stupendous walls, the road bed clinging to the rock wall, as it were for dear life, while the river boils down beside it.

In recent years comfortable motor highways have been constructed across the Continental Divide to western Colorado. The principal route, the Pike's Peak Ocean-to-Ocean Highway, traverses the course of the Arkansas River from Parkdale to Salida—the Grand Canon of the Arkansas—one of the most beautiful drives in the entire west. This scenic portion of this well known tourist highway, crossing the Continental Divide at Tennessee Pass, is used by an average of five hundred automobiles daily throughout the year as the Pass is free from snow practically eight months in the year.

One hundred and fifty thousand people from all parts of the globe visited the top of the Royal Gorge alone this past tourist season to obtain a view of this grand spectacle.

This highway and the view from the top of the Royal Gorge would lose much of their charm and awe-inspiring splendor if the sparkling, tumbling waters of the Arkansas should be not only harnessed but actually removed, leaving nothing but a ghastly gash in their wake.

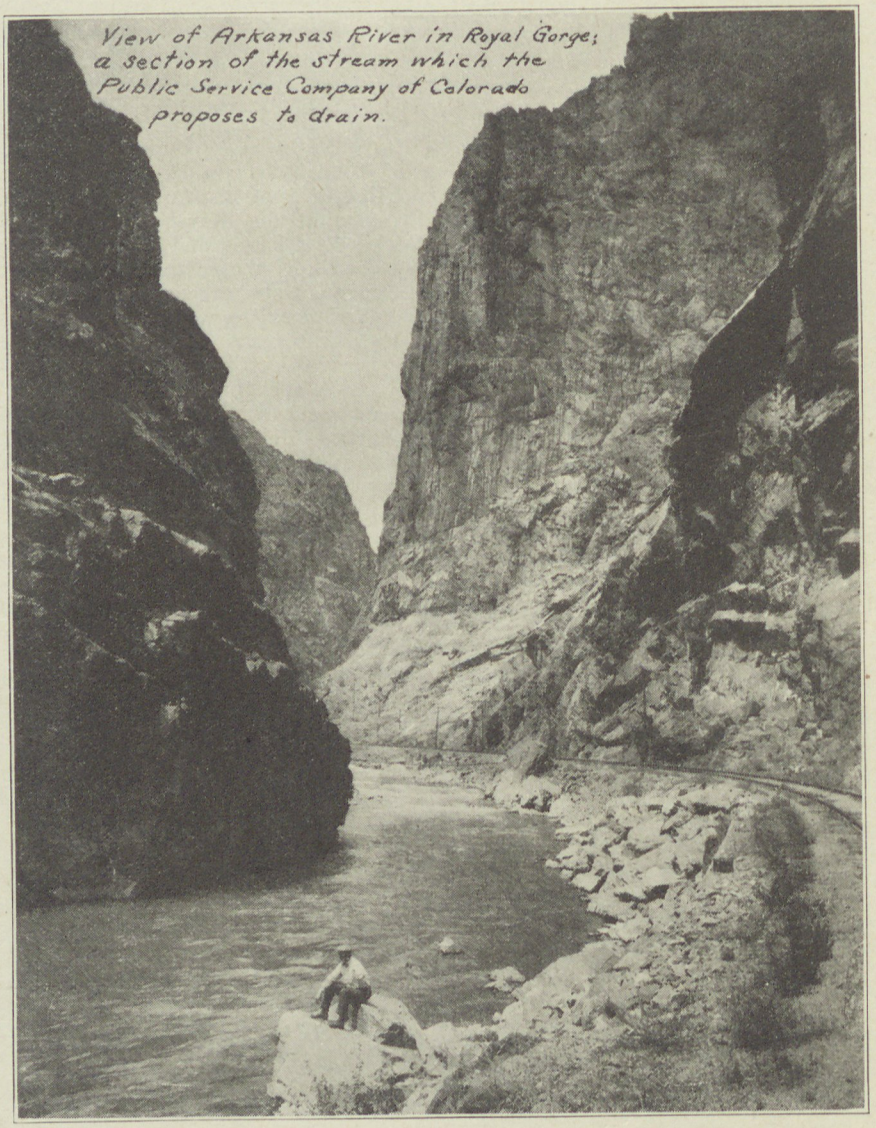
We who live here have built additional motor roads into the front range in order to be able to enjoy

An example of a beautiful falls on the Colorado river entirely destroyed by a power project. Shall The Royal Gorge be ruined in the same way?

the mountains. There we find relaxation and relief from the cares of life. Out of the hills comes strength. When we drive up Bear Canon we rejoice in the firclad slopes and the rocky walls in the distant forests and the stretches of open park. But the one feature which gives life to the landscape is the stream tumbling eagerly down toward the plains. Without that stream Bear Creek would no more be itself than the portrait of a beautiful woman is the breathing vibrant woman. That pellmell plunge of foam-capped water, flinging itself recklessly against a thousand boulders, is the one supremely necessary touch.

So it is with the Royal Gorge. The one culminating factor of its grandeur, that which gives movement and life to the tremendous spectacle, is the stream hurling itself impetuously forward against the impeding rocks. You cannot rob the Royal Gorge of its water and leave it a thing of joy. The bed of the river would be an ugly rock quarry, and the value of the whole landscape irrevocably blotted out.

It seems inconceivable that we could even for a moment consider such vandalism to profit a private corporation. In Europe, where scenic beauty is recognized as a very tangible asset in francs, lires, or pounds, such a desecration would meet with instant sharp rebuff. But we are a young and prodigal and thoughtless people. Recklessly we fling away our heritage. And often too late we are sorry.



View of Arkansas River in Royal Gorge; a section of the stream which the Public Service Company of Colorado proposes to drain.

Nature is not niggardly, but she has her inexorable laws. You may use the product of her sleepless growth with wisdom and come back again and again to enjoy her renewal of it. She gives prodigally, but she does not give inexhaustibly. We are entitled to the usufruct of the interest she bears but if we dig into the principal we do so at our peril. All the life about us testifies to this.

It is so with the rivers and the forests, with the wild flowers and the timid animal life that scurries into the brush at our approach, moved by the instinct of self-preservation. Man is the great destroyer as well as the great builder. We exterminate the buffalo and the great herds are no more. No longer may you see the shining antelope flitting through the sage. The immense flights of pigeons and of mallards have gone forever into yesterday's seven thousand years.

That is the law. You cannot destroy an asset and still have it. Beauty once gone has gone forever. We may regret. We cannot restore.

Beauty is in many ways an intangible asset. It cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents, yet it enters into the very warp and woof of our being. Without it, though often we take it for granted, there would be no meaning to existence. It is the expression of God.

Always, if attuned to it, we recognize beauty, though it may wear a thousand different faces. A baby's smile, the rapt look in a mother's eyes, a strain of music, a clump of fugitive columbines, lakes of purple in the pockets of mountains after sunset—to obliterate any of these would be stark destruction.

This is, of course, an argument pooh-poohed by those who want to destroy natural beauty for commercial profit. The officials of the Public Service Company of Colorado would ridicule this. These things bear no relation to the world of practical affairs, they would say. What they propose is to put money in the pockets of their stockholders and to increase the financial resources of the state by developing its power. So their argument would run.

I do not for an instant concede that the fate of the Royal Gorge should be determined on a basis of dollars and cents. But let us consider the matter from a purely business standpoint.

Colonel Roosevelt once went on record to the effect that Colorado was the playground of the nation. He was not exploiting a theory but stating a fact. The records of the tourist bureau will show how many thousands of holiday-seekers have come here because of our natural scenic advantages. Outside of the state we are advertised chiefly by the railroad companies which point out to their clients what Colorado has to offer. To foster this annual migration we go to great expense building roads and tourist camps for the strangers within our gates.

These tourists, whether they come by rail or by motor, bring many hundreds of thousands of dollars into Colorado every year. All of our people derive a direct benefit from these expenditures. These are dollars earned elsewhere and brought and spent here—they are double duty dollars. The power company would destroy one of our show places, one of the very reasons for this enormous annual migration of millions of people into our midst, and the dollars the power company would earn would be paid to a comparatively small group of holders of its securities, few of them resident in our state. Reckoned in dollars and cents, the company would in fact be robbing Colorado for the benefit of foreign stockholders.

How shortsighted then would it be to wantonly destroy one of our great natural assets which has been used as a drawing card for fifty years. The Public Service Company of Colorado can find a dozen rivers with steep descents from which

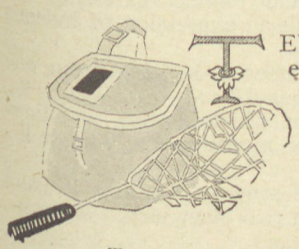
(Continued on page 37)

Illustrated by JOHN HELD, JR.

The Legal LIMIT

By

FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER



TEUNIS TUNBRIDGE, arising early to hold esoteric communion with the rainbow trout of Clear Pond, encountered Levi Post, former owner of the property, fishing for these same rainbows beneath the shadow of the largest "No Trespassing" sign.

Ten days had elapsed since then but, even now, when twilight had laid its blessing over Teunis' cabin porch and we watched the Berkshires wiping the red lees of sunset from their beards, there was scratchy agony in our host's voice as he recited the culminating atrocity. Levi Post was fishing for the precious rainbows with worms!

Only a father whose infant heir had received bootleg gin from a human fiend could have duplicated the anguish and outrage in our host's voice. He was a plump, assured man—the direct product of a lifelong plump, assured income—with a stubborn, petulant mouth and the nervous eyes of a zealot.

His mouth had impelled him, against the counsel of friends, to buy from Levi Post five hundred acres in that part of the Berkshires where deserted farms of the native stock drop to pieces or else obtain squalid rejuvenescence at the hands of Poles. The infatuation glittering in his eyes had constrained him to fringe Clear Pond with warning signs and stock it with rainbows that had cost more than their silver bodies' weight in bullion. Precious indeed!

Here, on the furthermost arc of the R.F.D. man's orbit; here, where the road, swinging and soaring up from Madison, dwindled and died, Tunbridge had set his cabin. Here, he had told us, would be peace, and, watched over by Eleazar, an ebony heirloom, here would Teunis Tunbridge, Ph.D., D.Sc., Litt.D., and only he knew how many more, write the great work on ichthyology that was to be the crown of his lifelong zealotry.

For Teunis loved fish with a passion worthy a more warm-blooded subject. In his devotion were combined the lust of the sportsman, the curiosity of the scientist and the delight of the epicure. He relished fish as antagonists, as biological problems, as food, almost, I think, as spiritual companions, and most of all he loved, intellectually and romantically, those beaux sabreurs, the *salmonidae*, particularly the iridescent, high-hearted rainbows.

Therefore, having recited the horrid deed of the crafty and flinty Levi, he waited hopefully for soothing screams of wrath from his audience. The only audible response was my half smothered yawn, at which he frowned. I looked away from his reproof toward my fellow guests; Wales Waldron, sallow and slouched in his chair with the awkward angularity of a footrule, and the respectfully concerned Richard Brook, Madison attorney, whose car had brought us to the cabin.

"It cost," our host continued in a dismal tone, "twelve hundred and fifty dollars to stock that pond."

"Twelve hundred and seventy-five dollars, including haulage, Mr. Tunbridge," Brook, his man of affairs, amended. The figure evidently had staggered him. It startled neither Waldron nor me. We knew Teunis and his favorite hobby.

"The old scoundrel," our host pursued in the hollow tone of one reporting further horror, "had caught three trout already and not one of them was over eight inches in length. And on worms! Worms!"

Indignation seemed visibly to inflate him. Waldron roused himself enough to kick me on the ankle bone and ask in his sleepy drawl:

"What did you do, Twotons?"

Speech burst from Tunbridge in a torrent. Divested of much unprintable color and aptness, the reproof administered by Teunis Tunbridge, Ph.D., etc., to Levi Post, farmer of Turin Township, Mass., called the offender a thief, which was probably false; a cheat, which was probably true, and a trespasser and poacher, which seemed obvious.

"And what did he do, then?" the lawyer asked, professional anxiety in his voice.

"He went away," Teunis replied. "He said he'd come back and I said I'd shoot him."

"And did he?" Waldron drawled.

"He did," our host squealed. "He did, last Saturday, he and his two sons. They fished. With worms." He gulped over the final word as though it were castor oil.

"And did you—" Waldron began but Teunis cut him short.

"No, I did not," he snapped. "There were three of them and only one of me."

"You told them it was private property?" Brook asked, anxiety stronger in his voice.

"I did," Teunis reported, "and one of them told me to go run away and scratch myself."

"And did you?" Waldron asked with a revival of interest. His host snorted.

"Funny, isn't it?" he asked, scathingly. "God help a rural property owner! The law doesn't."

"Hah," Waldron exclaimed as though enlightenment had dawned, "are they coming back next Sunday—tomorrow?"

"They said they were," our host replied with an immense satisfaction in his tone. Once more Waldron prodded me with his shoe. At last, we understood why we had been urged to quit the city—I, my desk; Wales, his post of curator of reptiles at the museum—and come to Tunbridge's cabin for a week.

We grinned at each other in the gathering darkness and there was no resentment in our smiles. Twotons at forty-four was Twotons at fourteen, ingenuous and ingenious. It was for his perpetual youthfulness we loved him most.

A new moon rode down in the fading afterglow. Up through the meadow, mist was creeping. The air was sweet and from the kitchen, dishes clattered and the old darkey crooned. A drafted warrior's lot might be far less pleasant. Wales stretched and grinned widely at the kindling stars.

"Well," he exclaimed and there was surprised relief in his tone, as though he had found a bank balance less alarming than he feared, "so that's all!"

Tunbridge chuckled and the match with which he lit his pipe revealed a face almost infantile in its glee.

"You'll be witnesses to the trespass," he confided with the relish of a child allotting parts in a game. "Then, we'll drive over to the Center and get a warrant for Levi's arrest and then we'll take it to the state police station and give it to a trooper to serve."

THOUSANDS have read and rejoiced at Frederic Van de Water's book "The Family Flivvers to Frisco." "The Legal Limit," written especially for OUTDOOR AMERICA, *will run in two parts. Mr. Van de Water writes in regard to the story, "It is, of course, entirely fictional except for the game law quoted. That is fact." The story has all the subtle humor for which Frederic Van de Water is noted.*

EDITOR.

"Don't they have town constables in this wilderness?" I asked.

Evidently I had touched an exposed nerve. My host winced and stared balefully.

"They do," he said. "Stanislas Something, a Polander. When I'd told him my troubles, he discovered he'd lost his badge and mislaid his authority. I find he's a tenant of Levi's."

He gulped and banged a thick hand on his chair arm.

"Brook," he appealed, "the tactics I've outlined are correct and legal, eh?"

The attorney did not respond directly.

"Mr. Tunbridge," he asked, "what's the area of Clear Pond?"

"Eighteen acres," Teunis snapped.

"Had it surveyed?"

"No," our host admitted. "Levi told me before I bought."

"Hum," the lawyer responded non-committally and at the irascible repetition of his client's question, added hastily: "Oh, yes, Mr. Tunbridge. Only, be careful. Levi's slick. He may have something up his sleeve."

"So have I—now," Teunis chuckled and relapsed into mutter-interspersed abstraction. Presently, he groped his way to his theme and launched upon it, full-throated.

"The amazing thing is that the fish are thriving. And here's something I'll ask you not to mention to anyone. The temperature at ten foot depth was sixty yesterday. Do you appreciate the significance? Do you realize Holzmayer insists *irideus* can't—"

The foot Waldron had nursed with both hands banged down upon the porch. The East's foremost herpetologist rose with awkward determination, stretched his gaunt body and spoke, vehemently:

"Twotons, we're going to bed. We'll protect your rainbows but we will not listen to your burble over them. Tell Mr. Brook. He's your lawyer and has to listen to the ravings of the fish-minded."

"Mr. Waldron," our host told the attorney, by way of retort, "cherishes a passion for snakes." He shuddered elaborately at the thought. Waldron paused with his hand on the doorknob, too weary to join battle in a twenty-year feud.

"Snakes," he proclaimed with dignity, "do not have to be wet-nursed, at all events," and I followed him into the cabin.

Long before the rest of my faculties coordinated, I was aware that the prodding hurt. In the other bed Waldron, already roused, sat up, lean and tousled, caressing the pajama jacket above his ribs with an expression of hideous fury on his sallow face.

"Get up, get up," Teunis yammered, hopping from one foot to the other, "Levi's on the pond."

"Serves him right," Waldron decided after a bilious glare at the garish colors of the morning, and sought his pillow.

"He's fishing," Teunis almost squealed, jerking it from beneath his guest's head. "With two other men. My rainbows!"

Halfway across the living room, Waldron stopped and faced the laid breakfast table with the immobility of a pointing dog.

"Coffee," he decided and his thin nostrils dilated.

"And toast," I supplemented. He shook his head reprovingly. "Corn bread," he corrected, "by Eleazar. And two eggs, fried up and down, and ham and—"

"Oh, please come on," Teunis begged.

"Coffee," Waldron insisted obstinately.

"Wales," Teunis pointed out in an agitated but more practical voice, "Eleazar's watching them down at the pond. He can't come and get breakfast till we arrive. I told him to wait."

Thwarted desire distorted Waldron's face.

"I warn you," he said hollowly, as we followed our host out into the cool tranquillity of the morning, "I'm not human till I've had my coffee."

— "fishing for rainbows beneath the shadow of the largest 'No Trespassing' sign."

Teunis led us past a battered flivver, through brambles that joined arms to choke the perishing thoroughfare, and into a path. His pace was rapid and the bushes were wet with dew. Thus, we passed through a two hundred yard icy showerbath. Behind me, as we hurried Waldron talked steadily to himself. Only one word was distinguishable. When our leader halted, the eminent herpetologist fixed me with sunken eyes, gulped thrice and said, in a strangled tone: "Coffee!"

Eleazar, also dew-soaked, was reporting to his idol and charge: "Dess moved down todes the outlet, Mist' Teunis. Right big men. Mist' Teunis, don't you do nothin' brash, mind!"

Tunbridge moaned. "Go get breakfast," he ordered, and we moved forward again.

Beyond the barrier of the bushes, feet sounded upon stone and someone spoke sharply. There was a splash, the flutter of a landed fish. On Teunis' heels, we thrust through the thicket and came upon Levi and his accomplices.

Two stood on a rocky promontory. The third conspirator knelt, abstracting a hook from a bright, contorted trout. He looked up, and said, uneasily: "Hi!"

I knew him for Levi, rawbone and bent with years of craft, with eyes, above slack, unshaven cheeks, that were filled with the cold cunning of a razorback hog. He lifted a tobacco-stained mustache from tobacco-stained incisors in a wily grin.

"Do you," Teunis asked, controlling his voice with an effort, "happen to know you're trespassing?"

Levi's son stared with defiance on his fat, vacuous face. The third criminal shifted his tobacco quid, turned a narrow, lopsided visage toward us, remarked, "Nope," and spat.

Behind me, Waldron scratched himself on a briar, swore, and pushed past into the sunlight, to stand shivering.

"You saw the signs?" Teunis asked and his tone was ominous. It appeared to awe Levi no whit.

"This here's a Great Pond," he replied and turned his attention again to the hooked trout. "I don't believe in no signs."

"Haw-haw," the vacuous youth exploded.

"Ver-y well," Tunbridge pronounced. "I know you two. Who is that?" He nodded toward the narrow-faced tobacco chewer.

"Joe Wellington," Levi replied, simply. "Dep'ty game warden."

"Hah," Teunis exploded. "I demand you arrest these men."

"Ain't breakin' no law I've heard of," the deputy replied, woodenly.

"That trout," Teunis shrilled, pointing a trembling forefinger at Levi's fish, "isn't more than seven inches."

"Legal limit's six," Wellington replied with a grin.

"For brooktrout," Tunbridge almost sobbed.

"Law's law an' a trout's a trout," the deputy insisted. "Read Section 49, Fish an' Game Laws."

"Yeh," Levi endorsed. "Go read 'em."

For an instant, the rage-tortured form of our host seemed to threaten explosion. In the midst of his spasm, Waldron spoke.

"Oh, come on, Twotons," he urged, "we're witnesses."

Levi surveyed him with a calculating leer.

"Witnesses," he repeated. "Well, look your fill, mister."

"Ten seconds was plenty," the herpetologist drawled. "Come on," he insisted, gripping the plump arm of his friend, "all this fuss over a few little fish! Don't be an ass."

"Hey, Pop, lookut," young Post bawled. A dark oval was floating shoreward, the point of a long V of ripple. Levi stared and then began a panicky search of the underbrush.

"Snake," he quavered.

"Ass," Waldron repeated, transferring the epithet, but checking his departure. "A *sipedon*—water snake. A beauty, too! Never saw a bigger. Hey, you! You, I say! Put down that stick."

Levi held aloft a dead branch. Waldron's voice had jumped into a screech. Post heard him, bared his tusks and brought down the weapon on the swimming serpent. Water shot high, rained down, and in the center of the troubled patch, the half stunned snake writhed and lashed.

As Levi raised his bludgeon again, Waldron clutched him. A stone rolled under Post's foot and, together, they fell upon the spot from which a bruised and terrified water snake already had fled.

The shriek Levi uttered in falling quickened the feet of his companions. They were too late. Post had regained the shore before his rescuers could arrive. On hands and knees, haloed in spray, he scrambled from the pond with the speed of the demon-ridden, and collapsed, a sodden and dripping heap that finally managed to sit up, shuddering, to face the deliberately advancing Waldron.

At sight of our friend's face, Teunis and I intervened. It was a fearsome and sickly green and the eyes were wide in an awful stare. For an instant, Wellington and we were united in a common cause. We forgot the laws of trespass and poaching and strove to avert murder. Levi squalled: "Right atop the snake he threw me. I'll have the law on him!"

He observed more closely the wet, terrible face of Waldron, yearning toward him over his restrainers' shoulders, and fell silent.

"All right," the East's foremost herpetologist said at last in a normal voice. "Let me go, idiots. All right, I say."

His face was impassive, though he still shook.

"Well, say now," the deputy game warden quavered. "That wa'n't no way to treat a feller, now was it? Throwin' him into the pond, like. If you ask me—"

He checked himself suddenly, for Waldron was staring.

"What way was it," he retorted with hissing intensity, "to treat a snake? Answer that. What way was it to treat a snake?"

Mr. Wellington stepped backward and made no answer.

"I should have drowned you," Waldron told Levi and stalked off through the bushes. At length, where the trail grew into the road, he turned and waited for us. He smiled like one emerging from stupor.

"I should have had my coffee," he said mildly.

As we entered the cabin, Levi's flivver jolted past.

Breakfast was a laconic, dreary ritual. Teunis glowered. I ate. Waldron drank cup after cup of Eleazar's warming and heartening coffee yet apparently found no joy therein. The herpetologist's long face was remorseful but whether because of his recent explosion or his failure to drown Levi, no one knew.

"How any human being can drink all that coffee!" Teunis ventured at length. "It can't be good for you, Wally. I—"

"Shut up," Waldron invited, pouring another cup, but Tunbridge had attained the limit of vocal repression.

"Shut up!" he squalled. "I will not. Do you realize those trespassers ignored our warning and assaulted you? Certainly they did. If there's any law in this state—"

"Here comes the law now, in his car," Waldron offered, nodding to the window.

"Brook!" Teunis exclaimed. "Excellent!" and hurried to the door.

Whatever coherence was lacking in our host's subsequent recital was more than compensated for by passion. As we listened, Levi's rascally face, longitudinally divided by prison bars, became pleasingly vivid.

"Now I want to know," Teunis demanded forensically at length, "is there any law in Massachusetts, or isn't there?"

Brook's reply was unexpectedly deliberate and hesitant.

"Why, yes, Mr. Tunbridge," he said. "Naturally. Only—well, Mr. Tunbridge, Clear Pond is twenty-two and a half acres, not eighteen."

"Is it?" our host snorted. "I don't care if it's—"

The man of law shook his head impatiently.

"You don't appreciate the situation," he persisted. "Any pond over twenty acres, under the law, is a Great Pond."

"Levi said it was a Great Pond," I confirmed.

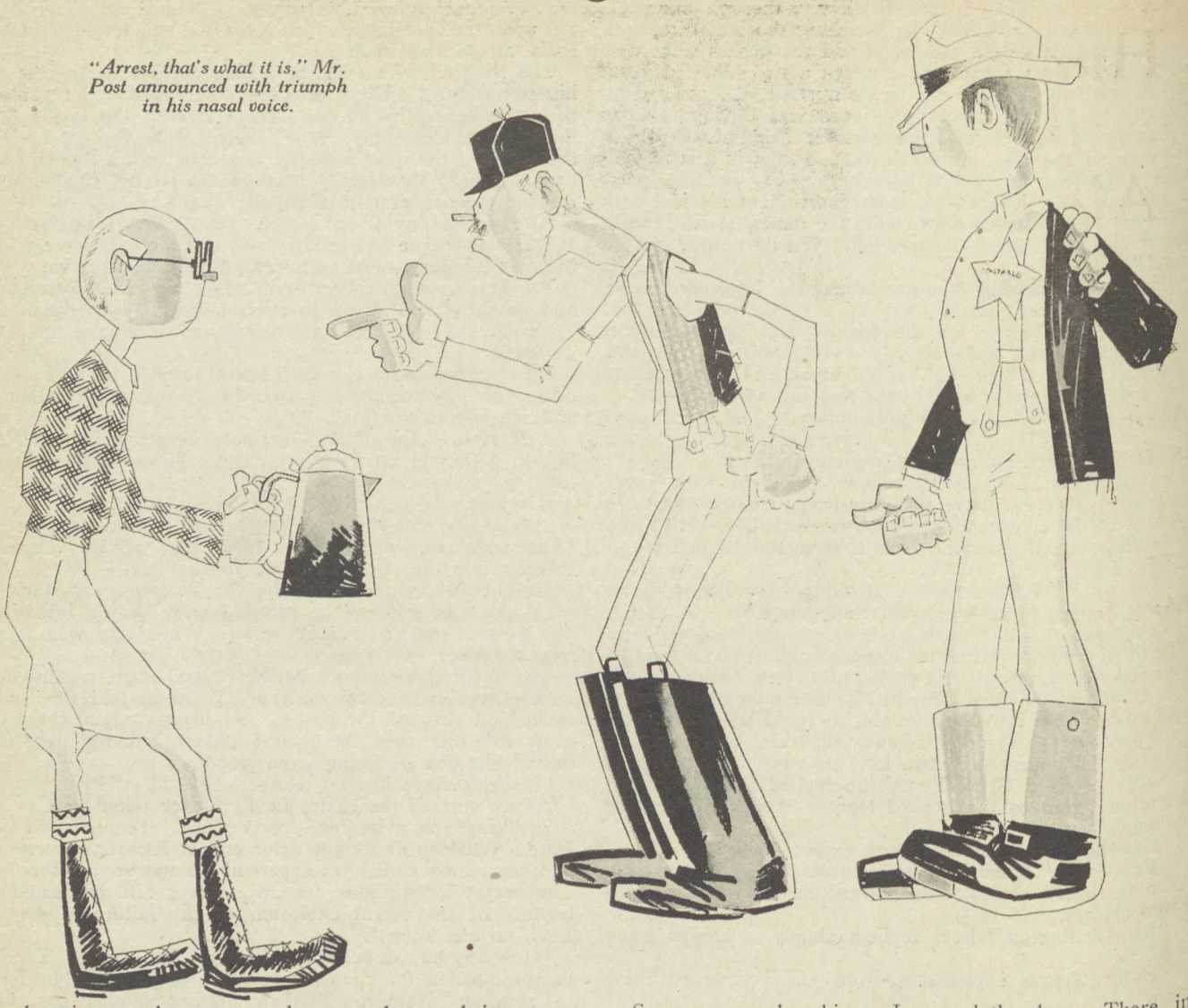
"He would," Brook replied. "I find he had it surveyed two years ago, before he sold it to Mr. Tunbridge."

"Eighteen acres, he told me," Teunis said indifferently.

"Yes," the lawyer acknowledged. "Have you witnesses to that? Just as I thought. You've been cheated, Mr. Tunbridge."

"How?" our host asked blankly. "What earthly difference does size make, anyway?"

The lawyer drew a pamphlet from his pocket. "The Fish and Game Laws of Massachusetts," he said by way of



"Arrest, that's what it is," Mr. Post announced with triumph in his nasal voice.

explanation, as he put on glasses and turned its pages. "Section 24," he read. " 'The fishery of a pond, the area of which is more than twenty acres, shall be public and all persons shall, for the purposes of fishing, be allowed reasonable means of access thereto.' "

"What?" Teunis asked blankly. Brook read the provision patiently again.

"But, but," Tunbridge stammered, incredulous. "My land takes in every foot of shoreline and extends back for acres. I own that pond."

"I know," said Brook, "but you can't stop the public from fishing."

"I will stop them," Teunis screeched, defiant. "So help me, I will. They've no right to trespass on my land, have they?"

"Hold on," Waldron drawled. "You mean, Mr. Brook, that as long as there's a Great Pond on a man's property, a stranger can trespass where he pleases, so long as he claims he's going fishing?"

Coffee, or the crisis, had brightened his eyes and he seemed, obscurely, to be enjoying himself.

"It's an old statute," Brook apologized, "and goes back to the 17th Century, but there it is. If you drive trespassers away, the state can open a public approach to any Great Pond."

"Well, Twotons," Waldron said philosophically, "you would cherish a passion for fish!"

His remark soothed his host no more than he had intended. The visage of Dr. Teunis Tunbridge presented at the moment a spectacular and alarming sight. Despite a manifest incongruity in color and form, it bore, with its open mouth, its glazed, bewildered eyes, a shocking similarity to a stranded fish.

"Law," our host shrilled at length. "Law! If you want to know what I think of law in—"

Someone was knocking. I opened the door. There, in the portal, stood a rawboned, obviously unwashed intruder with a metal badge upon his shirt and a rawboned, recently immersed companion. Our host looked from one to the other.

"Well," he said at last, "I see you found your badge."

The constable grinned sheepishly and asked Levi a low question.

"What is it?" Brook demanded, impatiently.

"Arrest, that's what it is," Mr. Post announced with triumph in his nasal voice. "I got the law on my side."

He puffed his slack cheeks in satisfaction and leered. A grin of heathen glee transformed Waldron.

"More material for the second volume, Twotons," he suggested. Levi faced him and levelled a freshly washed forefinger.

"There," he told his companion, "there he is. That fiddle-faced feller. 'Sault—an' 'tempted murder, maybe."

(To be continued)

Learn the Fate of "Twotons"

THIS engrossing and humorous story by Frederic Van de Water will be concluded in the March issue of Outdoor America. The second part will also be illustrated by the inimitable drawings of John Held, Jr.

Hunting the Alaskan Brown Bear

A sub-species of which is found on Kodiak Island.

By
MRS. JOHN BORDEN

Mrs. Borden with her Alaskan Brown Bear specimen for the Field Museum.

MRS. BORDEN is the wife of John Borden, Commander of the Borden Field Museum 1927 Alaska Arctic Expedition, which sailed from San Francisco in Mr. Borden's yacht, The Northern Light, in April, 1927, returning there in September.

The members of the Expedition accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Borden were Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Slaughter and Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Goodspeed of Chicago and Miss Frances Ames of San Francisco.

Mrs. Borden's modest account of her share in obtaining the Kodiak Bear specimens for the Field Museum proves her gallant endurance and a sportsmanlike indifference to hardship and fatigue.

EDITOR.

THE *Northern Light* lay at anchor in Pavlof Bay off the Alaskan Peninsula, while everyone on her decks ran back and forth trying to get plenty of provisions, and the camping outfit ready for leaving the yacht and going ashore. Guides and packers were already on the beach with the first load, and eight Chicago sea-scouts were busily engaged in shining brass.

"How many pounds of sugar have we? We only have twenty boxes of chocolate—will that be enough?" These were remarks that one overheard, if one had time to stop and listen. The chef came on deck, which was an unusual occurrence, and informed us that his shelves were full of pies, and we could have a full wash-tub of these precious delicacies to start off with. Even the steward was thrilled at the prospect of dry land.

It was May 24th, 1927. We had sailed from Victoria Saturday, May 7th, and during that time many of us were sea-sick on crossing the Gulf of Alaska. Pavlof Volcano with its majestic snow-crowned conical peak dominated the landscape, and near by rose a companion mountain called by the natives "Pavlof's Brother." The brown country below the two white mountains was flat, treeless and bleak. We could see through our glasses that tents were going up on the beach and the men would soon be ready for us.

We had to take everything with us that we would need for four weeks, as the yacht was immediately leaving for Canoe Bay where good shelter could be found. Oil-skins, rubber-boots and foot cream turned out to be by far the most essential part of our outfits, which were not extensive, as we had to put under our mattresses anything that was not on our backs.

Our first day ashore we spent in making ourselves as comfortable as possible. The steward was camp cook and took one of the sea-scouts with him as helper. We sat down to our first meal with enormous appetites. Fresh meat and vegetables bought in Juneau were gone, but South American corned beef, veal loaf, canned corned beef hash, wienerwurst sausages, and hams packed in tar in order to preserve them, were excellent substitutes. Dehydrated and canned vegetables, canned fruits, good eggs and butter, and plenty of jams and marmalades kept us from starving. We had fresh oranges and grapefruit during our entire five months' voyage, and it is my opinion that canned Florida grapefruit is far better than the fresh fruit from California.

The three men started hunting at once, while the four girls took things more gradually and fished for the first two or three days. The streams were full of Dolly Varden trout, and we walked a little further each day, preparing ourselves for strenuous hunting. Broiled trout was delicious, and we even roasted a porcupine and had sea-gull egg omelettes to vary our culinary attractions.

Unceasing rain and wind, which always seemed to be wrong for hunting, prevented us from having much success in our first camp. Rochester Slaughter, however, saw one bear which he shot, although the rest of us hardly found a bear track. We heard later that a certain other party did not play fair, and had already encroached upon our hunting grounds and spoiled it for us. The game had moved away.

We therefore moved camp to Canoe Bay, fifteen miles distant, and began hunting with renewed energy. Each day meant hard work tramping over the inevitable niggerheads or spongy hummocks, which covered the hunting country, wading streams and climbing up and down mountains and ravines. We usually carried with us a handful of raisins and some sweet chocolate to satisfy us until we again reached camp. A man's hunt meant a good fourteen hours on his own legs, not on a horse, as there are no horses in Alaska north of Juneau. A woman's hunt was no easy matter either. We usually left camp around noon, and returned to it very tired, anywhere from nine thirty to after midnight. Raincoats were the most important part of our outfit, as it rained every day. The sun shone on us just once during the four weeks we hunted in that God-forsaken part of Alaska.

I shall never forget the first time I saw a big Alaskan brown bear! Late one afternoon toward the end of the hunting season, as we had turned toward camp and given up hope, Mike grabbed me by the arm and whispered—"Look,

there's a bear!—God help us, Mrs. Borden!" The bear had just come out of an alder patch, and was coming down the mountain at a pretty good pace.

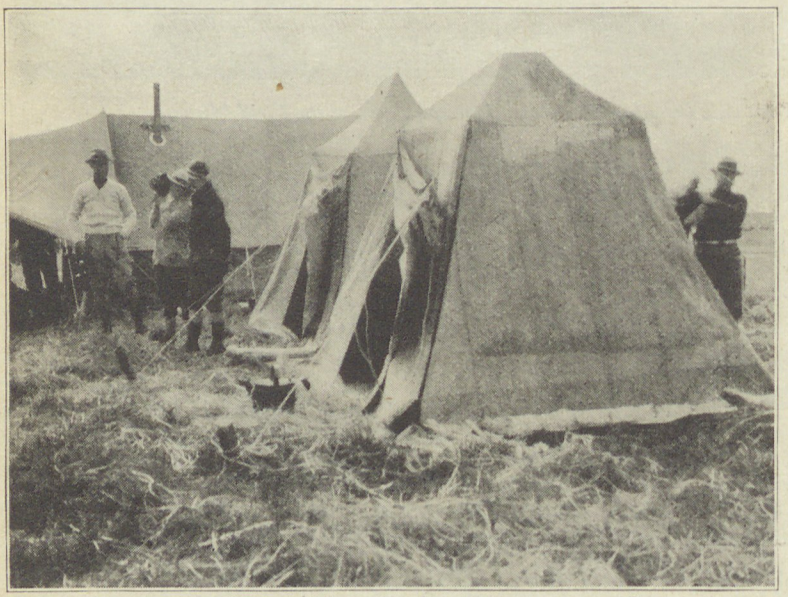
We stalked that animal for two hours, and by the time we saw it again it was below us in a ravine and galloping along at a brisk rate. I was puffing and blowing, and could hardly see out of either eye, and had fallen down at least twenty times, in an effort to keep up with Mike. We had left camp at noon, and it was eight o'clock before we saw our bear again, but the thrill and excitement of the hunt kept me going.

The bear suddenly saw us and stopped in his flight to look at the crouching figures on the cliff above him. I pulled the trigger and missed!

"Steady!" floated toward me out of space. I swallowed hard and squeezed the trigger very gently this time, and held the Lyman peep-sight on a spot below the animal's left shoulder. Bang! What luck—the bear was knocked down, turned a somersault, and before I could shoot again was crashing through alders and out of sight around a bend in the ravine.

"Never mind, Mrs. Borden, you done good,"

Mrs. Slaughter, Captain Borden, Miss Ames and Mrs. Goodspeed. Getting provisions together on deck to go ashore.



Mr. Goodspeed helping the girls take moving pictures. Captain Borden in background.

sympathized Mike, when he realized I was on the verge of tears. We jumped to our feet. Mike told me to keep my gun loaded in case of an attack from the wounded animal, and follow him. Behind us stretched many miles of flat tundra, and the bear was nowhere in sight. "We give him good look in them alder patches over there," Mike added as he started to run.

I struggled on, with my legs aching in every muscle. Mike was soon far ahead; he had forgotten me entirely and was intent on finding some trace of the escaping animal. It was almost dark, and storm clouds were sweeping down upon us from the mountains, while a strong wind blew in our faces. Not able to take another step I dropped on the moss-covered ground and tried to catch my breath. After a few minutes that seemed an eternity, Mike appeared from behind some alders, wiping his forehead and as winded as I was.

"Too bad—we lost him," he panted.

We walked on, two dejected souls! I hardly dared show my face in camp, as bears were very scarce—I had had my chance and missed.

About two miles further on Mike stopped to look into an unusually large and thick alder patch, still hoping for some sign of blood. "If the bear is sick he will lie down in alders, if he is not hurt we will never find him," he informed me. I was a few yards away when Mike's face showed something had happened.

"Look! He's in there trying to get up, but he's too sick. Take your time and shoot. Don't get scared!"

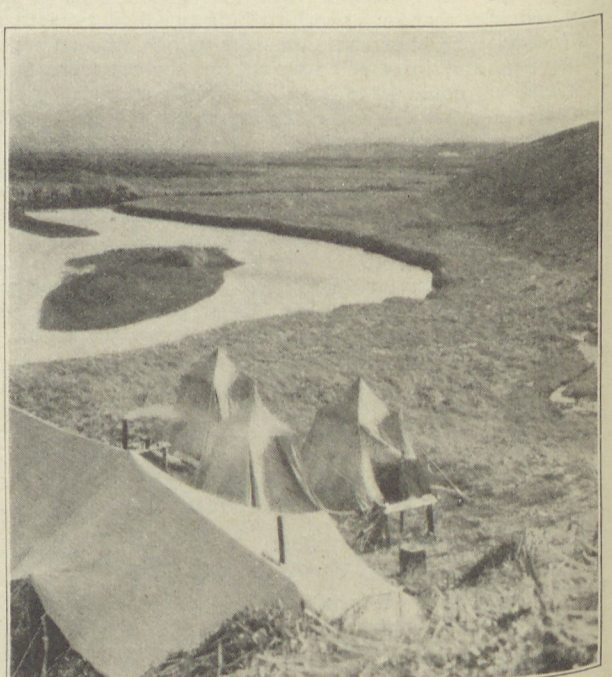
I could just see a brown mass thrashing about, but after getting a little calmer, I saw a head and two fore-legs. Mike stood close behind me. I kneeled down for better aim, and managed to strike home. "Shoot him again" were my orders, which were obediently followed. There was no more sound in the alders.

"Gee, ain't that great? You know we fellas don't like to go back home without getting our hunter a bear, as the other guys will have the laugh on us," my guide explained very much relieved. Evidently he would have lost his reputation if the animal, which might have been the only bear we would see, had escaped us.

Mike carefully prodded the bear with the barrel of his rifle before he went too close, fearing the muscles were only paralyzed. "Come on in, Mrs. Borden, he's deader than a corpse."

I followed into the alders; we stood over the bear and examined where the shots had gone, and found my second shot had penetrated a little below the heart. The poor creature would have died by himself during the night if we had not tracked him to where he was struggling to escape from the two hunters who had so mercilessly cut his life short.

My prize was a female, and not a very large



The camp with Pavlof Volcano in background. Picture taken at 7:30 P. M.

Mrs. Borden gazing over the vast expanse of hunting ground for sight of game.

one. Nevertheless it was the first animal I had ever shot with a rifle, and I did not know whether to laugh or cry. My emotions were almost hysterical. I think I wanted to kiss Mike, but instead we shook hands long and hard.

Mike opened up the bear where it lay, and left it until he and a packer could return and skin it the following morning. We then started toward home.

"Well, I guess we'll make it in about three hours."

Three hours—it was all I could do to pull one foot after the other! A day's hard work had been done before we even saw the bear.

It was now raining, but the wind had died down. Mike relieved me of the rifle, and we tramped slowly ahead. Two lovely ptarmigan in their gorgeous mating plumage flew out from under our feet, secure in the fact that it was closed season. We reached camp near midnight, and I felt just like the cat that had swallowed the canary.

"Mike" and a view of the rough-going country in the most desolate part of Alaska where hunting the brown bear means tramping over the spongy hummocks, wading streams and climbing up and down mountains and ravines.

Some one took off my rain coat and wet sweater, while another thoughtful person pulled off the heavy boots. My husband and Miss Frances Ames were already back, but they had had no luck. They told me, however, that Mrs. Slaughter had shot a large male bear.

Each night we climbed into bed, thinking we would never again go after brown bear, but each morning we awoke refreshed and *raring to go*, this experience being doubtless the same with many hunters for many kinds of game.

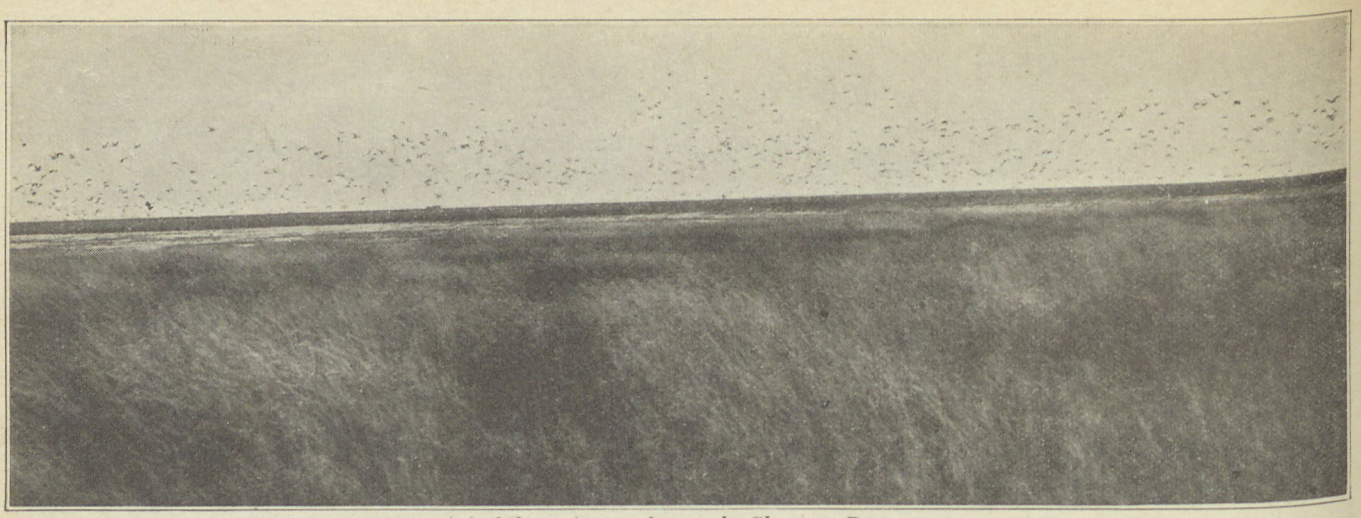
June 21st, the day after the spring hunting season for brown bear closed, we pulled up anchor and headed towards Unalaska, where we would take on more provisions, fuel and water for our long cruise through Bering Sea into the Arctic Ocean, after more specimens for the Field Museum.

Outdoor Notes

By ARTHUR R. MACDOUGALL, Jr.

Shadows in the lake
Etched from spruce and fir,
Tints of daintiness
Where the colors were;
Mountain lines are set
In the tarnished gold,
Fish a-breaking high
And the day is old.

Silence on the shore,
Not a ripple stirs,
Nothing moves the spires
Of the pointed firs;
Now the thrushes sing!
Then a loon's chill calls,
Curtain call for Night,
And a dim star falls.



A duck hunter's paradise in the Cheyenne Bottoms.

The Cheyenne Bottoms—Asset Or Liability?

By SETH GORDON

An unbiased analysis of the future possibilities of one of the most famous spots in Kansas

FAME is a fickle dame at best, but every state has at least one spot or locality that has gained statewide or national fame in one way or another. In some instances a locality is surrounded by legendary happenings of importance; in others important early history was written there. Other places have attained fame as the spot where some daring deed took place, or where some atrocious, highhanded crime was committed. Probably one of the most frequent reasons for national fame for a given locality finds its origin in some unusual industrial, mineral or agricultural development—or at least the roseate, far-flung promises of the promoters back of the project.

But there are few spots in America which can claim fame or prominence for practically all of these reasons. All of these elements rarely occur in one place. That peculiar geological freak or bowl-shaped depression known as the Cheyenne Bottoms in Barton County, Kansas, is one of those rare spots, and unless I am a poor judge of possibilities that region is going to be still much better known in the future.

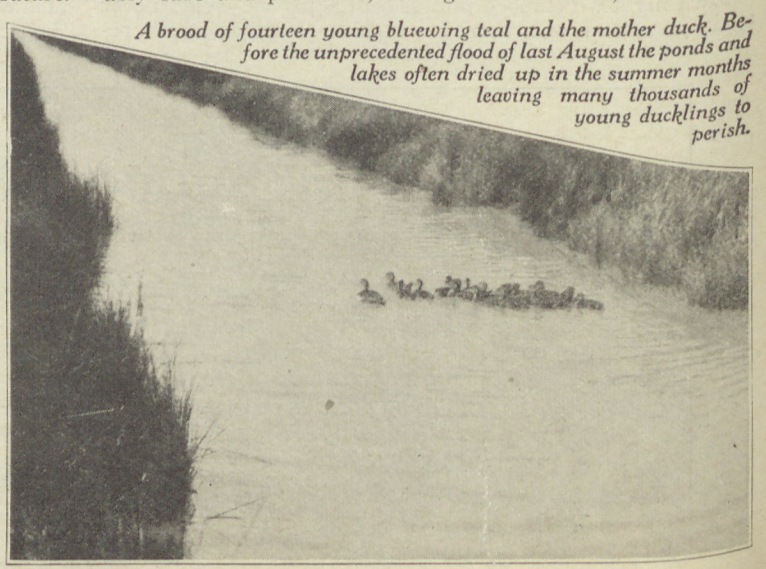
The big question right now is, shall the Cheyenne Bottoms be an asset or a liability to either the present owners or the general public?

Unusual occurrences result in waves of excitement or wild enthusiasm which come and go. In the passing the pendulum invariably swings to the other extreme and the tranquillity which surrounds the area affected is almost depressing, especially to those who were "riding the waves." It is then that the everyday life of the community again moves along on an even keel, the former stirring times are but a memory, sometimes scarcely that, until another unusual occurrence, another wave of excitement, brings to mind the entire picture in vivid detail.

That is exactly what happened on the Cheyenne Bottoms when on August 12 and 13 last ten inches of rain fell within three days over about seven townships that drain into the Bottoms. The farmers adjacent to as well as in the Bottoms proper suffered damages to crops amounting to many thousands of dollars. A large lake covering about 22,000 acres, varying in depth from six inches to eight feet, was created almost overnight. The towns of Great Bend, Hoisington, Claflin, Ellinwood and most of the nearby rural residents were stirred to a high pitch of excitement. That part of dry Kansas had gone wet!

The whole hectic history of the Bottoms was recounted by old residents and the press in all of its glowing details. Thousands of people came from all parts of the state to view the phenomenon—a real lake of more than 20,000 acres without an outlet—the only real body of water in the state. The press in neighboring states which are not blessed with an excess supply of water also gave the new lake liberal space.

Two opposing forces were almost immediately set in motion. The one, led by the chapters of the Izaak Walton League at Great Bend and Hoisington, and ably supported by local Chambers of Commerce, the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission, State Warden Doze and others, was determined to save this unusual asset for all the people of the state. The other force was equally determined to drain the basin and make the lands available, and at all times reasonably safe and profitable, for agricultural uses, although an



A brood of fourteen young bluewing teal and the mother duck. Before the unprecedented flood of last August the ponds and lakes often dried up in the summer months leaving many thousands of young ducklings to perish.

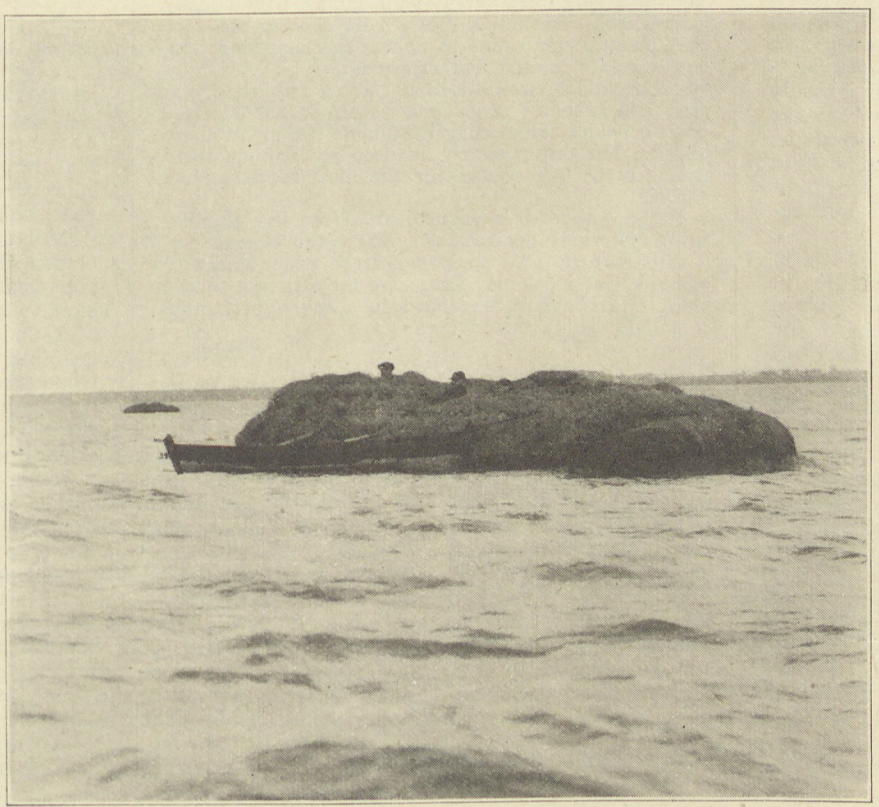
examination of the soil indicates that it is of doubtful value for this purpose.

Scarcely had the battle lines been drawn when the fowls of the air came to the rescue in real Biblical style. Those who wanted to save the lake were showered with literally thousands upon thousands of winged messengers, apparently coming from other flyways, bringing assurance of Providential favor.

Ducks, coots, gulls and all kinds of shore birds swarmed in by the hundreds of thousands. The Cheyenne Bottoms became the center of attraction for thousands of ardent devotees of rod and gun who came to enjoy the sight and sit in a blind with over twenty thousand acres of water before them. The state had not only gone wet, but her public-spirited people went wild over the future prospects—if only the level of the lake could be maintained.

As inferred in the beginning of this article, the Cheyenne Bottoms have a history—a hectic history full of human interest, struggle, sacrifice and pathos. The name comes from the Cheyenne Indians, who, according to legend, won this choice hunting rendezvous from the Pawnees or the Kiowas. Blood Creek, one of the seasonal streams flowing into the Bottoms, got its name from the slaughter that occurred in that terrific struggle. Another wet-weather stream, Deception Creek, also pours its scant waters into the Bottoms.

In the old market hunting days the Bottoms were a regular slaughter pen during wet seasons. Market hunters came for many miles to ply their then respectable trade. Special refrigeration cars were provided by the railroads to carry away the dead birds. In 1904, the last year of extensive market hunting, it has been estimated by one of the old market hunters that at least 500,000 ducks were shipped to the markets in Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and the east. The prices were low, but it was an easy matter to kill enormous numbers of ducks daily; it was a great harvest for the gunners, many of whom today are devoting much of their time to conserving wild life.



Typical duck blind in Cheyenne Bottoms in top of partly submerged haystack.

In a recent article concerning conditions at that time, Larry Freeman of Hutchinson, Kansas, says:

> "Jim Hulme, who still lives in Great Bend and is credited with being one of the chief instigators of the plan to save the Bottoms, says he used to bag one hundred birds in eight hours without half trying. Wagons drove up to take them to the freight depot several miles distant where they were loaded and shipped to the eastern markets."

Another occurrence, and probably the most spectacular of all, was an irrigation scheme which was started in 1896 and concluded in 1904. Again quoting Mr. Freeman, he says:

> "A man by the name of Koehn, an early Kansas Hercules, knew that some day there would be a lake in the Bottoms, and that by draining water from the Arkansas River and Walnut Creek it could be kept full. His motives today are a debated question. He cut a mighty ditch from the River, twelve miles away, through the Creek and into the Bottoms. Here, as water fell many feet, some believe he contemplated a power dam. Today the ditch may still be seen, its sides for many miles still square cut as he left them. Some believe that Koehn and his company planned to fill up the basin with silt and mud, then drain it and sell the resulting land. Legal difficulties arose which forced the abandonment of the project shortly after it was launched."

The successful fruition of the Koehn plan would have meant taking flood waters out of the Arkansas and devoting them to a worthy purpose as there was insufficient water available during ordinary periods to fill the lake, but apparently the schemers were more bent upon stock selling than anything else. They did run water into the Bottoms about one hundred days. Then the bubble burst because of legal difficulties. It was in 1904, following this water diversion into the Bottoms, that the largest waterfowl kill ever recorded in Kansas took place. Land values in that section had gone out of sight, but took a terrific tumble when the Koehn project failed.

Then things again ran along quietly for a number of years, the Bottoms furnishing some good hunting during wet seasons, but in dry years thousands of baby ducklings (mostly mallards, teal, pintails and redheads) and coots died during the months of July and August for want of water. The mother birds frequently brought their helpless broods up to the farm buildings and even into the streets of the neighboring towns in search of water. This condition has occurred about every second or third year.

During dry years the farmers bordering the Bottoms are able to use most of the land for hay, pasturage and grain crops, but when an unexpected deluge occurs, such as took place in 1927, the owners lose their crops, including thousands of tons of hay which this past year had been harvested and stacked.

Following each of these sporadic catastrophes the bottom always dropped out of land values. A few years ago oil promoters acquired title to a considerable area, drilled some wells and land prices skyrocketed. Failing to strike oil in paying quantities the bottom again dropped out of land values, much of the area scarcely being worth the assessed value today.

When the farmers repeatedly suffer such terrific losses as in 1927 one would naturally think they would be glad to give the land away to get rid of a bad bargain, but the revived hope of putting through a drainage program, or the new plan to perpetually control the lake level and make a big waterfowl and recreational area out of it, has for the third time boosted local ideas of land values. This inflated opinion of land values, if persisted in, may jeopardize a very worthy program.

When the ducks came back last fall by the thousands the local chapters of the League and Chambers of Commerce, led by W. G. "Doc" Strong and his Walton League co-workers of Great Bend, announced to all Kansas that they would supply blinds, boats, decoys, lodging, etc., to all comers at reasonable prices. They invited the hunters to come and enjoy the fun with them, and come they did in large numbers.

The soil is almost impervious to water, and good dry blinds

(Continued on page 36)

Long Live the Silver King!

By
DAVID M. NEWELL

THIS story by David Newell, known to all readers of outdoor stories, is an appeal for fair play to that great game fish, the tarpon.

To one who for years has felt quickened pulses at the thought of the Silver King and believed that royal cognomen his by right of majestic strength and courage and pre-eminent battling qualities, some of the tales one hears nowadays of tarpon and tarpon fishing, have seemed nothing less than lèse majesté.

Tarpon are a game and gorgeous fish. With the odds anywhere near even, the tarpon fisher will be given the thrill of his life. He is but depriving himself of this thrill when he expects the fish to put up a long, magnificent fight against a practically unbreakable line and a motor boat thrown in!

A good angler wants to fight a fish and land him, not tow him around and drown him.

Proportionate tackle is the accepted rule for trout, bass and salmon. A general disdain would dissuade even a novice from using unsuitable tackle for these species, but unfortunately in deep sea fishing, there seems to be less regard for the most sportsmanlike tackle.

Perhaps there is a vague fear of the less familiar and mysterious denizens of great ocean depths.

At any rate, let's apply our fresh water ethics to our salt water fishing. Let's give the tarpon a square deal. He is a gallant game fish. Let's fight him in a gallant, game manner.

EDITOR.

THERE is something discouraging to me about the chap who says:

"Yes, I got my moose and my deer and my sheep and my bear. Of course I couldn't stay but a week so I didn't get a grizzly." I can picture this trip in my mind's eye. There are two cooks capable of producing chocolate cakes forty-nine miles from nowhere. There are two horse wranglers and two experienced guides, and the total trip expenses are not a penny over fifteen hundred dollars! Also kindly notice that the "party" always says "my" bear. It sounds as if he had one particular bear set aside for him, a bear that he must go out and kill according to schedule.

I suppose that the reason for my discouragement lies in the fact that I have always had to work pretty hard for a bear. First I had to train my own dogs, then I had to sleep on a saddle blanket and eat my own cooking. When I killed a bear I felt that I had done something. But I have never killed one according to schedule. As a boy I admired the frontiersman, and I am frank to admit that I still admire him. There is something terrible to me in the thought of the brisk, matter-of-fact way in which the modern sportsman goes after his game. First of all he gives the impression that he goes because it is the thing to do. Then he is in such a terrible hurry. I always feel that he would derive just as much pleasure out of getting "his" bear if the bear could be shipped to him and killed by him in the back yard Sunday afternoon. Certainly there would not be so much valuable office time consumed!

Now I do not mean this to be a sweeping indictment of all city hunters. There are plenty of poor devils who sit chained at their desks dreaming of the day when they can smell bacon and pine smoke. To them the brief sojourn in the wilderness is something to look forward to and back on. But I am talking about—oh, you know him. Probably he is fat.

And the fisherman is even worse. He is not necessarily fat. He may weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds with his winter overcoat on, and yet return from Florida with a sunburned nose and casually remark:

"Oh yes, I took five tarpon. There's really nothing to it at all. In fact I cannot understand why people carry on so about tarpon fishing. They are really not half so gamy as our catfish." This man ought to be killed as painlessly, or should I say painfully as possible. He really thinks that he has been tarpon fishing.

I have seen many of his kind. He goes out in a floating palace and sits under a canopy. The chances are that he rests his rod on the edge of the boat, and says to the guide:

"All right. Bring on your tarpon, Mr. Guide. I'll show you what a little red northern blood will do for 'em!"

As a matter of fact, it is gasoline, and not red, northern blood that does for the tarpon. When a strike is had, the guide speeds up the motor, automatically taking up the slack line, and all the "party" has to do is to hang tight to a young sailboat mast, serving as a rod, and tow the fish until it is thoroughly drowned.

There is a stock story among the old tarpon guides of Florida's west coast. It is about a chap who hooked a tarpon, and when the mighty fish leaped nine feet into the air, exclaimed proudly:

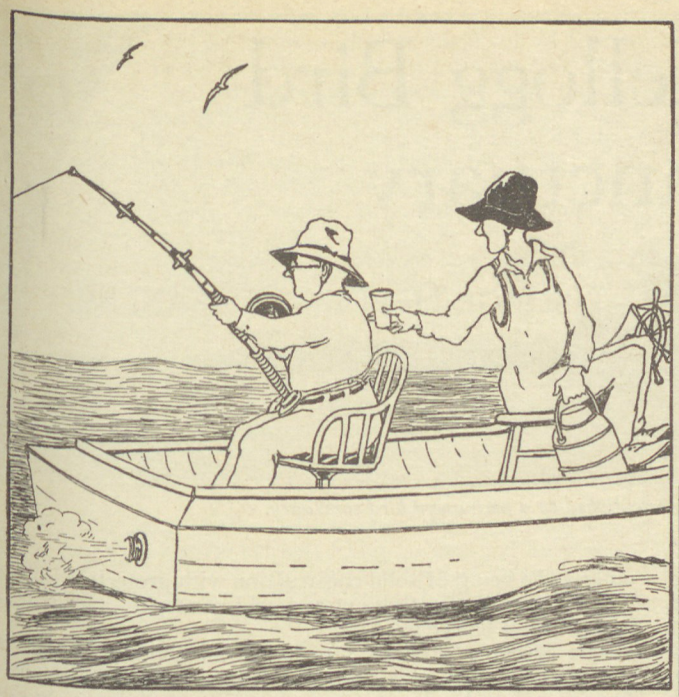
"Look yonder! I jerked him clear out of the water!"

And I suppose this poor hombre really believed that he had jerked a hundred pounds of fighting tarpon nine feet into the air. In exactly the same way, the man we have been talking about believes that he has "taken" tarpon.

So don't let anyone tell you anything about tarpon fishing until you have tried it. I have done quite a bit of fishing here and there, and I can recommend a tarpon. But give him a chance. Don't use a pine sapling for a rod and a seventy-two pound line with the reel brake screwed down to seventy-one!

Down at Venice, Florida, the local tarpon club has inaugurated a National Tarpon Tournament. Everything connected with the tournament is conducted along the most sportsmanly lines. All fish must be caught

The tarpon exhausts himself in a series of magnificent leaps.



"What's wrong with this picture?"

from skiffs *without the aid of a motor.* The guide may assist the angler by using his oars, *but "horsepower" is taboo.* Entrants may take their choice of light or heavy tackle, according to experience, and there are prizes in both classes. But the "heavy" tackle consists of a twelve ounce rod tip and a forty-eight pound test cuttyhunk. Even this tackle is fairly sporty, but the experienced fisherman can get his money's worth out of a tarpon with light tackle—an eight ounce rod tip, and eighteen thread line. One of the contestants last winter used a six ounce rod tip and nine-thread line (18 lbs.) and fought one fish for over four hours!

After all, the sport of fishing is the tug at the fish end of the line. It is typical of human nature, however, to strive after a thing, and having gotten it, not to value it. We come to the table hungry, and after all what is better than to be very hungry, and we sit down. Then there begins a race to see how soon we can fill ourselves with food so that we will no longer be hungry. In the same way we hook a fish. Perhaps we have come a thousand or more miles to hook this fish. We then proceed to land him with the utmost despatch. What is the sense of it?

Of course there is the other extreme as was the case with the man who took five hours to land a fish. Uncle George Rawls was the guide, and Uncle George is inclined toward sarcasm of the highest order. After the fisherman had fought the tarpon for two hours, George drawled:

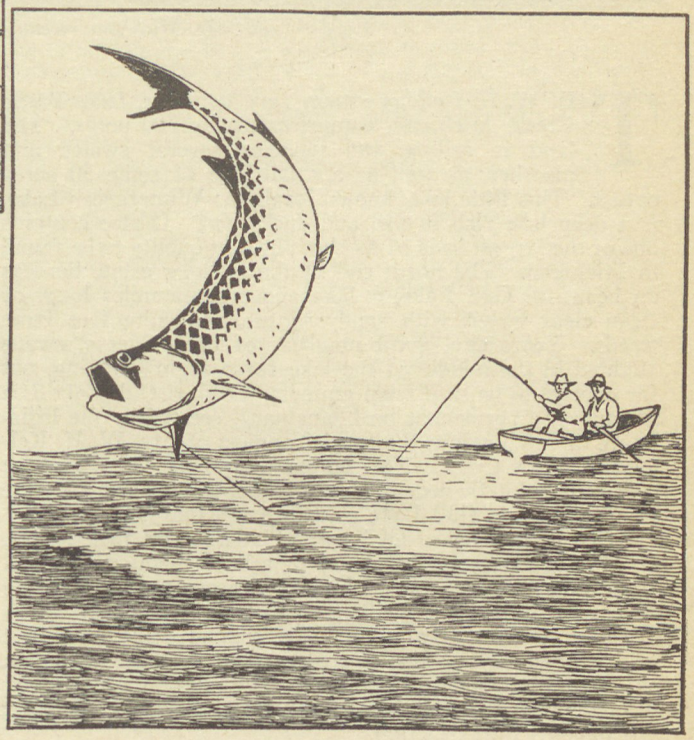
"I seen the leader that time when he jumped—it's gettin' rusty. You'd better land that fish." When another hour had elapsed the tarpon came to the surface and broke water.

"Look yonder!" shouted George, "that fish has stopped fightin' an' gone to *feedin'*. I seen him chasin' a school o' bait." Then with a glance into the bait bucket:

"We'll have to be gettin' more bait soon. Our minnows is all growin' up into grouper-size. Better land that fish!"

But the guides admire skill, in spite of their apparent joy in a little razzing, and I myself heard Uncle George telling one of the other guides that "that feller shore knew how to handle fish."

The instinct for hunting and fishing comes down to us from the earliest days. It ought to be a part of the make-up of every red-blooded man, and I have a sneaking feeling that there is something wrong with the chap who is minus this instinct. The modern rifle and present day fishing tackle give us a tremendous advantage over our ancestors,



"Gee, did you see me lift him out of the water?"

and often a tremendous advantage over our quarry. Is it not right, therefore, that we should make every effort to give our game and fish an even break? The man who shoots into a covey of quail on the ground is anathema. So should be the man who fishes with a pine sapling, a sash cord, and a windlass.

Coming in March Outdoor America

"FLOOD CONTROL AND CONSERVATION," by Senator Harry B. Hawes, with a plan for effective work by all League Divisions and Chapters now being prepared by the League's national officers after careful studies of the numerous plans submitted to Congress.

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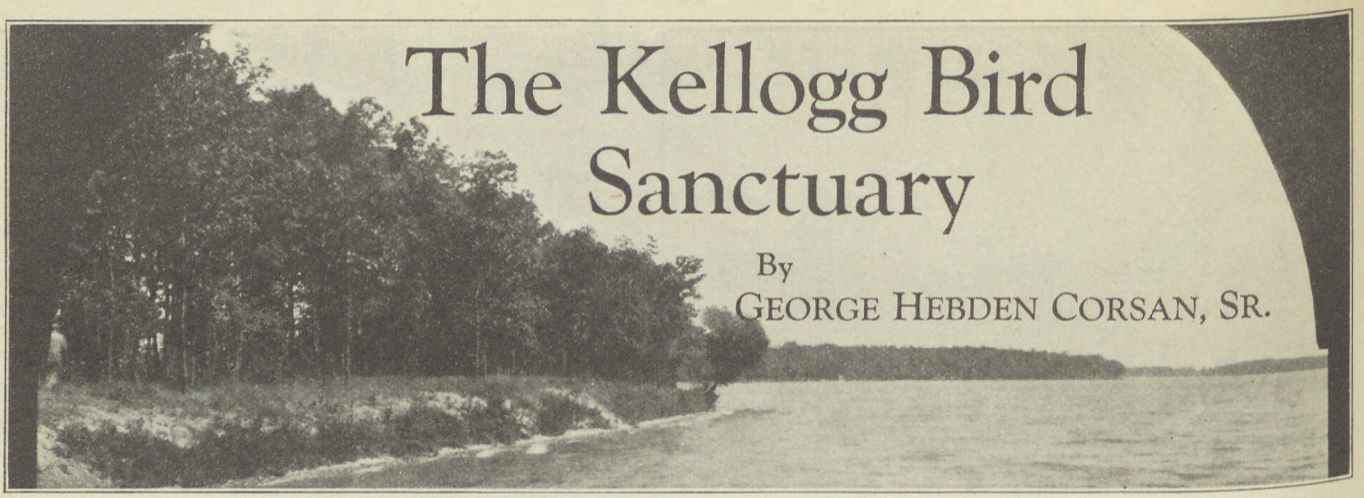
"THE LOVE OF LADY LEE," by Guy Von Schriltz.



The Kellogg Bird Sanctuary

By
GEORGE HEBDEN CORSAN, SR.

View of Gull Lake, Michigan, recently established as a permanent bird sanctuary.

THE W. K. Kellogg estate, some ten miles from Battle Creek, Michigan, comprises nearly 700 acres. The land is rolling and includes several swales and marshes, as well as a small lake of some 50 acres extent. This little lake, known locally as Wintergreen Lake, is a deep lake rich in fish and duck food. It also contains one of the largest beds of marl of the best quality to be found in Michigan. The north end of the Kellogg estate borders on beautiful Gull Lake, a lake about seven miles long, of clean clear water, with sandy shores, and quite free from weeds. Years ago, great numbers of ducks, geese, swans alighted in the middle of the lake for a night's resting, out far enough to be safe from gunners. Today, Gull Lake is a sanctuary, a permanent bird sanctuary, created by the legislature of Michigan at the special request of Mr. W. K. Kellogg of Battle Creek. Now no one may shoot or hunt on the lake, nor within 80 rods of its shoreline, without breaking the law establishing Gull Lake as a bird sanctuary.

After he had heard an inspiring address by Jack Miner, Mr. Kellogg conceived the idea of a bird sanctuary on such a scale that today no place in America can compare to the plans outlined by Mr. Kellogg. His idea is not only to try to conserve our native song birds, upland game birds and wild waterfowl, but also to endeavor to save the remnants of game birds and waterfowl throughout the world that are threatened with extinction.

With this in view, Mr. Kellogg has started his bird sanctuary with a flock each of some fourteen varieties of wild geese and three varieties of swans, besides numerous ducks and teal. Wintergreen Lake has been planted with additional bird food and visiting birds on their northern and southern flights will be welcomed and can feed with those already on the lake.

A most complete stock pen for pheasants has been erected, each pen being 75 feet long. This series of pens has been built on a slope facing south, being on the northern hillside of a natural basin of two or three acres in extent. Being on a slope, and over a gravel pit, it is well drained. It is also well protected from the north, east and west winds, an ideal place for wintering hardy birds.

For semi-tender birds, there is a large winter bird house in three divisions, with door and windows to the south only, the other walls being of solid construction with protective linings, thus completely shutting out any cold winds, so that artificial heat will not be required.

The breeding grounds proper are all about Wintergreen Lake, surrounded by a dog-proof fence some 300 feet back from the water's edge, a fence that will most effectively shut out any vermin larger than a weasel. Very effective weasel traps are located on the breeding grounds of the bird sanctuary while pole traps are erected all over the place for trapping hawks and owls, traps that are put up just as soon as the song birds migrate south and taken down when they return in the spring.

The natural basin of two or three acres, mentioned above, has been enclosed with a good fence, for the release of newly arrived game birds, where they are kept, sometimes until they breed, and sometimes only until they become used to the place and feel that the sanctuary is their home. The ringneck pheasants and Bob Whites already on the sanctuary will be fed during the winter, when necessary, and will be protected from their enemies. A flock of wild turkeys, put down in October, have already claimed the entire sanctuary as home and are ready for breeding and increase this spring.

Furthest from Mr. Kellogg's idea is the thought of making the sanctuary a zoo and keeping birds penned for show purposes. As much freedom as is compatible with the health and breeding of the birds will be given. No barren birds are desired on the sanctuary, neither are solitary birds. Each bird must have his or her mate, in the case of very rare birds; while a small flock is preferred in the more common varieties, and those varieties that are not rare, though not usually known as common. Whenever any variety becomes numerous, they will be allowed to spread over the country to benefit the farmer and the sportsman.

In breeding birds, very few persons are aware that the surest way to kill young pheasants is to feed them grains or meals, that the surest way to keep them in the very best of good health is to let them pick up, for themselves, an abundance of insects and tender grasses.

Upland game birds will wander over the farmer's grain fields and their crops, seemingly, will bulge with grain. But . . . a very big and

LEADING naturalists and sportsmen all agree that properly administered refuges, in which food, cover, water and other conditions are at all times favorable to wild life, are the crying need throughout all America. Here is a story of a real conservation project. W. K. Kellogg, who financed it, received his inspiration from the internationally famous Jack Miner, Canada's great conservator of game birds.

The Michigan Division and the Battle Creek Chapter of the Izaak Walton League were largely responsible for the passage of the law giving this refuge state recognition and protection.

Mr. Kellogg has already spent many thousands of dollars, and will spend a great deal more, in the further development of this sanctuary. We hope he will establish a liberal endowment fund to guarantee its perpetuity, as has already been done with several wild life sanctuaries in the State of Connecticut.

Every community has one or more such public-spirited citizens of means who will gladly finance like worthy projects if nearby possibilities are brought to their attention. The need exists everywhere. If we want game, fish and wild birds in the future we must help produce and protect them. We cannot depend upon Mother Nature alone, because we have crippled her terribly.

Here is a good suggestion for every League chapter. Have you made the most of the possibilities in your community?

EDITOR.

emphatic BUT . . . when these birds are shot and examined, their crops are found to be crammed full of insects, and 999 times in every 1,000, with injurious insects at that. Beneficial insects, that eat other insects, eat injurious insects and they are revolting to the taste and smell of insect-eating birds, just as a meat-eating animal's flesh is revolting to humans. Of course, some grains will be found in the crops, mixed with the mass of insects but I have seen hundreds, yes thousands, of insects in a cock pheasant's crop and only two grains of wheat.

I do not say that the English pheasant is a bird altogether devoid of annoying habits to the agriculturist, for the market gardener who is trying to get a crop of early tomatoes for the market will find that these birds will go up and down the rows and peck holes in the red tomatoes. This when the price of tomatoes is high and they are most remunerative. Later, when the ground is covered with tomatoes, and they have little or no value, gardeners do not mind pheasants eating a few tomatoes, but just about that time, pheasants are tired of tomatoes and won't give a peck at a whole field of the red fruit.

But as eaters of the white grub, the Japanese beetle grub, of grasshoppers, crickets, corn borers, and most caterpillars, all upland game birds are the best of servants to the farmer and the gardener. The Japanese beetle, a terrible pest, far worse than the corn borer, is eaten in great numbers, in immense quantities, in fact, by both the green and the copper pheasants of Japan.

Put an Impeyan pheasant on a plot of ground, where the sod has been eaten by the Jap beetle, and in no time has that Impeyan pheasant delved up every Jap grub and eaten them with gusto. This pheasant, one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful bird in the world, with a high, clear, musical whistle, is a game bird of the Himalayas. It can be introduced into this country.

But to introduce game birds into this country, in sufficient numbers to establish themselves effectively, we must do away with that absurd 20 per cent duty which is now payable on all valuable game birds. This duty is a great interference, really an inhibition, with the live and healthful arrival of worth while foreign game birds. The importer of live birds and animals cannot bring into this country any live bird or animal without a special permit from the Bureau of Biological Survey at Washington, and this check on indiscriminate importations of birds or animals that might become a pest if released, is quite sufficient. It is a just and right check and a splendid provision against the importation and release in this country of such creatures as the mongoose and the starling, but it is inimical to game propagation.

If such a law had been operative in time, it would have kept out the English sparrow. And perhaps even the well known domestic cat! This animal is a terrible destroyer of our game birds when it goes "stray"; and it is bad enough when kept about the farmer's house and barns, in villages and small towns. I do not think there is any bird enemy that takes greater toll than the domestic cat of our valuable and worth while song and game birds, to say nothing of the waterfowl when it gets a chance at them. City people have a great habit of taking unwanted cats out into the country and "dumping" them in some lonely spot. The cat thus left must kill to live, and when he can get delicious birds he is not going to be content with mice and rats.

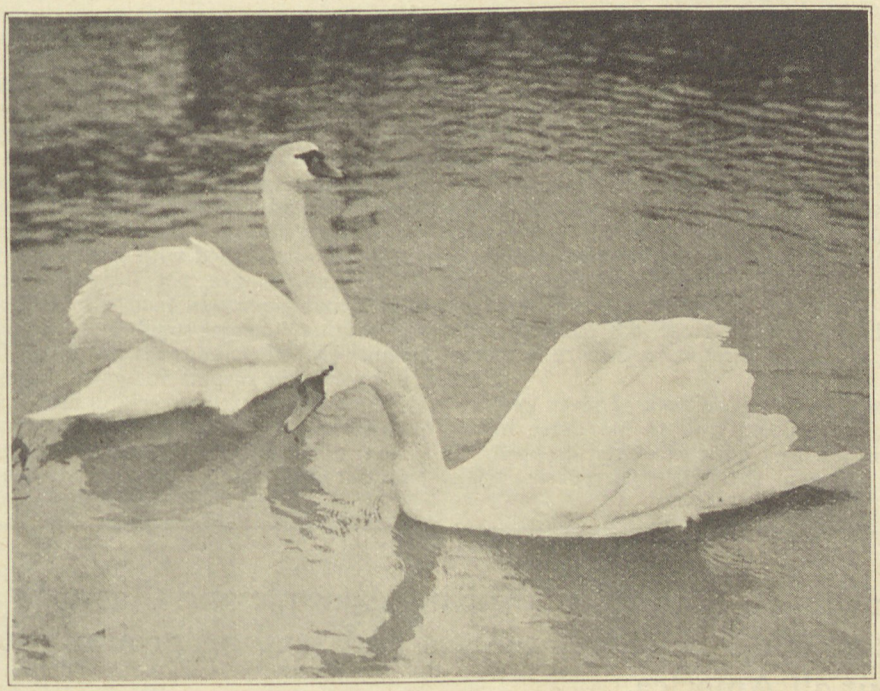
But why this useless duty on valuable and worth while live birds? It has been in operation ever since the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Commission were petitioned by the California canary breeders for protection against European canary breeders. That was all right, if they wanted it, and the government gave it to them, but it was not at all necessary to place such duty on all live birds.

To repeal that duty, insofar as other birds are concerned, would greatly facilitate the importation of the valuable insect-eating birds of other countries. We imported the Jap beetle, we imported the corn borer, the gypsy moth, the brown tail moth, the tussock moth. We were not charged, we paid no duty on them. Yet the very birds that eat these pests, these beetles and moths and hairy caterpillars, are held up at the border and a duty exacted. Until the poor birds, after the long and trying voyage, are half dead, or wholly so, for they cannot pass and receive liberty from their little boxes until Custom Officers have collected that twenty per cent duty. That always means a delay of one or more days. And that means that we have scarcely a half dozen men in the country who will undertake the risk of bringing into this country any live game birds to be sold to breeders. It is time, high time, that duty was repealed.

In establishing a bird sanctuary there is much work of an exceedingly varied nature. Besides conserving native song and game birds, protecting them from their enemies; bringing in foreign game birds and establishing them, natural shelter and natural foods must be planted. To this end, Mr. Kellogg has ordered a quantity of sour and sweet cherry trees of a dozen varieties; several varieties of mulberries, and a great number of elderberry bushes. These are the great triumvirate of bird foods. Other trees, shrubs, bushes and vines, such as hackberry trees, grape vines, berry bushes, beech trees, and others too numerous to list, that bear food beloved of birds, will be planted in due course. Evergreens, too, both for shelter and food, as well as for beauty.

The purple martins are already collecting annually in numbers on the Kellogg estate, for numerous martin houses, both large and small, have been set up. Visitors always notice the absence of flies about the place, an excellent record for the industrious martins who work sixteen hours a day collecting these pests for themselves and their babies. Other houses take care of wrens and bluebirds; while bat houses are in prospect to provide living quarters to these destroyers of another pest, the ubiquitous mosquito.

In his love for conservation generally, Mr. Kellogg plans the planting of hundreds of special grafted hickories; black walnuts; Japanese walnuts and heartnuts; Chinese walnuts; hardy northern pecans; Chinese blight-proof chestnuts; Korean chestnuts, also blight-proof; many new hybrid nuts bred by the famous nut tree specialist, Mr. J. F. Jones of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, who, by the way, is experimenting with the Chinese jujube tree, yielding a delicious fruit that seems to partake of the taste of dates, and figs and raisins. Mr. Jones has also developed several improved varieties of persimmons and papaws. In planning the



A well mated pair of Royal European swans are entirely at home on Wintergreen Lake, part of the Kellogg Bird Sanctuary.

planting of such trees as these, that not only produce valuable wood but also food of very great value to man, it seems to me that Mr. Kellogg is a step in advance of the usual landscaping when many trees are planted that bear only leaves, producing nothing of value.

Many visitors come to the bird sanctuary. Some come long distances, while others are already visitors to Battle Creek. Dr. E. W. Nelson, the well known naturalist, dropped in for an interesting visit last autumn. Such visits are greatly enjoyed. Visitors often ask me if the study of birds can be undertaken. "Where can the art of game breeding and aviculture generally be studied properly?" is a question of much interest. And I have to advise them that not one university or college in this country has a chair of game breeding or aviculture. Cornell tried to establish one but the idea fell through. Cornell also, by the way, tried to establish a chair of nut culture. Of course, there are a few books on the subject, but mighty few, and magazines are equally scarce, yet surely both these subjects are of much importance.

Every farmer should be his own game warden. As laws in some of our states now stand they must be modified, for, as they now are, there is no encouragement given the farmer to breed game scientifically as is done in Europe. When he does breed it, he is prevented from selling it, either dead or alive, and this is most absurd. Why should not a farmer breed antelope as he does hogs and sheep? One farmer in Alberta, at Brooks, breeds many antelope and has them tamer than any domestic animal. He sells them, occasionally, to men who wish to park their land. Another in Yorkton, Saskatchewan, breeds Rocky Mountain sheep out on the prairies, just as other farmers breed the domestic sheep. We are all familiar with the fur farms for breeding and pelting the different fur bearers that are being established all over the continent, but game bird breeding farms are few and far between. Just because, as a general rule, birds can be bred only for one's pleasure, or to be sold alive for propagating purposes only.

A closeup of some of the wild geese on the Kellogg Bird Sanctuary, including greater snow geese, blue geese and European bernicle geese.

A Worker of Miracles

Portion of Editorial
By JOHN F. McGOVERN

MANY have heard the history of Jack Miner and of his experiments with wild geese, the establishment of his sanctuaries at Kingsville, Ontario, Canada, and his ultimate success in luring the wild birds to his haven. His work has been so well done that it has attracted the attention of the world.

Jack Miner is one of the outstanding personalities of the generation. He is one of the great conservationists of the continent. He has done such a good work for the western world that the extent of it will not be measured for many years, and the fact of it fully appreciated until long after he has passed away.

His study of the habits of wild geese, the feathered wild life of the continent, will be of inestimable service to us and to posterity.

In 1904 he purchased his first little flock of seven geese.

After three years of complete failure, no geese having stopped at his station, the first flock of eleven dropped into the pond among his geese in the fourth year of his trials. From that time forward they increased, growing to thousands in a few years.

Last spring Jack Miner used in feeding the geese which stopped at his sanctuary on the way north to the limits of the arctic regions, sixty-five hundred bushels of corn and more than two hundred bushels of barley.

His pictures show the pond covered almost to crowding with the wild Canada fowl. In the morning when they come in to feed and at night when they go out to Lake Erie to rest, the air is filled with them.

His efforts are not intended for conservationists and sportsmen alone. In fact he is not so much interested in replenishing the game supply as in saving the birds from extinction. His work, however, results in increased supply, allowing for a big surplus for game purposes.

As a result of his teaching and example bird refuges and sanctuaries will be started in all parts of the American continent. The good results of Jack Miner's work cannot be measured because the possibilities are illimitable.

LET us follow Jack Miner's inspiring example and that of W. K. Kellogg and establish sanctuaries, refuges and feeding grounds for wildfowl throughout all America.

A Talk With a Great Angler

By
MARGUERITE IVES

THOUSANDS of anglers have read with joy Edward R. Hewitt's books, "Salmon Secrets" and "Telling on the Trout."

Gifford Pinchot once told me he thought "Eddie" Hewitt the best fly fisher for salmon we have in America.

Mr. Hewitt says himself, "George La-Branche is the best fly fisher in America—but I can beat him catching fish!"

EDITOR.

NOT long ago I spent two most interesting hours with Edward R. Hewitt in his charming old house on Gramercy Park, that historic square dear to the hearts of all lovers of New York.

Often when I talk with noted outdoorsmen I wish I could know them in the woods, watch them in their camps and follow them along streams and trails. In the case of Mr. Hewitt I felt the outdoors brought to me there in his home, adorned with signs of his outdoor enthusiasms.

In the immense formal drawing room stood a projecting machine for the moving pictures and glorified lantern slides which he himself has taken of all outdoors in forest and on stream. Darkening the room by drawing the heavy curtains over the long windows, he showed me pictures of lovely English countrysides, the famous English chalk streams and beautiful bits of woods and rivers in New Brunswick, Quebec, and nearer home, in New Jersey and New York. I sat there with a throat-tightening nostalgia for a camp and a river bank.

Mr. Hewitt's liking for photography of all sorts amounts to more than a hobby. He studied photography for two years in Berlin and has a highly professional understanding of lenses and plates and photographic manipulation.

What I most like about Edward R. Hewitt is the harmonious mingling in him of a fine intellect with a delicate whimsicality, a delightful admixture of sense and nonsense. For instance, showing me a picture of a group of stately trees, he asked:

"See the fairy?"

Looking closer, I espied the figure of a tiny doll beneath one of them.

"We believe in fairies in this house, you see," he explained. "So believing in them, we sometimes catch glimpses of them."

Edward R. Hewitt is acknowledged to be the most scientific and progressive angler of the age. He has taken hundreds of photographs of flies from under water, also of bait both under water and floating in every conceivable relation to the fish. For years he has conducted extensive analytical research work in connection with the habits and peculiarities of trout and salmon. His books are invaluable to the earnest student of fish lore and to the angler desirous of profiting by Mr. Hewitt's fifty years of angling experience.

Edward Hewitt is internationally known as an engineer and inventor. It is, I believe, a rare combination of talents and tastes that he should likewise be a writer and an angler.

I said something of the sort to him.

"No," was his answer, "I don't think it unusual for the scientific mind to lean to angling as a recreation. Isn't it the contemplative man's sport? My friend Mr. A. H. Wood of Birmingham is a scientist, the head of a great ammunition plant, and he is acknowledged the most skillful fisherman in Great Britain. And dear old Professor Brockett with whom I studied physics at Princeton gave me the best hints on fishing that I ever got in my life. Sir Humphrey Davy was a great fisherman and wrote a delightful book."

Upstairs in Mr. Hewitt's study I was shown further proofs of his diversity of interests. A lover of Chinese art would thrill at the array of statuettes representing the art of the ancient T'ang and Ming dynasties. A dark haired cherub of three years scampered through the room to rescue a book of fairy tales from the floor.

"We have three more of those in and out of the house," smiled Mr. Hewitt.

"You have the most delightful hobbies," said I appreciatively.

"Well the children certainly are all right," he admitted, laughing across the room at his daughter, "we make them right here in the house."

There was a fly tying apparatus attached to a desk, chests of drawers containing countless reels and tin boxes of leaders and flies. The skin of a fourteen pound salmon was stretched on a wall, a salmon particularly prized by Mr. Hewitt as being his first on a dry fly. A murderous looking object on the mantel caught my attention, an iron dumb bell split in two and held together by a heavy steel spring. Curiously I picked it up.

"I use that every day," he said. "Press it together with my hand, you see. Then I'm sure to have a good, firm grip when the salmon season opens. I want to show you these new leaders too that I've been experimenting with. I treat them with nitrate of silver and then expose and develop them like film. This makes the gut opaque in the water. I find that I get a third more fish with them than with other leaders."

"Do you make your own rods?" I asked.

"I have made many. Leonard in London is trying out now some ideas I have as to the better tapering of rods. I want to make the taper so perfect that a line can be cast more accurately and not strike the water a second sooner than the fly. That is difficult to avoid even for a first class caster unless a rod is rightly tapered. There are four or five rods I was looking over yesterday," he added, pointing to a stack of rod cases in a corner.

"Eight or ten, you mean," I corrected.

"Well, there are thirty or forty more upstairs," he said. So up we trekked another flight to a perfectly entrancing old fashioned attic full of trunks and books and fishing rods and more tackle. There, also, is Mr. Hewitt's laboratory, a workshop fitted out with every requirement of an inventive genius, where with most bewildering and intricate machinery, he designs marvelous models of new engines and motors and I doubt not, in spare time, reels and rods.

Then, perched on high workman's stools, we talked fishing.

"An admirer of yours," I began, "once said of you, perhaps more enthusiastically than respectfully, 'that bird can catch fish where the other fellows don't know there's any water'."

Mr. Hewitt laughed heartily.

"I appreciate the sentiment. I admit that among my friends I have the reputation of getting them where they ain't. I do not, however, lay the credit to any superior angling ability on my part but solely to observation and study of the habits of the fish. My effort has always been to learn their peculiarities.

"You see, anglers, as a rule, lay entirely too much emphasis on their tackle. I admit I'm prone to do it myself. Our equipment must be just so-and-so and then if we have luck with us, we feel we will get fish.

"The fetish for many different flies is a strong one with most anglers. I used to have one for every occasion and for every mood. Now I use one most of the time."

"And make it yourself?" I said slyly.

"Right you are," he admitted, laughing. "I call it the

Bi-visible. Here is one. You see, it is very plain and unostentatious. Just the two colors, brown and white. The brown underneath for the fish to see and the white above for the angler to see. When George LaBranche and I were fishing the Neversink once I offered him one of these flies. By the way, I've always modestly said that George LaBranche was the best dry fly fisher in America—but that I could beat him catching fish! Well, George took the fly a bit skeptically. 'Instead of a Pink Lady or something equally decorative, just try that,' said I. Half an hour later George was back for another one. George LaBranche, of course, has a scientific and practical fund of fish knowledge. He has studied them and knows them.

Edward R. Hewitt, author of "Salmon Secrets" and "Telling on the Trout."

"It is a fact, I think, that less brain work is used in fishing than in any other activity. Fisherman's Luck is an appealing but misleading phrase. The equipment and the 'luck' the average fisherman needs is a sounder comprehension of fish life, enlightenment on the fundamental instincts of fish; natural places for fish to be lying, for instance.

"I remember one time fishing a salmon pool up in Quebec with a friend of mine. I knew that we would find the fish at the lower end of the pool just after sundown. This was more than a theory. It was a proven fact to me. But no argument would convince my friend. The fish had always risen at the head of the pool, said he, so of course, that was the place to try for them. In vain I protested. So he cast the head of the pool and I the lower end. Shortly I hooked and landed a twenty pounder. Showed it to my friend. 'Oh, an accident,' he said, 'a stray one.' Again I fished the lower end and again a fish, a twelve pounder. I caught three salmon from the lower end of the pool that evening."

"How did you know they were there?" I asked with real curiosity.

"I had watched the fish in the moonlight," he answered. "I had seen them cruising around and around the pool towards dusk and for some reason unknown to mere landlubbers like anglers, they always swim in the shallow water at the lower end an hour after sundown."

"Maybe they were smart enough to figure it out that most of the anglers would fish the head of the pool," I suggested.

"I shouldn't be surprised," agreed Mr. Hewitt. "I have long suspected that the trout and salmon in Great Britain are pretty well aware of most angling tactics. That's why I like the fishing there better than most of ours. It's harder. The season is nine months long, you know, and the fish are cast over so often that they are fairly familiar with artificial flies and they are wary beyond belief.

"I remember a most amusing time on the River Test in England. A number of the members of the Houghton Club near Stockbridge had been trying to raise a fair fish they knew to be in a certain spot, but without success. Everyone had cast from a small projecting point from which the cast seemed the easiest and the most logical. I decided to try something different. I crossed the stream and cast from an angle extremely awkward for myself but totally unexpected by the fish, and sure enough, I got him."

"Do fish see?" I asked.

"Certainly, but their eyes are such that they see well in the dusk or very little light. Very bright sunlight blinds them."

"I have heard," I said, "that you can pick up fish from the water with your hands, can you really?"

"Yes, I can," he replied. "It's not difficult. Just another case of knowing where they are lying. Then you rub your hands gently along under them, tickling their bellies. The effect on them is so mesmeric that they can be easily lifted from the water.

"Once in Scotland, I arrived at Castle Skibo one noon, and Mr. Carnegie deplored the fact that no one had been able to catch any fish for luncheon. 'I'll go and get you half a dozen with my hands,' I assured him. And I did, I really did," he said, laughing at my wonder.

"Another time," he continued, "Gifford Pinchot and I were wading his stream at Milford, Pa. As he stepped on a large rock a fine fish sped from under it. Watching the trail of the riffles it made in the shallow water, we could see where it stopped and settled quietly. 'I wish I had that fish,' said Pinchot. 'Very well,' said I, 'I'll get him for you.' And I did—by tickling him and picking him up in my hands."

"I shall never dare print that story," I demurred.

"Hordes of fishermen who did it when they were boys will believe you," Mr. Hewitt assured me. "Why, I'm even teaching our four year old to do it."

"How old were you when you first learned to fish?" I asked.

"I'm not sure exactly," he replied. "I remember that I had on a white dress which I was scolded for getting exceedingly soiled against a bridge. So I must have been pretty young. And I expect to be pretty old before I quit! I went out on the stream last year at Carnegie's with the Archbishop of Canterbury. He and Mrs. Davidson watched me for a couple of hours. Then he arose and stretched, declaring himself a little cramped. 'I am a bit tired,' he said, 'though I am only eighty'."

"How can we in America best preserve our fishing for ourselves and for posterity?" I asked.

"The answer is in two words," replied Edward Hewitt, "proper stocking. Note the word proper. Most of the stocking that is done is absolutely wasted. I don't believe fry can be hatched wholesale in hatcheries and dumped indiscriminately into varying waters with any good results.

"An efficient way to stock is individual pond culture for each type of stream or lake. It is also very necessary that fry be placed in localities suitable for their growth, places where they would naturally be found, and where there is proper food and protection for them. Where the stocking is done by the method of spring ponds which has proven very successful, the ponds should be constructed so that they can be drawn down and completely cleaned out each season. This is very important. The fish in these ponds must find their own food.

"Not more than 10,000 fry should be put into a pond of the area of an acre. These fish should not be fed at all but should be allowed to seek their natural food. Fish, like children, should be brought up to be self reliant or they will grow up without stamina, resistance or fighting powers. I have written considerably on this subject and

(Continued on page 47)

National Forests East of the Plain

An analysis of the McNary-Woodruff bill in which the need for National Forests in the East is clearly shown

By CHARLES W. FOLDS

Chairman, National Executive Committee, Izaak Walton League

THE increasing urgency of making immediate provision for the forest needs of America, especially in the middle west, the east and the south is not a debatable question. The Government forests today are located mostly in the west where it was an easy matter to set aside large areas of public lands as National Forests. But in the eastern half of the country the lands had practically all become private property long before this movement was started. There the large stretches of forest lands were owned mostly by lumbermen.

Sixteen years ago the need of a system of federal forests east of the great plains was recognized, and a program of forest land purchases was inaugurated. The original plan contemplated the acquisition of six million acres in the White and Appalachian Mountains under a program of expenditures approximating two million dollars annually. These lands were to be selected primarily for the protection which their forest cover would give our navigable rivers.

Fifteen years have elapsed and the original program is less than half completed. At the rate to date, it will require more than thirty years to complete the original program.

The war caused radical curtailment of forest purchase funds, and Congress has steadfastly neglected to resume purchases on the scale originally pledged. In the meantime the situation has grown worse instead of better—the area of deforested lands east of the great plains has increased to the staggering figure of almost 300,000,000 acres.

A special committee of the United States Senate, after a nationwide investigation made only a few years ago, declared that the rate at which "the visible timber supply of the country is being reduced and the very meagre and inadequate rate at which it is being replaced" constitutes "a very serious situation, with far-reaching effects upon American industry, upon agriculture and upon standards of living."

Congress, at its 1924 session, recognizing the obligations of the Government to protect its people against a wood shortage, passed the Clark-McNary Act. By that act Congress admitted the importance of providing by purchase large areas of national forests in the eastern half of the United States by amending the original Weeks Law authorizing the Government to purchase forest lands on watersheds of navigable

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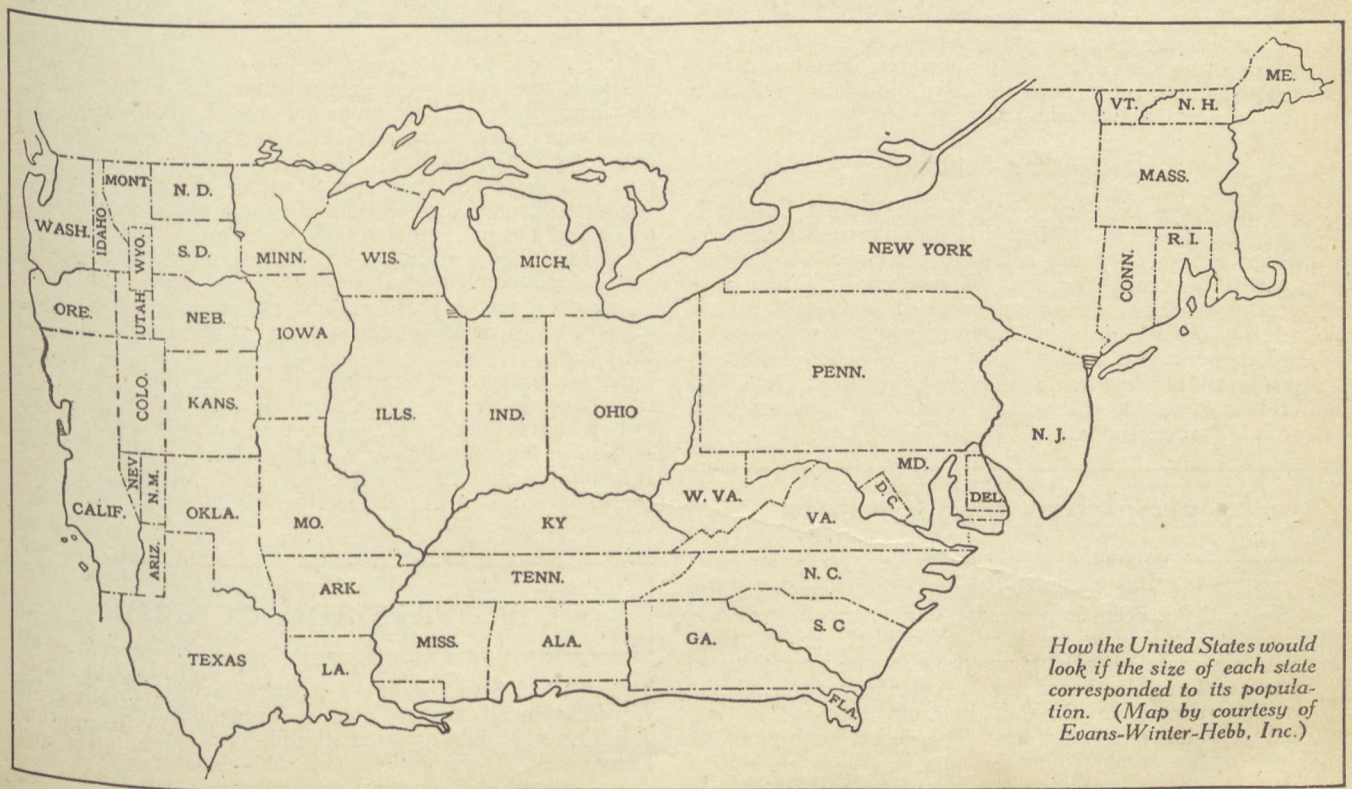

How the United States would look if the size of each state corresponded to its population. (Map by courtesy of Evans-Winter-Hebb, Inc.)

What's Happening

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Count Your Chickens

A SURVEY of all the states where prairie chickens (pinnated grouse) are still found discloses a situation almost as deplorable as that confronting that king of wooded upland game birds, the ruffed grouse, often called partridge. Prairie chickens appear to be in grave danger over their entire range. A number of states had no open hunting season for chickens in 1927, and if conditions do not improve there will be no chicken shooting in some of those states in 1928.

Reasons for Scarcity

MANY reasons are advanced for this condition. Careful students of the situation over a long period of years claim that the advance of the plow and the mowing machine is largely responsible. Others say overshooting followed by a succession of unfavorable hatching and rearing seasons is the cause. Probably the former had as much to do with it as did the latter, because the prairie chicken can't withstand the inroads of civilization and intensive cultivation any more than could the buffalo and the antelope. They certainly cannot rear flocks of young if nesting conditions are unfavorable.

What to Do

SURELY no one would stop the progress of agriculture to save the chickens, nor can any human agency control the weatherman, but there are certain definite things that can be done. There is no place where prairie chickens may be purchased for stocking purposes, and if there were they would be worth from ten to twenty dollars a pair. Here and there a few birds may be trapped and transferred within a state, but the first step is to count your chickens now, make a careful survey of conditions and help your state department take such steps as may be necessary to save the birds. This is a task for every outdoor enthusiast.

Nebraska's Solution

THE Nebraska Division of the Izaak Walton League is showing the way. That division has undertaken an ambitious state-wide game refuge program in cooperation with the State Game Warden. A number of refuges are being established for the sole purpose of saving the prairie chicken, but other game will benefit as well. Every chapter of the League in that state is being pledged to secure at least one refuge and thereby help save Nebraska's finest game bird. Better take stock of your chickens now and protect them before it is forever too late!

Restocking the Covers

DURING the past few years many states, which heretofore did not deem it necessary to restock game of any kind or to bring in new species that would thrive, have undertaken elaborate restocking programs. The sportsmen in many states have demanded that a specific portion of the funds they contribute through hunting licenses be "ear marked" for that purpose alone. The demand for game of all kinds is far greater than the supply, which more than ever accentuates the need for encouraging game farming in America. Breeders and brokers could handle about ten times the orders they are now able to fill.

Sportsmen Deserve Credit

WERE it not for the funds spent by the sportsmen of America to protect and restock game many sections of the country would be barren today. Many states from which live game was formerly exported for stocking purposes have closed the door to the exporters, and are themselves in the market for large quantities of the same kinds of game heretofore exported. Many thousands of quail, ringneck pheasants, Hungarian partridges and other game birds, as well as rabbits and squirrels, are being purchased for stocking purposes. Much of this restocking work is now being confined to properly administered game refuges, where the returns are much greater.

Waltonians Raising Funds

IN some states game purchase programs were slow getting under way because funds were not set aside for that purpose. In Minnesota the Waltonians, cooperating with other sportsmen's organizations, raised a fund of more than $21,000 through public subscription, to which the State has added $5,000, for the purchase of Hungarian partridges. And they are not quitting with this handsome sum, but they are going out to increase the total to about $50,000. They intend to make a good job of it and get these hardy game birds started in a real way.

In Kentucky the State Division of the Walton League is now raising a fund of $25,000 to match a like amount from the state for the purchase of bob-white quail. And they promise to get every penny of it.

Game Gets Better Protection

MORE work of this kind is needed. Men who contribute either time or money to raising funds for the purchase of game, or the stocking and feeding of it after arrival, will see to it that such game gets a better chance to produce a maximum increase than game purchased wholly from state funds and stocked without the sportsmen themselves participating in the program. The more difficult it becomes to purchase desirable game for stocking purposes, the more organized groups such as Walton League Chapters will strive to protect the native game they have left. This will result in more refuges, more winter feeding, more predatory bird and animal control (and especially the stray field-hunting house cat), and a more general desire on the part of all hunters to go afield for the sport of it and be reasonable in their bags.

Just as soon as all sportsmen appreciate the fact that the wild game in the covers is worth exactly what it will cost to buy and replace it we will have an entirely different conception of the value of our wild life. Every bird and animal is actually worth a fixed price in dollars and cents. Finding sources from which to replace them is the rub. Better take care of what is left.

Fishways and Screens

FISHWAYS to permit the passage of fish over the many dams in all of our streams throughout the country is a subject that has agitated disciples of Izaak Walton for many years. It seems there is a wide divergence of opinion concerning the effectiveness of fishways, fish ladders and

in Conservation

fish elevators, except for use in streams inhabited by anadromous fishes. Fish culturists working under both the Federal and State governments have spent much time on this subject, and in the near future OUTDOOR AMERICA will publish an enlightening article by a man who is a recognized authority on this question.

Pollution Has Been Most Destructive

STREAM pollution has killed more fish and destroyed the feeding grounds of more fish than were ever destroyed through the absence of fishways. While the fight concerning fishways has raged, another source of fish destruction, almost as potent as strong pollution, has gone unheeded in many places, particularly in the west.

Literally thousands upon thousands of young fish, and frequently breeding age adults, find their way into the irrigation ditches and out upon the fields being irrigated, where they become food for crows, magpies and other birds and beasts of prey. A total loss; a preventable waste!

Workable Screens Present Problem

SOME states have laws on the subject and require screens in all irrigation canals and ditches, but the enforcement of these laws has been very difficult. This is because the kind of screen appliances to use has caused almost as much discussion as has the question of fishways; also due to the fact that much water for irrigating individual farms is taken directly from the streams by the owners. All too often these owners disregard the need for screens. Installing the screens is not difficult, but keeping them clean so they do not shut off the flow requires regular attention. Further development of electrical devices to retard the fish will help solve the difficulty in many of the larger irrigation ditches, but these will not control the small diversion ditches.

Two recent important meetings of officials in the State of Washington adopted almost identical resolutions on these questions. In addition to proper fishways they urged that steps be taken to stop the enormous loss of fish that now pass through the irrigation ditches and are utterly wasted.

The angling fraternity will do well to pay some attention to the problems involved in stopping as many of these losses as possible. It is poor economy to spend many thousands of dollars to rear fish, then spend many hours of back-breaking effort stocking them in first class condition only to be wasted through uncontrolled drainage ditches, or pollution, or human fish pirates, who too often disguise themselves as sportsmen.

SETH GORDON has an international reputation as one of America's foremost conservation leaders. He enjoys a wide acquaintance and an exceptional knowledge of conservation problems.

He has contributed these two valuable pages on "WHAT'S HAPPENING" during the past year and will continue them that each month our readers may be kept in touch with all important conservation activities.

To make his broad knowledge of these matters available to more of our readers we have persuaded Mr. Gordon to establish a special page on which to give advice and answer the deluge of inquiries that come to his desk daily. This valuable department will begin next month. EDITOR.

National Game Conference

THE Fourteenth National Game Conference held in New York City early in December, under the auspices of the American Game Protective Association, was the most successful of any of these annual conferences. The Chairman, Judge Lee Miles of Arkansas, Secretary Wakefield Dort of New Hampshire, and the Program Committee had prepared an interesting and constructive program.

The many problems encountered in game breeding were discussed at length by men who have made these matters a life study. The growing tendency among the states to depend upon game propagated in captivity or semi-captivity on game farms was quite pronounced. Developments during the year in the propagation of bobwhite quail, Hungarian partridges, and ringneck pheasants were discussed at length.

Virginia Leads in Rearing Quail

THE State of Virginia is beyond question the leader in the propagation of bobwhites. Major A. Willis Robertson, Chairman of the Virginia Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, presented an excellent report concerning the work of Superintendent Coleman.

Mr. Coleman started the Virginia quail farm in 1920. During 1927 the hens laid an average of 67 eggs. A total of 10.626 eggs were collected, over 7,000 birds were hatched, and more than 4,000 young birds were reared. Major Robertson stated that additional pens are being constructed to carry 500 pairs of breeding birds through the winter, and Virginia expects to rear 10,000 birds in 1928. Major Robertson offered to train young men from other states on the Virginia farm.

Other States Making Progress

WILLIAM C. ADAMS, Director of the Division of Fish and Game in Massachusetts, and E. Lee LeCompte, State Game Warden for Maryland, gave interesting reports concerning their progress in quail breeding.

The State of Oregon has so far produced the best results in rearing Hungarian partridges. Both bobwhites and Hungarians are much more difficult to rear than ringneck pheasants.

The progress of the cooperative quail investigation in charge of Herbert L. Stoddard of the U. S. Biological Survey, was presented by Mr. Stoddard who again stressed the fact that his

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Wisconsin

THE outstanding figure at the Fifth National Convention of the Izaak Walton League was Governor Fred Zimmerman of Wisconsin. He looked like a young Abraham Lincoln. He spoke with fiery eloquence. The hearts of all the Waltonians who heard him were filled with hope for the future of conservation in Wisconsin, and thrilled by the magnificent example Wisconsin was to be to all other states.

State Conservation Commissions have long been advocated by the League as the only means by which conservation problems could be rightly solved with no political complications. The Wisconsin Division of the League spent thousands of dollars and five years of heartbreaking work to pass the Conservation Commission Bill.

Governor Zimmerman with his flaming ardor and his wonderful conservation plans for Wisconsin was a forceful figure at the League's convention, an inspired leader of the sacred cause of the outdoors.

The delegates and members of the Izaak Walton League at that convention not only deafeningly applauded him, they accorded him a devout homage and a personal admiration and gratitude for his championship of the conservation mission to which the League is dedicated.

Then Governor Zimmerman appointed his Conservation Commission and they in turn appointed the Director of Conservation. *Governor Zimmerman made these appointments without any consideration for the wishes of the 15,000 Waltonians in Wisconsin, in spite of the fact that he had repeatedly stated that he would make no appointments on the Commission without consulting the Wisconsin Division of the League.* Very naturally, the League expected to be represented on the Commission by one or two of the leading Waltonians in the state, men of worth and merit. *Such representation was due the Izaak Walton League,* the strongest and most vitally interested of all conservation agencies in America today. The League deserved this recognition.

Such a course would have strengthened the Governor's conservation program and facilitated its accomplishment. It would have welded together the power of the state and the power of the true sportsmen into an unbreakable chain. *The Governor was badly advised when he left out these essential Waltonian links.*

Many brilliant and capable workers for conservation represent the Izaak Walton League in Wisconsin, men with a broad vision of their state's recreational value and its conservation needs. Many of them have helped in the passing in Wisconsin of some of the finest conservation legislation in the country, the forestry and severance tax bills being models for all other states to follow. These men have the ability to think and plan for the enhancement of Wisconsin's outdoor value and for the fulfillment of Wisconsin's conservation needs. In addition they have the invaluable backing of a National organization of great numbers and vast strength.

The League was justified in feeling that *its influence and aid were deliberately ignored and repudiated by Governor Zimmerman in his failure to appoint any of these active Waltonians on the Commission.*

The editorial columns of OUTDOOR AMERICA have deplored this lack of co-operation with the League on the part of Governor Zimmerman, a lack of co-operation *surely not to have been expected* after his solemn pledges to the people of Wisconsin.

OUTDOOR AMERICA has also criticized the Governor's choice of a Conservation Director. This was not done in a spirit of petty malice, but as indicative of the reaction against Mr. Nagler's appointment by the majority of informed conservationists in Wisconsin. Our criticisms of Mr. Nagler are solely of his qualifications in training and experience for the post of Conservation Director. If Mr. Nagler, as deep down in his heart, as conscientiously and as prayerfully wants the good of our outdoors above all else, as does the Izaak Walton League, then the League and Mr. Nagler are destined to be friendly co-workers towards that all important end.

The Izaak Walton League is an organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream. Its mission is to guard and rehabilitate America's outdoors; to conserve the wilderness and its wild life that all present and future Americans may enjoy their heritage of fishing, hunting and outdoor recreation. The League makes no apology for its advocacy of the decent, moderate and sportsmanlike killing of game.

It depends on the true sportsmen and sportswomen of America to carry out its great plans for America's outdoors.

The League abhors game hogs and would punish them to the fullest extent. When such are found in its membership they are treated with unsparing scorn. The League preaches fair play, it stands for true sportsmanship, it advocates clean, red-blooded, American, outdoor recreation.

Therefore, the League's sole consideration is the ultimate good of Wisconsin's outdoors, the safety of all America's outdoor recreation.

In the words of William Aberg, President of the Wisconsin Division of the League, "the Conservation Commission is created by reason of our own law and we maintain that law to be the best conservation measure ever passed. Temporary set-backs should be of little consequence."

With that thought uppermost the Wisconsin Division at its last convention passed a resolution pledging its support and co-operation to the Conservation Commission of Wisconsin.

The Commission has adopted with a few minor changes the plan of organization outlined by the League, and the League will render every possible aid to the Commission in the carrying out of this program.

The League believes that it should have representation on Wisconsin's Conservation Commission. We believe that Governor Zimmerman now appreciates this point of view. We believe that the temporary disagreements and misunderstandings will be cleared up, wiped out and that the League and the Wisconsin Commission will work together in harmony for the great cause of the conservation of Wisconsin's outdoors.

At the convention of the Izaak Walton League next April in Omaha we hope that Governor Zimmerman will be the same warmly welcomed guest as at the 1927 convention. We hope the great faith that Waltonians had in him will have been justified; that Waltonians will be convinced that they had not listened with wasted enthusiasm and vain hope to the siren note of a false god; that the splendid results of the efforts of the Conservation Commission of Wisconsin working in perfect accord with the Izaak Walton League will have proved an inspiration and a spur to all other states.

The Days of the Wild Pigeon

RARELY has a man spent as much of his life in the open as has David Whittaker or observed with so much fond attention the ways of Nature and the life of the wilderness. Mr. Whittaker was familiar with the speech of many tribes, and gives us interesting and intimate glimpses of the Indian. EDITOR.

By DAVID WHITTAKER

Drawings by CLEMENS GRETTER

THE next day we came across a French halfbreed trapper on one of the lakes. He had a squaw for his wife, and three children. He had a log house and a good supply of provisions for the winter, and as he had some excellent tanned moose hides I made a bargain with him for moccasins for us all. His squaw made stockings and leggings for us out of muskrat skins, so we were fixed for the winter.

I asked him if there were many wild pigeons around there. He raised his hands above his head and said that there was nothing but pigeons all summer. "So many here we never get any berries; he eat them all. My father he live over lake; he tell you much about wild pigeons; tomorrow we go."

The next morning Louis Petrie took the Oneida and myself to see his father. We found the old man very pleasant and agreeable. He shook our hands warmly, and took us into his wigwam. It was built with cedar bark and lined with moose and caribou skins. Lynx, wildcat, fox and wolf skins hung around the walls. He showed them to me proudly and told me how he had hunted those animals in his younger days, when the country was wild and no white man was there to drive the game away. The floor was covered with pine and balsam needles, dried over a fire, and about one foot deep on the ground. Moose, caribou, and bear skins, tanned with the hair on, for carpets, were spread over the needles. He had two large black bear skins to sleep in—one to lie on, the other for a blanket. Thus Anton Petrie, the old Ojibwa, lived in true Indian style.

"No hunger here," he said, and pointed out on the lake. "Fish plenty; in the woods, moose and caribou; bear plenty; wild rice plenty; Keekee Winnebago plenty."

Keekee means the ballcoot or rice-hen. Winnebago means the blue-bill wild duck, in the Indian tongue. As nature took care of her wild creatures in the forest—so nature took care of Anton Petrie and supplied him with all his heart desired.

We stopped with him that night, and I slept on one of the bearskins. It was the first bearskin I had slept on for a long time.

Mistress Petrie Latour

HIS wife, a halfbreed, old and wrinkled like himself, could speak English very well. She was from the Huron tribe. She had made her husband take her father's French name, Petrie Latour, as all she had to remember her people by was the name.

I asked her if there were many pigeons. "Nothing but pigeons," she said; "we never get any berries. The pigeons never let them get ripe. They pick them when half-ripe. I don't see what good pigeons are. We have plenty good fish; plenty meat of all kinds; and if we did not have the pigeons we would have plenty good berries. I wish another storm would come, and blow the pigeons out of the country, the same as it did the second year we came here. Then we got plenty berries, while they were gone. But in three years they came back."

I asked her how long ago the storm was. She went in and brought out a stick, one side stained white, the other side stained green, with crosses cut in both sides. On the white side every cross represented one winter, and on the green side, one summer. Thus Mistress Petrie Latour had her age cut in the stick, and according to her nicks she was ninety-six. I asked her how old her husband was. She stood up, raised her hand, cleared her throat, put emphasis into her voice, and said, "Oh, he much older than I

Message from an Indian

By HARRY WILBERN

FROM the depths of the Superior National Forest, where the Izaak Walton League of America is making its stand against the attempted destruction of what has been termed "America's Last Wilderness," comes the plea of Ay-Wah-Nak-Ji-Way-Aush, medicine man of the tribe of Chippewas who live on an island in Burntside Lake. "Don't let them build dams—it will spoil much country," the appeal to the Minneapolis chapter of the League ends.

Known throughout the north country as one of the leading advocates of conservation among his red brethren, the medicine man is best recognized by his English name of John Boshey. For fifteen years Col. M. R. Nyman, Minneapolis member of the board of directors of the Minnesota Division of the League, has lived on an adjoining island in Burntside Lake, one of the most picturesque spots in the Forest. During all these years Col. Nyman has never failed to make a trip to his lodge at least once a month. He knows the Indian as only one can who has packed and portaged with him. And John Boshey, according to Col. Nyman, is typical of the "Noble Red Man" at his best.

The son of one of the sub-chiefs of the Chippewas whose signature or "mark" appears on a number of Indian treaties in the records of the Minnesota Historical

Medicine Man of the Chippewas, John Boshey.

Society, John Boshey has been a friend to the whites since the days when the whoop of the red skin was a real menace. The Indian name was too long and difficult for a white man to pronounce. The medicine man gained his English name by reason of his love of singing. All along the Canadian border, wherever he would appear at a settlement or cabin, he would be asked to sing, "Sing, boy!" which in Chippewa is "Bo, Shey!" And by that name he is known throughout the north country.

Hearing of the nation wide effort to materially increase the membership of the Izaak Walton League, Ay-Wah-Nak-Ji-Way-Aush asked that he be enrolled in the League through a letter to Col. Nyman, written by a grandson which literally interpreted reads: "Here is my money. I have lived a long time—all my life in the Arrowhead country. Plenty of game and fish—good trapping when I was boy and young man, but now, as I near the Happy Hunting Grounds, game and fish not so plenty and trapping bum. I want to help save what is left so little John" (the grandson who indited the letter) "can do some of the things I did. Everybody should join. If you have children and grandchildren, no excuse for not joining and doing what you can to bring back the forests, game and fish."

"The next minute we were into it and a shower of spray brought me to my senses."

am!" Then she sat down with a smile.

"Good girl!" I said. "You're all the same, the world over."

The Indians laughed, and she smiled again.

More Wild Pigeon Lore

TAKING the berries from the crops of the wild pigeons was not new to me, for when boys we always opened the crops and took the beechnuts and sweet acorns from them, especially when they came across Lake Michigan from Michigan. The pigeons seemed to have been feeding on the beechnuts and sweet acorns before they started across the lake, as the nuts were just as fresh as when they ate them. It is only eighty-five miles across the lake to Wisconsin from Michigan and when the wind and weather were favorable they could make that in half an hour or so.

When they passed in over our heads off the lake we always shot from five to seven feet ahead of them, to get the males, as they were the largest and nicest, with their fat red breasts. The boy who came home decorated with redbreast was considered the crack shot; and as they said the flesh of the male was not as dry as that of the female, the males were hunted more. As for taking berries and nuts from the crops of the wild pigeons, it was done by both whites and Indians in those early days.

The wild pigeons were not heavy eaters. From three to four acorns and from ten to fifteen beechnuts was the average you would get from one of them. They could stand hunger and fatigue for three or four days and seem none the worse for it. Cold weather did not seem to affect them. They would sit around in the trees as though it was summer, if they could find their food; but let a storm loom in the sky and they would seem to know it ten or twelve hours before it came—that is, high, cold winds, with flurries of rain or snow. They would become very restless, and the males would fly up into the tops of the trees, screaming and flapping their wings. Then all would be still for a few minutes. Then, without any warning that you could see, the males would rise into the air, swing round over the resting-place, form columns, and be gone. When the columns were formed, the females left their perches, rose into the air, swung round the same as the males did, over their resting-places, formed columns, then followed the males, and soon were lost in the sky.

As they could fly faster than any storm, and as they knew by instinct or other means when a storm was coming, I do not think any of them ever perished in a storm; at least we never found any dead ones afterwards.

They usually flew in the shape of a bow, the center out in front; and the ends tapering back from this center sometimes would be fifty to one hundred feet deep from front to back, and from one to two miles long, or across from end to end of the bow. They did not seem to form columns for a short fly of a few hundred miles, nor would they beat straight through into a strong wind, nor would they stop to rest or seek shelter in the woods, but would keep on, like a ship in a storm, tacking close to the wind by turning on their sides, so that the windward wing would catch the wind like the sail of a ship and send them along without much work. When they were travelling along in this manner you might think they were drilled in a military school, they moved with such precision, all turning up and down in a mass, not one making a mismove, each keeping from three to four feet apart, thus careful not to interfere with one another.

Peculiar and eccentric were the habits of the wild passenger pigeons. They were easily frightened, and when once frightened stayed that way for a long time. When I had them in confinement, if frightened very badly they would refuse to eat for two or three days, and ate very little for some time after that. The wild pigeon was a very small eater for a bird that had so much life and vigor, and everything was in its favor for a long life, for it could get away from almost all its enemies after it had its second coat of feathers—all except the net and the gun.

Shooting an Eagle

THAT night we slept on the shore of the lake, and I lay wrapped up in the bearskin, listening to the musical jingle of the stones as the waves tossed them back and forth on the beach. I was almost asleep when Latour came to me with a pillow made out of a wildcat's skin and stuffed with balsam needles.

"You sleep on him. We hunt moose tomorrow; wildcat, he be good hunter; he catch plenty. You kill big moose tomorrow. I hear him call plenty last night."

So I slept on a pillow made of the wildcat skin for good luck.

I peeped out of my bearskin. The wind had gone down. The lake was black with wild ducks that had come in during the night, with the high wind, and had stopped to rest and feed on their way to the south. Overhead, high above us, against the clear blue sky, a large fish eagle was soaring around and around.

Latour came over and said, "Can you get him down? I want his feathers."

The Oneida was leaning against a tree, watching that bird of the clouds, the king of the air, circling around and around, holding, as it were, the life or death of all the things below him.

"Get him down, I say; the Ojibwa wants his feathers." I spoke in the Indian tongue.

"Me too want feathers," said the Oneida. He went and got his rifle and stepped out onto the beach.

When the bird came around on the half-circle, the Oneida threw his rifle up to his shoulder and followed the flying object till it was straight above him. Then he pulled. The sharp, wicked crack of the rifle had not left my ears when that bird of the sky and mountains was coming down as he never came before—lifeless and limp, his wings thrown over his back, his talons, those weapons of death, hanging helplessly down in the air.

When he struck the water, the wild ducks all dived and stayed under for a long time. Some rice-hens near the shore flew into the grass to hide. They had been afraid of him in life and were afraid of him in death.

The Oneida went into the water, and got the dead eagle, giving him to Petrie Latour, who pulled out the feathers and gave us three apiece. The Indians examined the eagle. They said he was from thirty-five to forty years old. I asked them how they knew, and they replied that they judged by his beak. If the top beak turned down sharply he was old, and if his legs were rough and scaly and his toe-nails turned down sharply he was very old.

I asked them how long the eagles lived. Petrie said there was a pinetree that grew on a rock at Lake Winnebegosh, that eagles had nested on when he was a boy, and it was still there, and eagles raised their young in it every summer. He did not know if they were the same or not. I asked him how old he was; so he went and brought out his sticks, and according to the nicks he was a hundred and three years old, though still smart as a bee. He could run on a log like a squirrel, and jump over the bushes like a deer.

CHAPTER VIII

The Start of a Moose Hunt

THE Indians were pleased with their feathers, and hung them on a tree near the camp. We got ready for the moose hunt, and as we might be gone three or four days we fixed ourselves accordingly in starting the tour. I went in a birchbark canoe.

The hunting ground was from five to ten miles up the lake. Think of going hunting with a man of Latour's age! We pushed off, he in the stern and I in the bow. The wind was in our favor, blowing on us from astern, and we made for the lower end of the lake. When we reached it and I looked down the rapids and thought of the White Horse Rapids in Alaska, where so many people were drowned, I called out to Latour in his own tongue, "Where are you going to land?"

"Not going land. Sit down!"

I sat down. All I could see was a narrow gorge, white with foam and spray, and the two dark walls of granite on either side, rising for several hundred feet, while out of the mist flashed shadows of rainbows now and then, as the sun and spray mingled.

The next minute we were into it, and showers of cold spray brought me to my senses. When out of the foam and spray, the rest of the ride was wonderful.

We had shipped some water in the canoe; so we went ashore and tipped it out.

We were now in the haunts of the moose and caribou. We hugged the shore to look for signs of game. We saw tracks, but not many; so we passed through the outlet, into another lake.

On a sandbar we saw a cow moose and her calf, standing in the water.

Petrie asked me what the calf was. I gave him my glass, and he looked at it for a long time, finally remarking that it was a cow calf; so we did not molest them. I never saw the Indians kill a cow moose or caribou.

We crossed the lake and fixed ourselves for the night. We made no fire, as the moose would smell the smoke and leave. The night was dark and cold, so we "doubled up." The way to do it is to make a jackknife out of yourself—get a foot in each hand and pull your knees up, put your head between your knees, blow your breath over your body, and you'll soon get warm and go to sleep.

I was sleeping nicely, when something pulled my moccasin. I looked up, and saw something black fooling with my foot. I reached up and got my club. I always have a good strong club near when I go to sleep in the woods. I hit the dark object a whack with the club. It gave a grunt, and moved off. It was a porcupine.

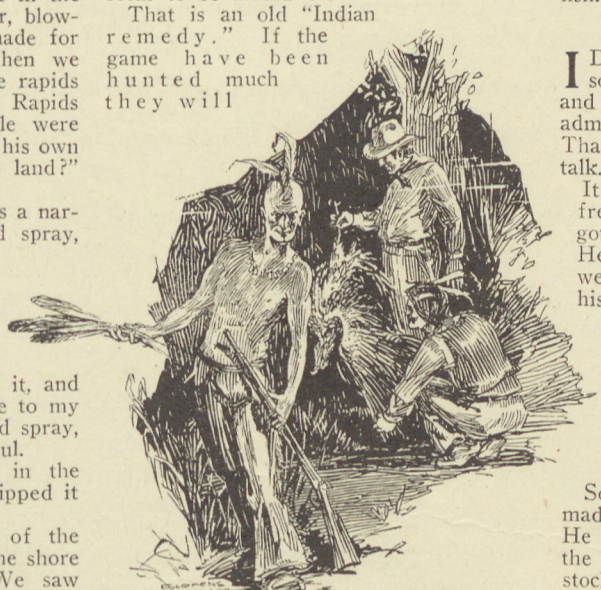
Porcupines are always looking around your camp at night. They like to lick up the pork barrels for the salt in them. I never used a club on a skunk. I always had stones for them. One night a bear stole my hat. I suppose he smelt the fish on it as I had used it for a tablecloth, to keep my fish out of the sand when I was cooking.

The next day we got up at daylight and sent a call of the cow moose across the lake. The last echo had hardly died on the lake, when we heard a challenge from the other shore. Another call brought the challenger out onto the beach—a fine looking bull. Another call of the cow brought him into the water, and he started to swim across the lake. When half-way he stopped and raised his head and looked around, then turned, swam back and disappeared in the woods. Thus we lost our first bull moose. He must have smelled us and taken fright at the scent.

Hot on the Trail

WE thought we would try some still hunting, so we took our guns and went back into the timber. We found plenty of tracks of moose and caribou and some bear tracks, but saw no game. Latour killed a skunk, and we scented ourselves with the skunk, to kill the man-smell that all wild animals dislike and seem to be afraid of.

That is an old "Indian remedy." If the game have been hunted much they will



run quicker from the scent of man than the sight of one. Therefore, the Ojibway used the skunk to kill the man-smell.

I did not like my bed, so I gathered some dead dry sphagnum moss. I cut two sticks with a fork, then cut a hole for a ridgepole, and laid each end in the fork. Then I laid a small log on the butts to keep them in place. Then I covered the structure with moss, and made my bed inside with moss on the dry sand. Thus I built a house three feet high, seven feet long and three feet wide, warm enough to sleep in at twenty below zero.

Towards evening three moose came out of the woods and splashed around in the water at the far end of the lake. There were two bulls and a cow.

Old Petrie laughed when he saw the big one chase the other, and the water fly. "Awa!" he said. "If my boy Louis was here, he would get both bulls; not one would get away from him; he would kill them both. He is a hunter. And then we would have meat all winter."

So said the Ojibway, in the Indian tongue. He did not have a very high opinion of me and himself as moose-hunters.

"Moose, he no like you. He come half-way, smell, go back in woods. You no get moose. I never seen it done before—moose come half-way, go back."

So the Ojibway Indian, over one hundred years old, had never seen a moose do that before—swim back and go into the woods where he had come from. With the Indian, everything is a sign for good or bad. Thus the moose turning round and going back was a bad sign or omen.

While he was talking, another moose came out of the woods, walked up the beach, then started to swim up the lake to the far end, where the other moose party was assembled.

As I had hunted moose before, and knew their habits, I thought I would show the old Indian how to kill a moose. So I went and got some cedar limbs, and made the canoe look like a small island.

When I was fixed, I told him to get his gun and I would paddle him up to where the moose was, and he could get one. But he shook his head and said something was going to happen, and he would go home in the morning and send his boy out. Louis would get the moose for us. If we went after them we would only scare them away. As moose run many miles, the Latours would be without moose all winter, and have to live on fish.

The Old Man's Conversation

I DID not bother him any more. I got some moss and fixed his bed for him, and as he had my hunting-knife and was admiring it I made him a present of it. That pleased him and started him to talk.

It was getting quite cold—near the freezing-point. He seemed cold, so I got his bearskin and put it around him. He said we might make a fire, as we were not going to get any moose until his boy came. So I went after the wood. On my way back I saw two snowshoe rabbits feeding on the wintergreen. I asked him if he would like a snowshoe.

"Yes," said he, "how many you see?"

"Two," I said.

"Kill two—we eat him all."

So I went and got the snowshoes. I made a fire, and he skinned the rabbits. He turned the skins inside out and dried the inside with dry sand. He made stockings out of them to sleep with to keep his feet warm at night. We fried the rabbits in the coals. They were nicely flavored with the wintergreen berries. We each had one, and we did justice to them.

The warm meat made the old man's blood circulate, and he became talkative. I asked him how he thought it was that a great storm had come and blown all the wild pigeons out of the country, and how it had happened that they had come back after being away for so many years.

Thus he began: "In the last winter month, when the moon was full, and Waubun, the south wind, came up, and the snow all ran away and hid beneath the leaves and in the ground, Addigino, the squirrel, basked in the trees. Then Geeus, the Great Sun, put his fire on the earth, and made the earth blow his hot breath, the mist, up amongst the trees. until the buds swelled and burst, and the wise men said that summer was here. Then one morning across the sky the pigeons in flocks like clouds came up on the south wind, and they settled down in the trees, and when there was no more room on the trees they lit on the ground, and we killed them with sticks—more than we could carry. I was a small boy then, but I remember well.

"Food was scarce that season," he went on; "but when the pigeons came we had plenty till the next summer. They stayed with us for a week or more. Then one morning the sky was dark and cloudy, with flakes of snow coming down. Then the flocks of pigeons began to go, flying so fast before the storm you could hardly tell what they were. Then great big flocks went like a black cloud in the summer that makes thunder and lightning. They made a noise like the wind when it blows the dried leaves in the woods in the fall. The old people said they were racing for their lives with the snowstorm, and the Indians all yelled, to make them fly faster, so they would not perish in the storm.

"That was the last we saw of the pigeons for three years. One day, when the berries were ripe, back came the pigeons down in the berry fields—more and much more than ever went away. They brought back their young ones with them, and they have been with us ever since; but they are not so plentiful of late years as they used to be."

Latour Goes Home

THE moose called back in the woods and across the lake all night. When morning came, I took Latour across the lake, and he started for home. I was glad when he took his departure, as something might happen to a man as old as he, and that would be a bad omen, and the tribe would shun me. As I saw him hop over logs, I said, "Youth returning!" but when I saw him jump over a fallen tree and over brush piles that were in his way, and light on another log like a squirrel, and finally disappear in the woods, I said to myself, "Good boy, Petrie; you are a kid again at a hundred and three."

He went home and told them that the white man who lived like an Indian could not kill a moose, and he had come home to tell Louis to come and kill one for me. He said I could kill snowshoes all right, but would never kill a moose.

"He must be hungry lots of times in the woods if he has to live on snowshoe rabbits and small things like that. Yes, and in the summer he would surely starve to death, for the pigeons eat up all the berries. I would like to set the woods afire when they have their nests. That would fix them; and we would have berries again." So said Mistress Latour, who was like some of the farmers down in Wisconsin when the pigeons ate their seed wheat.

The farmers poisoned the pigeons and plowed them under, but that was no worse than buffalo being killed for their hides, and thousands of pounds of good beef left rotting on the plains. But if Mistress Latour had set the woods on fire, the Indians would have burned her at the stake. She knew that was the punishment in the early days for crimes like that.

(To be continued in March)

KENAI MOOSE

We gladly publish the following letter from Van Campen Heilner, Field Representative of the American Museum of Natural History, and one of America's most prominent authorities on big game.
EDITOR

IN the December issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA appeared beneath the picture of a bull moose, the following caption: "It is stated that the moose is rapidly disappearing from the Kenai peninsula in Alaska and that at the present rate of destruction this great game animal will soon become extinct."

This is so far from the truth as to be absolutely absurd and I feel needs instant correction.

The writer was the last outside hunter on the Kenai Peninsula this past fall and can speak from personal observation.

Andy Simons and myself saw *one hundred and eleven* moose in ONE day, of which 29 were bulls and 82 cows. Sixty to seventy moose per day is no uncommon sight on the Kenai.

Far from becoming extinct, the chances are that the peninsula is overstocked with moose and the time may be not far off when the moose there will face the same situation as did the Kaibab deer in Arizona.

About a hundred old bulls are killed each year which does not begin to take care of the surplus. Al Hardy, Alaskan Deputy Warden in charge of the Kenai moose herds, at whose home the writer stayed, estimated there were between 8,000 and 10,000 moose at present on the peninsula.

There are more and larger moose on the Kenai than in any other section of the world. Any person hunting there will see more moose than he ever will elsewhere in a lifetime. Any statement that the moose are near extinction displays nothing but profound ignorance.

On the Hundred Yard Line

By JOHN ANSON FORD

IF the pickerel fishermen and the big game hunters in the front row will please keep quiet a moment, I beg to introduce my friend, Willis A. Rowe. His initials spell "war" but he is one of the most peaceful, law abiding sportsmen I have ever known. This, notwithstanding the fact that he is a veteran of two wars in which he has served under the Stars and Stripes.

This is not the story of a football match but an account of a fishing party on the Pacific, which sight-seeing guides invariably proclaim as the largest ocean on the California coast. In the course of this little adventure in the deeps off the coast of Catalina Island, Willis showed that he is a master fisherman. Of all the men I have ever met at the heavy end of a fishing rod, he extracts the most of philosophy and good cheer from his experiences. And the experiences are not always altogether pleasant, as I shall indicate presently.

When you see this man whip a trout stream or manipulate a reel with a 180 pound fish at the other end of one hundred yards of line, you realize that fishermen are born, not made.

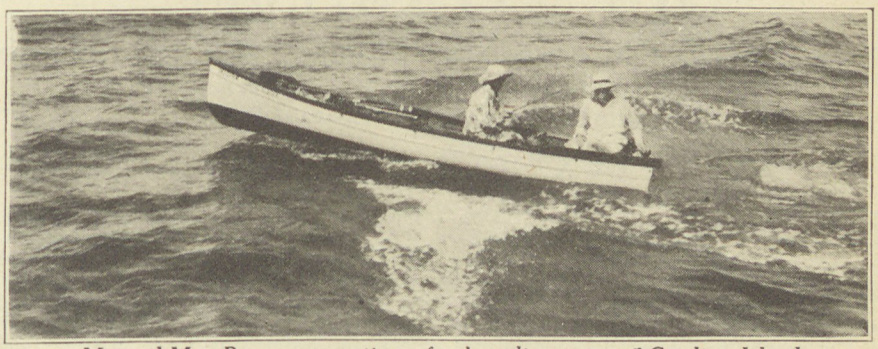
And out there on the Pacific one discovers that in addition to a good disposition, this man Willis has technique. When all the luck is running against him, we find him combining a Sherlock Holmes power of deduction and analysis, with the skill of a jiu-jitsu artist.

Willis Rowe and his party set forth from Catalina Island one fine day, and found themselves on the broad bounding waves of the world's largest ocean, in a little sixteen foot boat, and a sport twin motor on the stern to keep them from blowing to China. Under those conditions each member of the party soon decided that it takes considerable powers of deduction to know what friend yellow tail and his confreres are doing down in the vicinity of Davey Jones' locker. In those memorable hours off Catalina there developed plenty of opportunity to employ every trick, subterfuge and mental process of Sherlock himself to discover what the submarine creatures were going to do—or even where they were! But Willis has the faculty of keeping one jump ahead of his fish and he came out victor.

If it's bass or yellow tail that you are after, as Willis and his wife were on this memorable sunshiny day, it's best to putt-putt down toward the south end of the island, near the Seal Rocks. Those old rascals of the sea know where to catch the fish. The waters are shallow there just off shore. The ocean currents have carried in a lot of sand making a bar that seems to suit fish and seals alike. The latter paddle about in their snoopy way, poking their noses up over the crest of the smooth-topped waves and letting their whiskers trail in the brine. Then suddenly one of them dives and a few seconds later comes up swallowing hard as if he had just been to his great aunt's funeral.

After cruising up and down the coast of the island for half an hour, the two decided to fare forth to sea. Willis opined —and usually he opines right—that the yellow tail would be found about three miles off, and beyond that one might find tuna. Tuna, oh boy! there's a word to set the ocean fisherman's blood tingling. But on this day tuna were out of the question—though Rowe has landed many of them.

One could tell by the way he opened up his tackle box and picked out a yellow lure about four and one-half inches long, that this man knows his groceries. Dropping it over the side it looked for all the world like a minnow. After hurdling those rolling Pacific waves for about fifteen minutes the motor was slowed down to a walk. "Looks mighty good," said Willis. But a trout fisherman would have said that there was nothing at all in sight but just plain ocean.



Mr. and Mrs. Rowe surmounting a few bounding waves off Catalina Island in their 16 foot boat.

With the boat still traveling at a slow pace Rowe began letting out line, the rod holding it over the starboard side and just clear of the propeller. Restlessly he scanned the waters. All that was apparent at a casual glance was the ceaseless rise and fall of the waves, the crests of which were momentarily rippled by the breeze. Approximately two miles away was the pale blue outline of Catalina. Far to the south was a faint wisp of smoke from a passing steamer. One felt the vastness of the ocean become tangible, permeating one's entire being.

Suddenly Willis's face took on an animated look. "They're over there!" he shouted—pointing with his right index finger, arm outstretched. Mrs. Rowe looked in the same direction and her face lighted. She knows her groceries, too, when it comes to yellow tail and sea bass.

Now it was apparent what had caused the galvanic look on the master fisherman's face. The surface of the water for the space of several square rods was strangely flecked and tiny ripples swiftly came and went—the result of no sort of wind that ever blew. Presently the cause of the disturbance on the surface was more apparent. Hundreds, yes thousands, of minnows were leaping and rushing through the water. Some of them shot into the air in their haste and then shot back again out of sight.

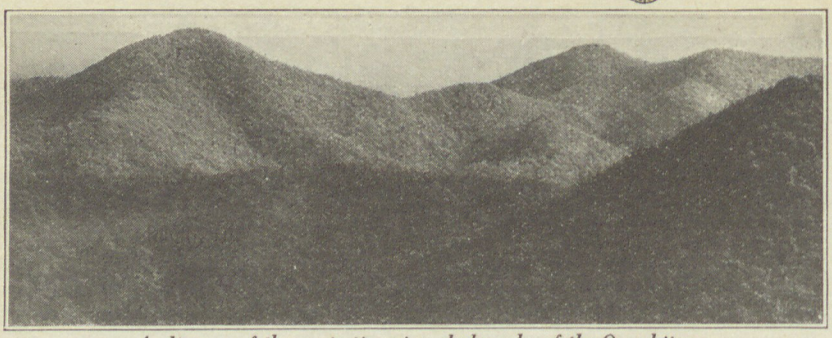
It was a fascinating sight—this ever shifting iridescent sheen on the surface of the blue. Steadily it moved to the westward—a mighty swarm of seething little fish, agitated by an unseen peril.

"Bass and yellow tail down below," remarked Willis laconically. "Go slow."

There was a tense excitement on board

(Continued on page 75)

The big Jew fish weighing 180 pounds Willis on guard.



A glimpse of the majestic, pine-clad peaks of the Ouachitas.

A New National Park for Arkansas

"It is estimated that more than 40,000,000 people live closer to the Ouachita region than to any present existing National Park of any considerable size."

By CURTIS CANNON

ENDORSED by the Izaak Walton League at its Fourth National Convention in Chicago, and likewise endorsed by dozens of other organizations that realize the need for setting aside the beauty spots of the nation for the use of all the people, the proposal to establish a great new National Park in the heart of the beautiful Ouachita Mountains, will be brought before Congress again at an early date. Measures have already been introduced to establish this great national playground, and are now before the Committee on Public Lands. An attempt will be made to have them presented for a vote in the near future.

The Ouachita Mountains, a range of majestic, pine clad hills, extend east and west across the Arkansas-Oklahoma line, reaching on the west to Talihina, Oklahoma, and on the east to Hot Springs, covering a distance of approximately 150 miles and having a breadth equal to about half that length. They extend on the north to the Ozarks, forming the Southern foothills for this great range and are usually classed as a part of the famed Ozark region.

The name "Ouachita," a Choctaw word meaning "good hunting ground," typifies the early day character of the country. The mountains were the playgrounds of deer, wild turkeys, bears, bobcats, foxes, squirrels and myriads of the feathered tribe, and the region was one of the principal hunting grounds of the Red men. The streams abounded with game fish and even today they attract anglers from every part of America.

Enough deer and turkeys remain in the region to quickly restock the hills and valleys, if given the protection afforded by a National Park, and a few bears, as well as wolves, bobcats and foxes, still are to be found in the remote fastnesses. Game fish are plentiful now in most of the streams and the region is known as the last retreat of the small mouthed black bass.

The highest peak of the Ouachitas is Mount Magazine, with the great Rich Mountain range, 2,750 feet, a close second. In the proposed park area Raspberry mountain rises to 2,650 feet; Missouri peak, 2,540 feet; Eagle, 2,240 feet, with Sugar Tree, Old Hannah, Fodderstack, Statehouse and hundreds of lesser height. The mountains are largely pine covered.

The headwaters of many crystal streams almost interlace in the higher points of the watershed, as bubbling and sparkling, they bound over the rocks in cascades and falls. The Ouachita river, Mountain Fork, the Saline, the Little Missouri and the Caddo either originate in the heart of these hills or are fed from the springs that abound in the region and the rainfall diverted by the watershed. Gushing forth pure, clear water, many of the springs in the proposed park area are claimed to have curative powers comparable with the springs and wells of the world's more famous watering places.

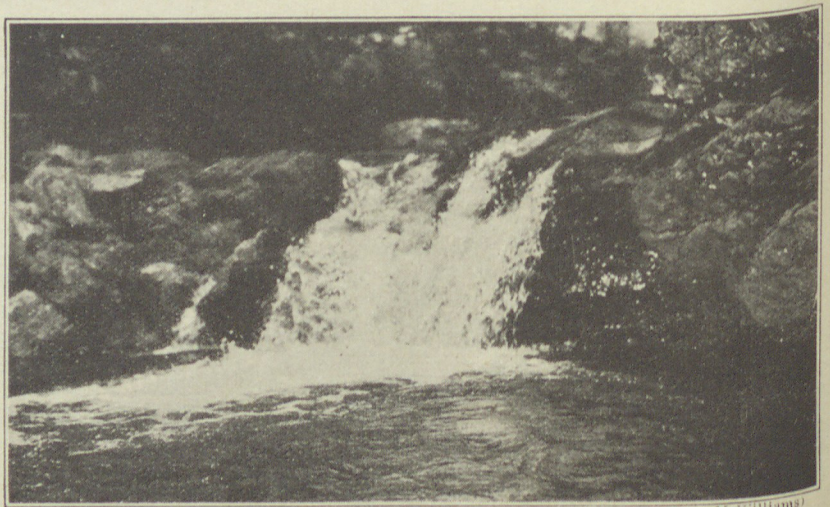
The climate is ideal, the elevation ranging from 1,000 feet to more than 2,600 feet, rising above the sultry days and humid nights of the lowlands, while the high mountain ranges to the north shield it from the breath of cold winds. The annual rainfall exceeds 50 inches and extreme hot or cold temperatures are uncommon.

It is estimated that more than 40,000,000 people live closer to the Ouachita region than to any present existing National Park of any considerable size. Hot Springs is but 38 miles from the eastern boundary of the proposed park, federal highway No. 71, running from Minnesota to New Orleans, passes close to the western edge, the Bankhead highway passes along the south, a new east and west highway will soon be completed along the northern edge, extending from Talihina, Okla., to Hot Springs, and a National Forest road traverses a greater part of the area, making all the area readily accessible to the motorist. Railroads pass along the outer boundaries and it is easily reached from any part of the nation.

The new park can be established without expense to the government, for the 160,000 acres sought for the park is now owned by the government. It is a part of the Ouachita National Forest, which contains 600,000 acres. This 160,000-acre tract is separate from the other part of the National Forest and is entirely surrounded by private lands. Today it is under control of the National Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture, and to make it a National Park would only require an Act of Congress designating it as such and transferring it to the Department of the Interior. Control of the area would then be vested in the National Park Board of the department and the area would forever be a park and playground for all the people.

House Bill No. 4079, introduced in the first session of the 69th Congress by Representative Otis T. Wingo, and Senate Bill No. 1141, introduced by Senator Joe T. Robinson of Arkansas, provide for the transfer of this beautiful area and the establishment of the park. Both these measures were referred to the Committee on Public Lands and have never been reported back to the House and Senate. The recently organized Ouachita National Park Founders' Society, headed by Thomas C. McRae, former governor of Arkansas, is seeking to have the measures brought to a vote during the present session of Congress.

With the growing sentiment of the people of the nation for the establishment of this park and with the constant adding of supporters in both houses of Congress it seems that the realization of the dreams of the men who started the movement may come in a not far distant day. Then the beauties of the Ouachitas will be incorporated in a great and beautiful playground, a vacation place, a health and character building place for the present and coming generations, where boys and girls yet unborn may revel in the pristine glory of its beauties, may camp beside and bathe in its streams, lure game fish from their hiding places and build strong bodies in clambering over mountain and dale, breathing the ozone-laden air.



(Photos by Peter McWilliams)

The Falls of the Little Missouri in the heart of the Ouachita region.

National Forests East of the Plains

(Continued from page 23)

rivers for timber production as well as for stream-flow protection.

The question naturally arises "Why has the Government's work of acquiring forest lands in the East been neglected?" The answer is, the Government has not had a specific fiscal and land policy or program under which the original plan can be consummated. Purchases now depend from year to year upon meagre and rather uncertain appropriations by Congress. Until Congress defines a specific fiscal and land policy covering a period of years, permanent and substantial progress for providing a middle western, a southern and an eastern system of national forests is dubious. The eastern half of the United States contains more than three-fourths of the nation's people, three-fourths of its industries and likewise three-fourths of its non-productive cut-over forest lands.

This is the area in which the nation's need for wood for its industries and home building programs, as well as the need for large public-owned forest areas for the protection of its watersheds and recreation for its people is greatest. The forest purchases suggested would constitute but a small percentage of the total forest land in the regions named. In this vast area of over 750,000,000 acres of land of all classes the several states now own for forest and park purposes less than 7,000,000 acres, and the Federal Government owns less than 5,000,000 acres, or a total of less than 12,000,000 acres.

By adding the proposed national forest purchase of 5,429,362 acres and the projected Shenandoah, Great Smoky Mountains and Mammouth Cave National parks containing 1,295,618 acres, we will still have only 18,500,000 acres of public-owned state and federal forest and park lands, or about one acre for every five people in the eastern half of the United States. This is obviously not enough.

It is impossible to over emphasize the value of a chain of national forests encircling the center of our dense population and of our industries. Large areas of public-owned forest and park lands are a decided asset to every thickly populated state. They stimulate private owners of forest land to manage their lands properly; they protect watersheds; they furnish sparkling streams for fish; they supply refuges for wild life; and they furnish public lands open to all for hunting, fishing, camping and other vitally essential outdoor recreational pursuits.

The value as revenue producers in dollars and cents for all of the territory adjacent to these large public recreational areas is stupendous. A slight glimpse of what it means may be gathered from a recently published statement to the effect that the tourist trade of Minnesota alone outranks the wheat crop of that state as an economic factor.

Since the close of the war the Forest Reservation Commission has consistently recommended appropriations of $2,000,000 per year for eastern forest purchases, and now feels that $3,000,000 per year is necessary to accomplish the task efficiently and economically. Appropriations beginning with 1919 have been as follows: 1919, nothing; 1920, $600,000; 1921, nothing; 1922, $100,000; 1923, $450,000; 1924, $450,000; 1925, $800,000; 1926, $1,000,000; and 1927, $1,000,000.

The Government is now clothed with the necessary authority to establish a chain of national forests throughout the lake states, the White Mountains, the Appalachians and the pine and mountain sections of the South.

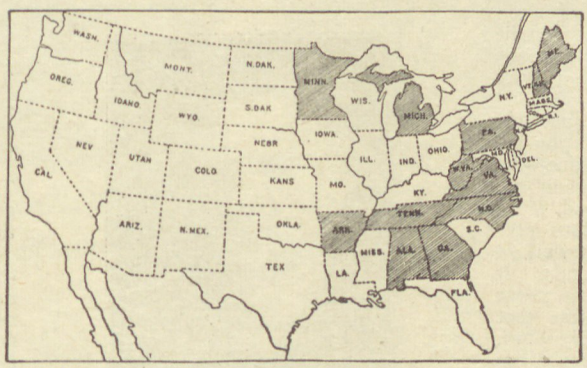
Following careful studies by the Chief U. S. Forester, Colonel W. B. Greeley, the National Forest Reservation Commission, leading forest organizations, and hearings before the Senate Select Committee on Reforestation, a comprehensive ten-year purchase program was decided upon and the McNary-Woodruff Bill was introduced. That program failed of passage in the Sixty-ninth Congress due to the filibuster which marked the closing days of the session. The sponsors, Senator McNary of Oregon and Congressman Woodruff of Michigan, have again introduced this bill in the Seventieth Congress (Senate 1181 and House 357).

This bill provides for a ten-year program of purchases beginning July 1, 1928, at the rate of $3,000,000 per year until July 1, 1935, when $5,000,000 per year shall be available until the ten-year program has been completed. The specific plans under this worthy program are:

1. The continuation of the original program of forest land acquisition in the White and Appalachian Mountains on an enlarged scale, which will add three million acres during the next ten-year period.

2. Not less than two and one-half million acres, in properly distributed forest units, in the Lake States of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan.

3. A system of southern forests, aggregating approximately two and one-half million acres, in the pine-producing regions of the South.



Shaded states show where federal forest purchases are to be completed.

We recently asked the Chief U. S. Forester to give us the present status of the existing twenty purchase units. The figures submitted are shown in the table below.

Colonel Greeley further stated:

"Our program as it now stands contemplates, in substance, the consolidation of the existing Weeks law forests through the purchase of approximately 4,000,000 acres of land at an approximate cost of $25,000,000; the acquisition of about 2,500,000 acres in the Lake States at a cost of $6,250,000, and the acquisition of a similar area in the southern pine region at a cost of about $8,750,000, or a gross cost of $40,000,000.

"It is quite probable that the study of the Mississippi flood situation now being made by the Forest Service will disclose needs for National Forest areas not previously contemplated. No program of purchase in this connection has yet been developed though it is quite probable that one may be formulated within the next few months."

From the foregoing it must be clearly evident to every Waltonian and to every reader of OUTDOOR AMERICA that this is a program which the Izaak Walton League should actively support with every ounce of its vast nationwide strength. I suggest that you communicate at once with your Senators and your Members in Congress and have them understand that you favor it.

A very large percentage of the more than 90,000,000 people in the eastern half of the Union can't journey across the continent to enjoy our present wonderful big national forest and park areas, but the majority of them live within easy access of one or more of the units to be completed and developed under this Bill.

Remember that eastern State and federal holdings constitute only 12,000,000 acres out of 750,000,000 acres—less than one acre to eight residents—and with the contemplated federal purchases we will still have but 18,500,000 acres. Expending funds for public lands for forest and park purposes is an investment, a decided asset that pays big dividends.

Let us have national forests and more large playgrounds east of the Great Plains as well as in the far West. Put your shoulder to the wheel now! **Get behind Senate Bill 1181 and House Bill 357.**

Purchase Unit	State	Net Forest Area	Total Acres Acquired or Approved	Lands Needed
Alabama	Alabama	163,025	110,605	52,420
Allegheny	Pennsylvania	642,933	280,722	362,211
Cherokee	Tennessee	520,063	206,031	314,032
Georgia	Georgia	294,987	151,029	143,958
Monongahela	West Virginia	503,345	195,803	307,542
Nantahala	North Carolina	485,186	78,526	406,660
Savannah	Georgia	468,390	177,431	290,959
Nat. Bridge	Virginia	261,053	161,792	99,261
Ouachita	Arkansas	977,969	697,995	279,974
Ozark	Arkansas	507,736	336,053	171,683
Pisgah	North Carolina	258,038	106,580	151,458
Boone	North Carolina	148,358	54,761	93,597
Mt. Mitchell	North Carolina	139,813	77,796	62,017
French Broad	North Carolina	103,996	51,410	52,586
Shenandoah	Virginia	794,700	440,512	354,188
Unaka	Va. and No. Car.	545,700	193,885	351,815
White Mountain	N. H. and Maine	940,602	470,689	469,913
Yadkin	North Carolina	194,496	.....	194,496
Superior	Minnesota	1,654,145	846,028	808,117
Tawas	Michigan	616,962	154,487	462,475
Total		10,221,497	*4,792,135	5,429,362

*1,877,559 acres public land; 2,914,575 acres purchased or approved.

"Our hats off to the old—

Waltonism 1928

Our coats off to the new!"

CHARLES GUYTON
Dayton, Ohio, Chapter

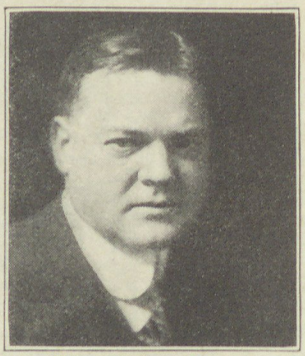
THE Izaak Walton League begins the year 1928 sound in body and limb, panting a bit from the exertions of the closing months of 1927 but already getting its second wind for the home stretch which will carry it to victory not only in the field of constructive conservation for America, but of unprecedented expansion within its own ranks.

In this, the first issue of our magazine to be printed in 1928, let us look both backward and forward—backward with our hats off, forward with our coats off, as Charlie Guyton of the Dayton chapter has so aptly put it.

The Walton League is only six years old. A great national organization with anything less than a war to start on is ordinarily still a squalling infant at the tender age of six years. That the League has passed its infancy, its youth, and is now attaining to the status of full manhood testifies as to the need for it, the welcome it has received, and prophesies accurately its permanency in the picture of America.

In 1922—on January 22nd, just six years ago almost to the day that you receive this issue of the magazine—the League had a grand total of 54 members. It had one chapter. Thus equipped, it set out on one of the most stupendous programs ever conceived by a public welfare body. It did not even have funds. It virtually started from scratch. It never has had the kind of a war chest that other national organizations usually have. It has grown because it had to grow. It was like the dog that climbed the tree. A dog (skip this if you've heard it) according to its owner, once climbed a tree when chased by an angry bull. "But," objected a friend, "you must be mistaken—dogs can't climb trees." "This dog did," said his owner, "He climbed the tree all right. *He had to!*"

The League climbed the tree. Will H. Dilg, the founder, was an evangelist, and he threw his whole energy into the League. Some other men, blessed with more money than oratorical ability, held down their end with generous dollars. Others rallied to the standard, and the League grew. It grew because it represented a great hope—a hope burning in the breast of every true sportsman and lover of the outdoors in this country. It crystallized their ideas. It *said* what they *thought*.



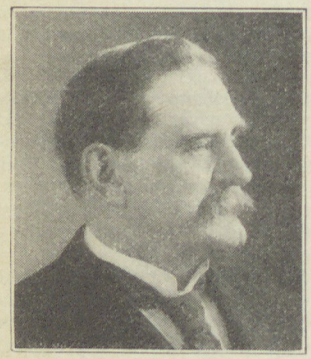
Hon. Herbert Hoover
Washington, D. C.
Honorary President

In the infancy of its strength the League undertook one of the most progressive conservation moves ever attempted. That was the Upper Mississippi measure. It went through. Right then was born a new era of constructive conservation in America. The League had won its spurs—had proven its right to guide the conservation destinies of this nation, as it has been guiding these destinies ever since. Guiding, because it has been leading. It has been doing things in every community it has entered, and it is this constant action, constant accomplishment, in thousands of communities that is bringing back the outdoors and making more game, more fish, providing more recreation and luring more people to beneficial outdoor pastimes.

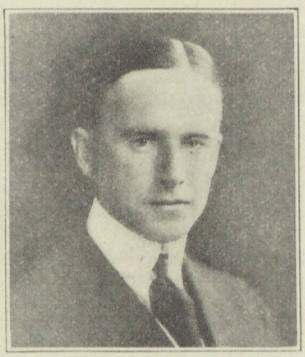
The Jackson Hole elk refuge followed. This is today providing for the maintenance of about half of the famous Southern Yellowstone elk herd—the most magnificent elk herd in the world.

Project after project was put through. The League grew stronger as it progressed. It became the leading organization of its kind in the world.

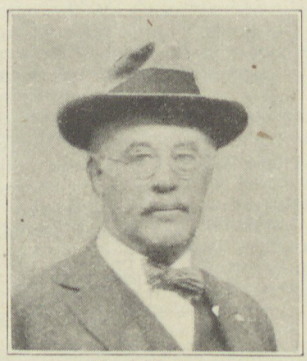
Then came something new. A number of circumstances combined to place outdoor recreation in America on a plane it never before had attained. There was a need for a vast organization. Not an organization of sportsmen entirely, not in any sense a "group" organization, but one which would represent a great phase of



Hon. Jacob M. Dickinson
Chicago, Ill.
President

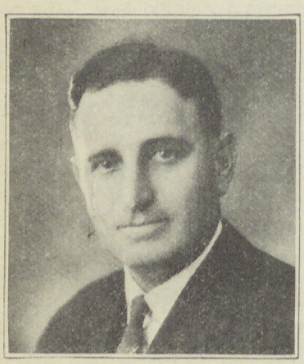


Thornhill Broome
Chicago, Ill.
Treasurer

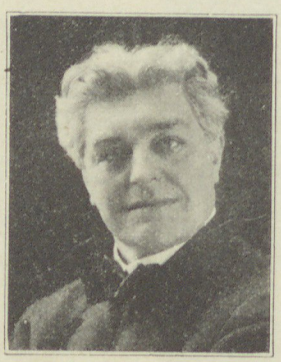


Fred N. Peet
Chicago, Ill.
Secretary

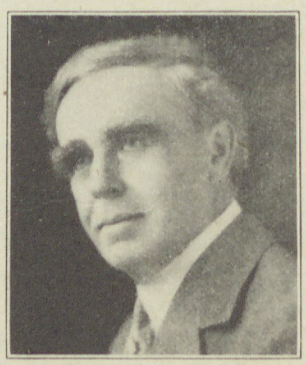
Col. Theodore Roosevelt
Oyster Bay, L. I., N. Y.
Vice-President



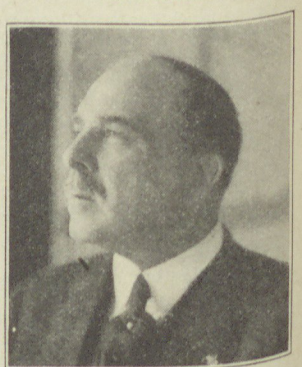
Senator L. G. Bradford
South Bend, Ind.
Vice-President



Judge Henry Graass
Green Bay, Wis.
Vice-President



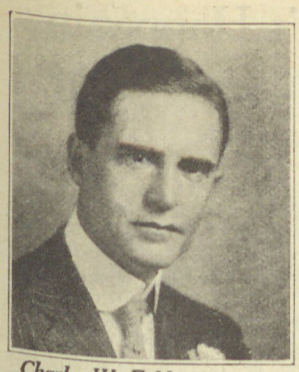
Judge Escar Floyd
Dallas, Texas
Vice-President



James O. Heyworth
Chicago, Ill.
Vice-President

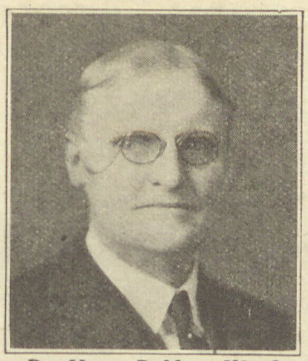
These men are donating their time to the League. . . . They are giving until it hurts. . . .

Executive Committee

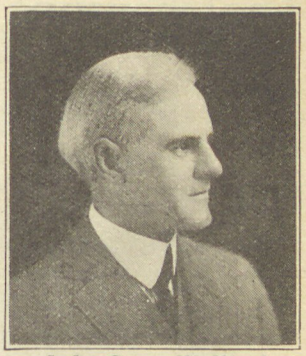


Charles W. Folds, Chairman
Chicago, Ill.

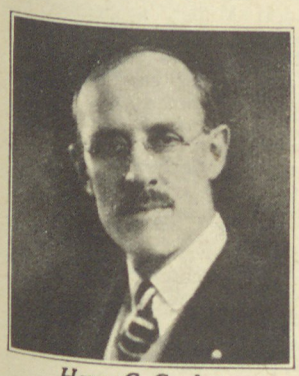
George E. Scott
Chicago, Ill.



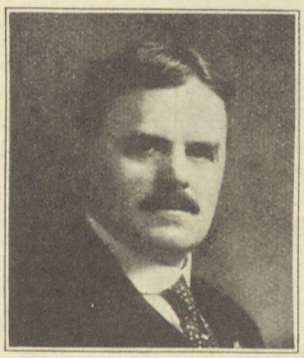
Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward
Urbana, Ill.



Judge George W. Wood
Waterloo, Iowa

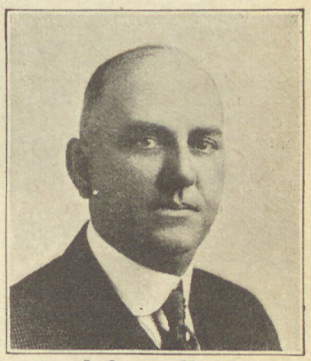


Harry C. Goodwin
Rochester, N. Y.



H. A. Savage
Saginaw, Mich.

Frank J. Brady
Atkinson, Nebr.



J. Quincy Ward
Cynthiana, Ky.

The Executive Committee is on the job all the time . . . working for your League without remuneration. . . .

American life. The outdoor phase. The recreational phase. The phase having to do, in the broadest sense, with the outdoor life, the outdoor influence, and the health and happiness of millions of people.

The League saw its great and new place in American life. It saw what was here; it visioned that which was bound to come. It got ready for it.

The time for action came. The course of action was mapped out. There came the "Do and Grow" proclamation of President Dickinson in the August issue of the magazine.

That the League has gone forward on this program is perfectly evident to all of its members and all of its friends. The campaign to save the stricken ducks of the West. The protection of the Potomac river and of the Superior Forest waterways. The intensive pollution campaign in the East. And finally the greatest constructive conservation project undertaken since the Upper Mississippi refuge—the Superior Forest-Quetico Park international recreation area.

The League is signally increasing its own strength and power. Tremendous gains have been made in membership in a number of localities and throughout many states. With memberships rolling in, with constructive work going ahead everywhere, the League enters the sixth year of its existence steaming ahead at full speed.

And the future? The immediate future is easily foretold. In the first place, there is the expansion program still going on. While the League had set a goal of 150,000 new members by the first of the year, this did not mean that this was a "drive" for members. It was the first lap of an expansion movement which will extend over a period of many months—of years. It is the task of bringing the League up to a strength compatible with its responsibilities. The initial goal of 150,000 new members was not reached by the first of the year. It was not reached by a long shot. But it got a start. The expansion program is just really getting under way.

Every chapter, every division, has its quota. Not any divisions have reached theirs yet. They will. Quotas will begin to roll in, to be exceeded. Chapters and divisions are asking for more time. They have hardly had a chance to organize for the task ahead. This is reasonable. The League itself had been organizing quietly for a long time when the "Do and Grow" program was launched. It took most of the chapters by surprise, and organizing for the expansion and conducting the expansion can not both be done in four months.

The League is expanding. Take the campaign in the West as an example. In order to rally strength for the project of saving the ducks, the League is right now carrying its message into 2800 towns in the West. It is conducting an organization campaign in that many communities. Don't think the League contents itself with making a proclamation that the Western ducks shall be saved. It does not. It is going to remedy this situation and it is in touch with nearly five thousand community leaders in the West today, gathering the necessary strength.

This League means business. It follows up its actions. And it is doing this not alone in the West, but in many other sections of the country. It is carrying its expansion program into many thousands of towns and cities, just as it is carrying conservation into every community in America.

Its effort to reach as many of these people as possible will constitute a major activity of the League this year. This means work. It means that good intentions, puny effort, small chapters, must go by the board and real action, mighty effort, and flourishing chapters which not only dominate their communities but reach out into all surrounding communities, will be the rule.

The League needs strength—more strength than it now has—for the projects now on hand. The League has tried to keep step with its growing membership and has launched conservation projects as rapidly as strength justified it. But it has overshot the mark, has been too eager to get busy at the task of restoring and protecting and increasing the outdoors and outdoor recreation and sports, and more strength is needed to put through the projects now undertaken.

And future projects will need more strength. Just as fast as strength warrants it the League will take on more and more conservation projects, not only nationally but in every state, every county, every community.

There is absolutely no end to what this League can and will do when the strength and power and the interest of hundreds of thousands is given to it.

It can and will make the outdoors of this country a virtual paradise for not only the outdoorsman but for all of the people who, in any degree, find health, happiness and clean fun in it. The League itself will be not only the tool with which this will be accomplished, but will in itself become the greatest fraternal body in America.

A high spot in the new Waltonism will be reached at the National Convention and National Sportsmen's Show to be held in Omaha on April 18-19-20-21. Chapters are urged to begin making preparations now to send record-breaking delegations to this vitally important and epoch-making gathering. The strength value of your vote depends entirely on the numerical strength of your chapter and of your state division. Extra special effort should begin in every chapter and in every state not only to send a full delegation, but to send one with the power of membership behind it.

The Cheyenne Bottoms—Asset or Liability?

(Continued from page 15)

Duck hunters in bone-dry pit on edge of water in Cheyenne Bottoms

were easily constructed by sinking a section of large tile into the few inches of soft earth or by digging a pit into exposed high surfaces. Water does not seep through the soil into blinds thus prepared. Dozens of other blinds were quickly made by digging into the tops of the many partly submerged haystacks right out in the lake.

The water in the Cheyenne Bottoms apparently does not seep away, but evaporates at the rate of about three feet per year. The present supply, with ordinary added accumulation, will be ample to guarantee a lake throughout all of 1928 and probably enough to keep thousands of ducklings from perishing in 1929.

All sorts of tales are told about the hunters who came to take their first fling at ducks. One chap, evidently from Commissioner Lee Larrabee's country, one of the driest parts of a dry state, was given his boat and decoys (all woodens except one mallard hen) and was assigned to a certain blind. He was started on his way and the deputy game warden in charge helped some other fellows get outfitted and placed. Later upon looking out toward the blind assigned to the lone hunter imagine the warden's astonishment to see this chap awkwardly but gently rowing his boat about, his lone hen mallard tied to the back of the boat, doing her darndest to keep up, his gun across his legs and his eagle eyes cast heavenward, looking for ducks.

At the request of the Great Bend Walton League chapter, J. B. Doze, the State Game Warden, and Messrs. Giles Atherton and Lee Larrabee, members of the Forestry, Fish and Game Commission; Deputy Chief U. S. Game Warden Talbott Denmead of Washington, and Orin Steele, District U. S. Warden, both representing the Biological Survey, and the writer joined them last fall on an inspection trip to the Bottoms. It was a great day. We all obtained a good grasp of the situation and were quite enthusiastic about the possibilities. Our only regret was that we could not stay at least a week or ten days.

Later Congressman Clifford Hope of Kansas, himself an ardent sportsman, spent some time examining the Bottoms. State engineers also made careful surveys and report the project entirely feasible. Congressman Hope has introduced a bill (H. R. 7361) to appropriate $350,000 with which to acquire lands, build dikes, etc., and get the project started at once. I believe Kansas will be quite willing to finance the balance of the cost of this project, but it is too large for Kansas alone to finance and it is entirely proper for the other states to help since they will derive their full share of the benefit. The final outcome will depend greatly upon the extent to which all the Waltonians and other outdoor people of Kansas fight as a unit for this worthy project. If they pull together they will win. The State Division of the League has strongly endorsed it and the national organization will help in every possible manner.

This large lake should by all means be maintained. About two or three more feet of water should be added. It can be made to serve the triple purpose of a large breeding and feeding ground for waterfowl and other migratory birds, a lake for fishing and boating, and a reservoir in which to impound flood waters.

Draining this immense bowl by running a ditch into Cow Creek would be a crime! It would give no control over flood waters, and every local deluge would cause still far worse damage along Cow Creek. The people resident along the banks of that stream should not be made to suffer additional losses in order to benefit a mere handful of landowners in the Cheyenne Bottoms, while a permanent lake as proposed will bring direct benefit to many thousands. In fact, many of the adjacent landowners could well afford to donate their Bottoms holdings to the government, because their other lands would become much more valuable than at present for cottage sites, fishing and hunting clubs, etc.

Kansas, through the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, is promoting a lake-building program throughout the state, approximately 1,400 lakes and ponds having been built during the past two years, but Kansas deserves at least one big lake! *Make the Cheyenne Bottoms a permanent asset and not a liability as at present.* It will help not only Kansas but all her neighboring states, especially Nebraska, Oklahoma and Texas.

What's Happening in Conservation

(Continued from page 25)

investigations continue to show that various predatory species destroy far more quail than are killed by the sportsmen.

Conference Pledged to Reduce Accidents

A BRAND new subject for a game conference given mostly to producing more game, yet one that is vitally important, "The Elimination of Hunting Accidents," was presented and ably discussed by Adolf Muller, a member of the Pennsylvania Game Commission. Mr. Muller called attention to the fact that Pennsylvania keeps very close check on all hunting accidents, has several special laws to help make the fields and forests safe for the sportsmen, and devotes considerable time and effort to eliminating accidents. He presented facts and figures to support his contentions, and urged all the states to make it as much a part of their business to help eliminate the enormous annual toll of human life as they do to supply more game for the sportsmen to hunt.

He impressed the conference with the wisdom of his recommendations, and a resolution was adopted recognizing the seriousness of the situation and urging all states, game protective organizations, outdoor magazines and the press to help wage a nation-wide "Safety-First-in-Handling-Firearms" campaign.

Rearing vs. Purchasing Game

MR. H. J. BURLINGTON, President of the New Jersey Board of Game and Fish Commissioners, concerning the wisdom of operating state-owned game farms as against purchasing game in the open market, stated that the cost of rearing ringneck pheasants in his state has been brought down to $2.28 per bird, and they hope to do considerably better. Last year they reared 8,000 ringnecks and purchased 10,000 birds in the open market. They also distributed about 40,000 eggs to interested sportsmen and farmers for hatching purposes. New Jersey has found it unwise to release ringnecks before they were fourteen weeks old.

Restocking vs. Protection

OTHER discussions dealing with the problem of producing more game included the "Winter Care of Quail," by Mr. LeCompte; "Restocking vs. Protection," by Talbott Denmead, Deputy Chief U. S. Game Warden; and "Fluctuation of the Game Supply," by Major E. A. Goldman of the U. S. Biological Survey.

Mr. Denmead stated that while protection of native game birds and the control of predatory species as against importation of game may make a state's accounts look as though too much is being expended for overhead, results are what the sportsmen want, and not a good showing in annual reports. He recommended a more thorough, intelligent control of vermin and the establishment of permanent game refuges.

Major Goldman reported that while some of the factors involved in the fluctuation of the game supply are easily understood and controllable, other important factors are weather, food and bio-

logical relationships. He called attention to the fact that the ravages of predatory animals keep game from increasing in sections where man does not hunt. He urged effective predatory animal control and careful study of diseases affecting wild life.

Biological Survey Chief Sounds Keynote

ONE of the outstanding addresses of the conference was that of Paul G. Redington, Chief of the U. S. Biological Survey. Mr. Redington stressed the need for keeping politics out of game administrative affairs. He said game officials should be chosen solely for their ability and knowledge within the field of conservation and should hold office as long as they are capable and efficient. He recommended civil service for all game administrative officers.

One of the highlights of his discussion was the need for scientific research, and cited various bacterial diseases, such as tularemia, a disease transmissible to man which is carried by rabbits, squirrels and other animals.

Mr. Redington also urged research as a basis for wise regulation of the game supply, also the imperative need for prompt action in providing refuges, especially for migratory birds. He urged the establishment of antelope reservations similar to those already established for the elk.

Sportsmen Should Buy Own Lands

"METHODS of Securing Refuges and Recreational Grounds and Their Administration" was intimately discussed by John M. Phillips, for many years a member of the Pennsylvania Game Commission. Mr. Phillips explained Pennsylvania's refuge system at length and urged the sportsmen of the several states to adopt the same plan as is now in vogue in Pennsylvania, where the hunting license fee was recently increased to $2.00, seventy-five cents of which is to be used solely to buy, lease and administer lands for refuges and public hunting grounds.

"Cooperative Fish Culture" was discussed by Glen C. Leach of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries. Mr. Leach lauded the valuable work being done by organized groups, such as Izaak Walton League Chapters and others.

He said the Bureau of Fisheries is doing everything it can with present finances to improve fishing, and urged the building of more cooperative fish rearing ponds.

Prominent Banquet Speakers

THE banquet, presided over by Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, President of the National Audubon Society, was a grand finale to a successful gathering.

Mr. Arthur Hawkes of Canada urged the conference to support a movement to make an international playground of the Quetico Park-Superior Forest region.

Senator Peter Norbeck of South Dakota, sponsor of the migratory bird refuge bill in the Senate, stated that immediate action is necessary if we are to discharge our obligations to Canada and save migratory game birds. He stated he has high hopes for favorable action on the refuge bill by this session of Congress.

Congressman Heartsill Ragon of Arkansas called attention to the fact that the migratory game belongs to the entire continent—not to any one state. He seconded Senator Norbeck's remarks and urged the conference to help give our migratory game birds the protection they must have if they are to be saved.

The Royal Gorge

Shall Man Desecrate It?

(Continued from page 6)

to generate power for sale. There is only one Royal Gorge.

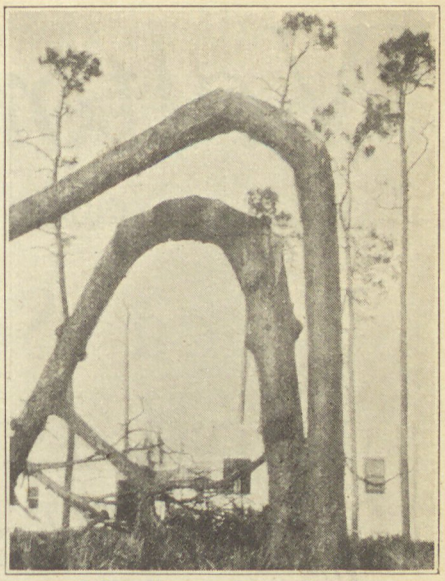
I hold no brief for any railroad company or any of the many other legitimate business enterprises that will be adversely affected, but if we are considering this from a business point of view these people surely ought not to have their rights disregarded. The first of these is priority of occupation. More than a generation ago, with the constructive daring that then existed among builders, the railroad company did an almost impossible bit of engineering and spent many millions to build a line which has served the state for many years. It is a going concern, a vested interest. Throughout the country it is known as a scenic line. It has opened the Gorge to the public, has spent large sums annually to advertise it. To destroy the value of the high spot of all its advertising would be neither just nor politic unless there is a sufficient reason.

There is no such reason, even from the business angle. As a nationally known beauty spot, a lure to draw the traveler to the heart of the Rockies, the Royal Gorge as it stands is worth to us fifty times what it would be as a rock quarry denuded of its water to boost the assets of a private corporation.

The Public Service Company will make the claim that it does not contemplate injuring the beauty of the Gorge since it desires to take only 300 second feet of water from the river. Fortunately, this is a matter to be decided not by opinion but by records of facts.

Through its Engineering Department the State of Colorado has preserved a quite comprehensive record of the discharge of the Arkansas River at Salida, a short distance above the point of proposed diversion of water. This record extends back to January, 1898, except for the years 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, and 1908. The statistics gathered show that for aggregate annual periods up to 205 days the discharge of the water through the Royal Gorge has been less than 300 second feet, the amount which the company has asked to withdraw. The minimum discharge of less than 300 second feet occurs in all seasons of the year. In a majority of years there were more than one hundred days each year when the flow was below the amount which the Public Service Company wants to divert. During this period the river bed would be absolutely dry. There would of course be hundreds of other days when the supply would be only a little more than the amount of the proposed withdrawal. A trickle of water deep down among the boulders would be better than none, an ironic commentary on the fact that we had sold our birthright for a mess of pottage.

Both individuals and organizations ought to protest against this vandalism. Senators and congressmen should be urged to use their influence against the granting of the permit. We ought not without protest submit to this spoliation. We have no right to let our children be robbed of the beauty which is their heritage. The Royal Gorge is too important an asset to lose merely because a big private corporation has turned envious eyes upon it.



"Like gallant wrestlers who refuse to admit defeat."

Vanquished Pines

By STEPHEN COCHRAN SINGLETON

IN a fine poem by Carl Magg recently published in the Literary Digest, the poet says, "I have never seen a pine bow down to either gale or God or any permanent affliction." Those of us who have visited scenes near Miami where the tornado has wrought with its terrible might, know how true is the observation of the poet. The pine stood erect or, if indeed the gale had been too mighty for it, lay prostrate, uprooted or snapped off.

But the mad, whirling dervish dance of the center of a hurricane did what the sudden fury of the tornado could not accomplish. From our home in the path of the center of the storm we saw, in the brief moments of visibility, more than we dared look at. The pine trees, showing gray and ghostly through the storm, seemed to be rotating as they stood; they would reluctantly bend far over and slowly struggle back to their erect posture, and then again curve far over, their tops almost touching the ground, and swing and writhe in agony. Some regained an erect position after the storm had ceased, only to slowly die for months. Others, like a gallant wrestler who refuses to admit defeat and arches his back to prevent his shoulders touching the ground, remained bowed over, their mighty trunks arched, but unbroken.

The pine of the extreme south of Florida, the *Pinus Carribaea*, commonly known as the "slash pine," is one of the most obdurate of woods, worked with reluctance by the carpenter. So twisted and interlaced are its fibers that a nail is driven into it with difficulty, and it is never tapped for turpentine as is its near relative, the long-leaf pine, in which the clean straight grain permits a sap flow.

The camera tells the story of the toughness of the "bowed down" pines. The fibers were twisted as a rope-maker might twist the hemp he worked with.

The woods give one cheering lesson. A dead pine persists for several generations of men. Nowhere did the forest show remnants of pines so beaten and twisted, until this storm. So it is safe to say that the hurricane of 1926 was the first visitation of such violence for a century, at least. And in that there is comfort and good cheer.

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Utica Sets Record For Real Work

Ward B. Edwards
President, Utica Chapter

THERE is a certain chapter of the Izaak Walton League which has so much constructive conservation work to its credit, so many activities under way, that it has been consistently crowded out of this department because of lack of space to merely list its accomplishments.

It comes closer than any other, perhaps, to winning the distinction of the star chapter of the League—the great example which may be taken as a model on which the ideal Walton chapter should be moulded.

Does Things Well

It is the Utica, N. Y., chapter, action center of the New York State division, headed by Ward B. Edwards, division president. A list of accomplishments, printed in brief elsewhere on this page, does not by any means show the full work of the chapter. Things can be done poorly or well, and the Utica chapter does them well.

In its fish rearing activities, for example, it has been so efficient that a special newspaper dispatch has been sent out from Washington quoting the chapter. Said the dispatch:

> Washington, D. C., Nov. 22—Utica Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America is praised in a Government report made public today.
>
> The chapter's new fish nursery project exceeds in magnitude the other leading projects of the year, it is declared.
>
> The report, made by the Commissioner of Fisheries to Secretary Hoover of the Department of Commerce, says: "Utica Chapter has taken over a discontinued commercial hatchery at Barneveld, which the bureau of fisheries is operating. An initial stock of over 200,000 young fish has been supplied and the project will be conducted so as to produce eggs from a brood stock of adult fish.
>
> "The real task ahead of the bureau is to restock the waters and co-operative efforts are doing much to accomplish this."

The Utica chapter has used the radio to broadcast its message. Its officers, its chairmen of committees, have been constantly on the move so far as possible in the vicinity of Utica, getting new chapters into line. The result will undoubtedly show in the condition of the outdoors in that part of New York. Those who work will reap the benefits—and so, of course, will all other people, all boys and girls, and future generations. The Utica chapter is carving a unique place for itself not only in Waltonism but in the world of public welfare activities.

* * *

Pheasant Refuge

A GAME refuge full of pheasants is something to tickle the palate of any sportsman. Such a refuge, 1,358 acres in extent, lying on both banks of a beautiful stream, is indeed a gift from the gods. The gods in this case are the members of the Janesville, Wisconsin, chapter of the League. The land was posted by the chapter, 104 ring neck pheasants were raised from eggs by the members. Seventy-one mature birds were liberated late in the summer; thirty-three are being held for breeding purposes. Arrangements have been made for feeding the birds in the refuge during the winter. Quail, rabbits, squirrels, are also in the refuge. In other words, real, practical, constructive conservation, intelligently done, and on the way to pay mighty big dividends.

* * *

Essay Contests

EL RENO, Oklahoma, chapter needed more members. It was time for winter activities to start. A jolt was needed to suddenly and efficiently bring

A Solid Column
Of Real Accomplishment

Utica, N. Y., Chapter No. 3, less than three years old, membership 1200.

Has established a trout hatchery in cooperation with the Federal Bureau of Fisheries with capacity of 500,000 trout per year.

Has reforested a five acre plot in Conkling Park in cooperation with the Boy Scouts.

Has encouraged over fifty boys and girls in Oneida County each to plant an acre of trees on their parents' property, giving prizes for the best acreage.

Has had appointed by the State Conservation Commission from its own membership, forty special game protectors.

Has cleaned up many of the polluted streams of our county.

Has distributed thousands of brook, brown, rainbow and lake trout, bass, white fish and perch, in the streams of Central New York, and this stocking will be continued yearly.

Has established a permanent exhibit of all the species of pheasants at Prospect Park with the cooperation of the Utica Gas and Electric Company. Also had an elaborate exhibit of game birds at the last poultry show.

Has liberated pheasants, Hungarian partridges and rabbits for the benefit of the hunters of this locality.

Has established an auto camping ground for tourists which has been liberally patronized by tourists from all over the United States and Canada.

Has assisted in the organization of some twenty-five chapters in this section of the state, has encouraged these chapters in the more rural sections to establish game refuges to be set aside for a term of years against fishing, hunting and trapping.

Is endeavoring to foster a more friendly feeling between the sportsman and the farmer.

Has posted hundreds of signs in conspicuous places in woods and on streams urging sportsmen to refrain from lighting fires in woods and from illegal fishing in streams.

Holds monthly meetings the first Wednesday in each month at the Utica Gas & Electric Auditorium to which the general public are invited—at which motion pictures of forests, fish and game are shown. Each Monday noon at the Elks' Home the Chapter holds a luncheon when the members are privileged to listen to talks on various conservation subjects.

Issued a year book which recited briefly what the Chapter has done, is doing, and what it hopes to accomplish in the future, at a profit of $2300 to the Chapter.

UTICA CHAPTER COULD DO IT; SO CAN YOURS

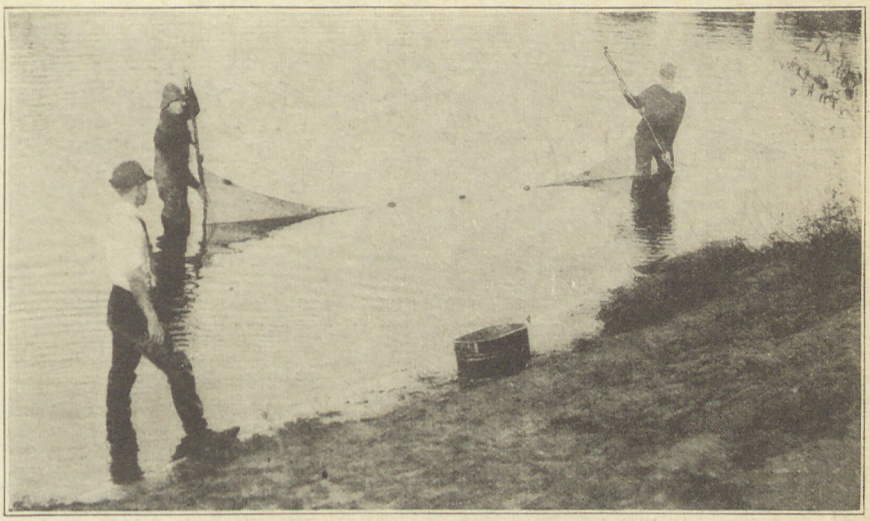
Read This Amazing Account and Then Use It as a Mark to Shoot At

Why America Needs Waltonism

Watertown, S. D., Nov. 28, 1927.—Facing charges of possessing pheasants beyond the legal limit and with resisting an officer, five nonresident hunters were in the Codington county jail here today, after a chase in which Sheriff Warren Welch of Watertown was seriously hurt. While the legal limit of possession at one time is 12 pheasants for each person, the authorities charge 330 pheasants were found in possession of the five, who said they are Hugo Esbjornsson, Alvin L. Lagergren, Dr. Wright Robinson, P. W. Bergman and Lloyd Post, all of Litchfield, Minnesota.

—Minneapolis Journal

Fish Harvest Is On



Midland, Mich., Chapter Stocks New Lakes

MIDLAND county, Michigan, was not endowed with lakes by nature. It had three rivers with their tributaries, but, alas, Midland county's water was transient. It simply "passed through" the county. Then came the power dam people, and put in a series of dams along the Tittabawassee. This created 150 miles of shoreline around several brand new lakes. The chapter of the Walton League at Midland had an idea. Here were the lakes that Midland had always wanted! The "Ikes" got busy. They began to take fish from the pools of the rivers, and plant them in the lakes. The chapter turned into a group of men who always wore rubber boots and kept muddying up the dining room floor. But the lakes began to throb with fish. And now thousands of people visit these lakes. They catch thousands of fish. And the program of the chapter has only begun. A recreational center second to none in Michigan is all laid out, planned, and ready for execution a little bit each year.

the name of the League before everybody in that community. Ray Maher, president, had a hunch. He gathered up 150 copies of OUTDOOR AMERICA, sent one to every school teacher in the county, with a letter offering, to school children, cash prizes for the best essays on *Why My Father Should Be a Member of the Izaak Walton League.*

Came essays by the hundreds. The teachers were pressed into service, and culled all but the best three from each school. Final essays were received from 104 districts in addition to town schools. The twelve final winners were guests of chapter at a banquet December 9. Says Mr. Maher:

"During the contest we had quite a number of applications for membership and our members were busy giving out to mothers and fathers more information on the work of the League. Our membership campaign opens immediately, and we will be next to the largest chapter in the state when we finish and we hope to have 600 members by Jan. 1. Incidentally, this contest did much to bring in renewals from our older members."

THE school children essayists of Spearfish, S. D., have until the middle of January to turn in their 1200 word essays on "The Three Important Planks in the Izaak Walton League Platform Which Are Most Beneficial to Our Community." When the judges are through, one pupil in each of the three higher grades, which are competing, will receive a silver loving cup. Intense interest has been roused in Spearfish over this essay contest, and the Spearfish Mail, the local paper, always a staunch friend of the League, has devoted columns of front page space giving news of the progress of the contest, including a complete statement of requirements, etc.

"WHY Should Anyone Belong to the Izaak Walton League" is the question over which the school children of Battle Creek, Michigan, are chewing their pencils. The two Junior High Schools selected the question as one of their essay subjects, and the pupils are now competing for seven prizes put up by the Walton chapter. This contest is so successful that the Boy Scouts caught the fever and are staging a membership drive for League members, writes George McKay, president.

Strong Coffee, and—

"I LIKE best to get a large bunch of non-members with us on a jack rabbit hunt, then give them a big helping of oyster stew and some good strong coffee and then get up and give them as good a talk as it is possible for me to give. I never talk very long, but to the point. . . . Hard to resist after a good hot oyster supper, strong coffee, smokes and eats. And besides, we make enough money on the sale of the rabbits to pay for everything."

Which short essay on good fellowship and the Waltonian spirit of comradery comes from N. A. Simonson, president of the Hanley Falls, Minn., chapter, and who not only talks, but writes, "never long but to the point." Long may he and his chapter wave!

* * *

Bait Casters Ahoy!

DOWN at South Bend, Indiana, where many baits are made, comes the information that the idea of starting a bait casting club in the Walton chapter resulted not only in greatly increasing activities and furthering the "get together" spirit but actually resulted in new members coming into the fold. The club started with a membership of 52 Ikes, now is approaching one hundred, and as a result of the inevitable newspaper publicity Secretary R. H. Murdock says "last night I had twelve phone calls from those who wanted to join."

* * *

No Wallingfords Allowed!

THE Bemidji, Minn., chapter has adopted a Monroe doctrine regarding the exploitation of the outdoors in that vicinity. Following extensive investigation of the muskrat farming industries in the northern part of their state, it has decreed that while the honest fur farmer is an asset to the community and to the outdoors, the "promoter, the shyster, the stock salesman and the Wallingford—we're ag'in 'em."

* * *

Mr. Rigdon Gave a Pond

WHEN the Wauchula, Florida, chapter needed a bass rearing pond, they began to worry. Where could they get a pond? A pond is something large and wet and not easily transported. Bass ponds have become the rage among Florida chapters, and the Wauchula chapter wasn't keen about being out of the parade. They began to scratch their heads and to search the underbrush. Among those who scratched their heads was Ira Rigdon, president of the chapter. Mr. Rigdon has some property near town, and on this property, neatly hidden among tall yellow pine trees, he came upon the finest pond you ever saw in your life. The Wauchula chapter now has a bass pond. And Mr. Rigdon is passing out cigars.

Boy Scouts Take Hold

BROOKLYN chapter of the League has always been very much on its toes. Mr. J. Miles Flynn, for example, chairman of the publicity committee, has been broadcasting Walton speeches over WABC until he has the whole Eastern section listening in. Now comes Mr. Flynn with announcement of a prize contest among the Boy Scouts of Brooklyn which is rousing the greatest interest in the League in that city. The Brooklyn chapter is giving three prizes, in gold to the three troops of Scouts that accomplish the most outstanding conservation work during the year 1928. Needless to say, the Scout troops of Brooklyn are on their toes, and are making a study of the objects of the League and of conservation in general.

THE Izaak Walton League is sweeping into the front ranks of American public welfare work—public welfare work that attains its highest service to others in the same proportion that it serves ourselves. It is the greatest undertaking in America today. The present program of expansion of size, scope, and activities is rushing onward with ever-increasing momentum. As special marks of distinction in this "Do and Grow" program, the League is awarding a Silver Founder's Button (the highest award in Waltonism) to those who organize new chapters, and special silver and bronze watch fobs, designed for this occasion, to those who get five or ten new members. Special gold fobs to officers whose units exceed their quotas. On this page of OUTDOOR AMERICA, *our magazine, will be printed the names of those who qualify for one or more of these distinguished service badges. Does your name appear here? If it does not, it should. Add your name to this splendid coterie of unselfish patriots. Place your name among these real leaders of this great movement for your country, your community, your League and yourself.*

THE "SILVER BUTTON CIRCLE"

HERE ARE THE ELECT IN WALTONISM, WHO HAVE GIVEN THE UTMOST IN SERVICE—FOUNDED A NEW CHAPTER.

CHARLES V. FORD.....Clyde, N. Y.
E. B. STEGNER.....Hazleton, Pa.
H. F. VAN SCHOICK.....Belleville, Mich.
D. A. GRAY.....Kansas City, Kansas
W. I. BORDENO.....Kansas City, Kansas
HENRY M. SCHOON.....Monticello, Iowa
H. A. WADDELL.....Apollo, Pa.
A. D. ROGGMAN.....Elkader, Iowa
TOWNSEND E. DAVIS.....Pasadena, Calif.
JAMES KEIR.....Yakima, Washington
RUSSELL MORGAN.....Colton, Calif.
W. G. STRONG.....Great Bend, Kansas
R. M. BUSHEY.....Los Angeles, Calif.
JAMES F. CORN.....Cleveland, Tenn.
F. M. GRIZZELL.....Claflin, Kansas
FRED W. BEEZLEY.....Toppenish, Washington
H. K. SMALL.....Riverside, Calif.
E. W. BOERSTLER.....Colton, Calif.
G. A. O'BRIEN.....Seneca, S. D.

ROLL OF THE "MERIT MEN"

Here are the men who are in the front line trenches of Waltonism. They are doing a great work. Those who have been awarded the Silver Fob for obtaining ten new members, are shown in black type. The others have earned the Bronze Fob by turning in five new members. Are you numbered among this select group? These men are workers. Do not let them do your share as well as their own. Get in the game!

CLIFTON KANNES.....West Fork, Ark.
CARL HERT.....**Colton, Calif.**
RUSSELL MORGAN.....**Colton, Calif.**
HENRY LAMB.....**Rialto, Calif.**
LEIGH THOMPSON.....**Upland, Calif.**
M. W. GANO, III.....Denver, Colo.
WINSTON GARDNER.....**La Junta, Colo.**
ROY O. SHUPE.....**La Junta, Colo.**
N. B. CHILDS.....**Bartow, Fla.**
T. W. PAGE.....**Bartow, Fla.**
T. E. BURDETTE.....Bartow, Fla.
C. R. COUCH.....Bartow, Fla.
WALLACE STEVENS.....Bartow, Fla.
S. A. WHITESELL.....**Clearwater, Fla.**
C. A. WILCOX.....Clearwater, Fla.
W. C. HARTNEY...Daytona Beach, Fla.
CYRUS I. STEWART.....**Fort Myers, Fla.**
W. M. TANNER.....**Fort Myers, Fla.**
IKE SHAW.....Fort Myers, Fla.
F. R. RICE.....**Mulberry, Fla.**
C. L. DAVIS.....**Punta Gorda, Fla.**
T. S. GRIGGS.....**Punta Gorda, Fla.**
L. L. LEWIS.....**Punta Gorda, Fla.**
GROVER CLEVELAND.....Punta Gorda, Fla.
A. P. HATCH.....Punta Gorda, Fla.
VASSA JONES.....Punta Gorda, Fla.
ANTON J. NOVAK.....**Chicago, Ill.**
H. A. ALTHEIDE.....Humboldt Pk. Chapter, Chicago, Ill.
L. E. JOSSELYN, JR.....Chicago, Ill.
H. S. CATES.....**De Kalb, Ill.**
CHARLES COREY.....**De Kalb, Ill.**
W. V. DODDS.....**DeKalb, Ill.**
R. W. STOREY.....**DeKalb, Ill.**
CHAS. HATCHER.....**Pekin, Ill.**
BEN SMITH.....**Pekin, Ill.**
M. C. HALLADAY.....**Peoria, Ill.**
JACOB P. De YOUNG....**South Holland, Ill.**
WILBERT MESSMAKER..**South Holland, Ill.**
N. MATEONI.....**Watseka, Ill.**
B. L. EASTBURN.....Watseka, Ill.
S. J. LOHMILLER.....Watseka, Ill.
EARLE E. KINCAID.....**Fort Wayne, Ind.**
GUY C. BILLETER.....**Gary, Ind.**
TOM CANNON.....**Gary, Ind.**
PONTUS HEINTZ.....**Gary, Ind.**
CHARLES J. SMITH.....**Gary, Ind.**
F. A. BOTTERON.....**LaFayette, Ind.**
HARRY FORBES.....**Terre Haute, Ind.**
J. B. ALEXANDER..**Conway Springs, Kans.**
DR. F. F. LEMON.....**Douglass, Kans.**
C. R. ALDRICH.....**Great Bend, Kans.**
CHAS. HULME.....**Great Bend, Kans.**
L. J. ISERN.....**Great Bend, Kans.**
F. G. KRENZLE.....**Great Bend, Kans.**
CLYDE STERLING.....**Great Bend, Kans.**
W. G. STRONG.....**Great Bend, Kans.**
W. A. AMEND.....Great Bend, Kans.
G. V. RUNK.....Great Bend, Kans.
WILLARD BROWN.....**Hill City, Kans.**
C. A. G. INLOW.....**Hill City, Kans.**
I. R. MORT.....**Hill City, Kans.**
FERD. R. GANSEL.....Hill City, Kans.
C. A. G. INLOW.....Hill City, Kans
A. L. LAW.....Hill City, Kans.
G. A. PRICE.....Hill City, Kans.
F. W. WINTERS.....Hutchinson, Kans.
W. T. BORDENO.....Kansas City, Kans.
D. A. GRAY.....Kansas City, Kans.
WM. T. SKAGGS.....Lenora, Kans.
A. L. SCOTT.....**Pittsburg, Kans.**
OTTO GREIF.....Pittsburg, Mass.
HARRY G. WEBSTER....**Springfield, Mich.**
GEO. McKAY.....**Battle Creek, Mich.**
B. H. JOHNSON.....**Midland, Mich.**
KADE KEANER.....**Midland, Mich.**
GEO. LANNING.....**Midland, Mich.**
H. J. SUNDERLAND.....**Midland, Mich.**
W. R. TWINING.....**Midland, Minn.**
PAUL HAGEN.....**Crookston, Minn.**
A. Z. THOMPSON.....**Crookston, Minn.**
N. A. SIMONSON.....**Hanley Falls, Minn.**
L. P. DAY.....**Jackson, Minn.**
L. DUNLAVY.....**Jackson, Minn**
EDW. SCHRIEBER.....**Jackson, Minn.**
JOHN HAMPSON.....**Keewatin, Minn.**
J. B. HENLEY.....**Keewatin, Minn.**
A. E. SCHNEIDER.....**Keewatin, Minn.**
H. E. ANDERSON.....**Keewatin, Minn.**
G. COMPARONI.....Keewatin, Minn.
A. J. CURTO.....Keewatin, Minn.
THOS. DANDRES.....Keewatin, Minn.
OLIVER HOLCOMB....Keewatin, Minn.
W. T. NELSON.....Keewatin, Minn.
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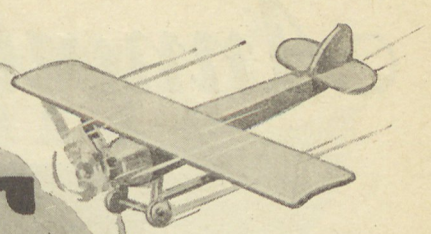
WILL YOUR NAME BE HERE NEXT MONTH?

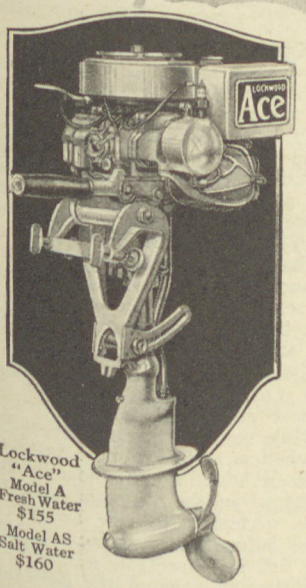
Get in touch with chapter officers, or with National Headquarters, for full information.

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA - - - 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

A Year of GREAT MOTOR PROGRESS

—on the Water as well as in the Air





Lockwood "Ace"
Model A Fresh Water $155
Model AS Salt Water $160

Great Engineering Achievement has recently thrilled the world with the first Non-Stop New York-to-Paris Air Flight.

An advance quite as notable has taken place in the field of the modest little Boat Motor known as the "Outboard."

In fact, the New Lockwood Motors for 1928

—develop even greater power for their piston displacement than the Marvelous Airplane Motors of today.

LOCKWOOD BOAT MOTORS

are now capable of a performance unthought of a year ago, and a speed hitherto believed impossible.

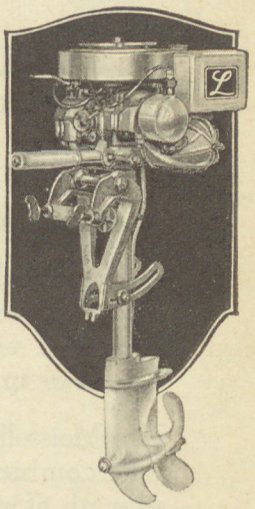
New Official World's Records *Exceeding ALL Previous Records*

For 1928, Lockwood offers three distinct Motors.

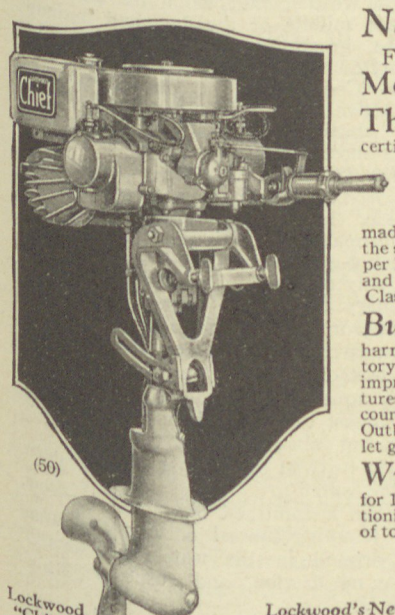
Model T—the popular, speedy family Motor is continued—reduced in price.

The Ace—A new lighter Twin of Class A design, on Nov. 14th, under official observation of the American Power Boat Association, over a certified mile course, set a record of 27.163 miles per hour, exceeding by 72% the previous World's record for Class A Motors, and at the same time, smashing the existing record for Motors of the next larger Class—Class B.

The Chief—A larger, Class B Motor, of the same general design as the Ace, and of course, embodying a number of features made necessary by its greater power and speed; this Motor on Nov. 14th, 1927, over the same certified course, established a new official World's Record of 33.543 miles per hour. This remarkable speed shattered all previous records for Class B Motors, and even exceeded what was then the World's record for Motors of the next higher Class—Class C.



Lockwood "T"
Model T—Fresh Water—$140
Model TS—Salt Water—$145



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Lockwood "Chief"
Model B—Fresh Water—$185
Model BS—Salt Water—$195

But Power Alone Did Not Do It Every part of these New Lockwoods functions in harmony with every other part. New Stream Line—best gear ratio—most satisfactory propeller size and design—new and most efficient pumpless cooling system—improved Eisemann Magneto—better lubrication—all these and many other features, combine to make the New Lockwoods the fastest, finest ever built, and all, of course, have the patented "Lockwood Pilot"—the popular exclusive patented Outboard Motor feature of 1927. It "takes hold of the Motor when you let go." Insures ease of control and absolute safety.

Write for Free Catalog Get all the facts about the Wonderful New Lockwoods for 1928. See why we have a distinct engineering advance as revolutionizing in the Outboard Motor field as the marvelous airplane motor of today has been in its field.

Lockwood Motor Co. 811 S. Jackson St. Jackson, Michigan

Lockwood's New World's Records were made with the "Bob-Sled" built by Gordon B. Hooton, Grand Rapids, Mich.

LOCKWOOD MOTOR CO., 811 S. Jackson St., Jackson, Mich.
Send me your catalog. I am interested in an Outboard Motor for ☐ Family Use. ☐ Racing. ☐ Cruising. ☐ Hunting and Fishing. ☐ Workboat. ☐ Dinghy.

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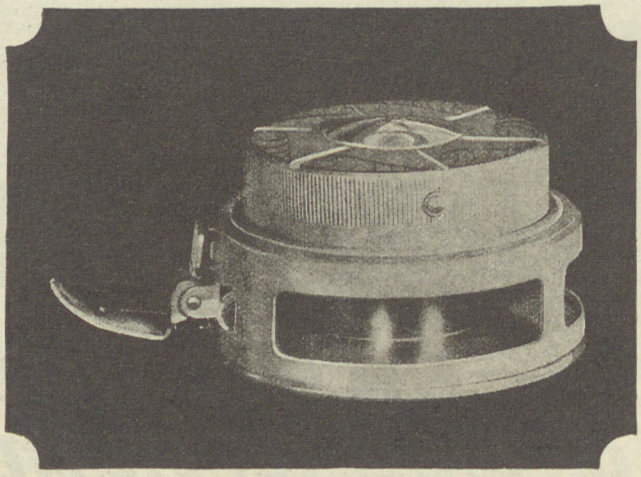
Announcing



The New Meisselbach AUTOMATIC Reel $5

GOOD news for trout fishermen! An automatic reel with all the known dependability and fine workmanship for which all Meisselbach Reels are famous—and for only $5.

Paying out the line winds up the mechanism; a feather touch on the thumb piece reels in your trout. Or, if you don't want to disturb your line, the reel can be wound or unwound without moving the spool.

The Meisselbach Automatic is made of a special metal that combines the lightness of aluminum with the strength of steel. The winding mechanism is stout and practically wear-proof, and is completely enclosed. The entire reel is rustproof.

The Meisselbach Automatic is the result of 40 years' experience in the making of fine reels. It is the latest member of the famous group which includes the Meisselbach Takapart, Flyer, Rainbow, Surf and Neptune — all illustrated in a catalogue which is yours for the asking.

The A. F. MEISSELBACH *Division*
of The General Industries Co.
Taylor Street " " " " *Elyria, Ohio*

Meisselbach

Still Fishing for Bass in California

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

BIG-MOUTH and small-mouth black bass have now been introduced into many lakes of the Pacific Coast, and their value as an addition to the angler's list of fresh-water varieties has been exceedingly impressive. In particular, the large-mouth species has thriven wonderfully in the far West and Southwest, and its reputation for a fighting fish is firmly established among the disciples of Izaak Walton.

All throughout Southern California are numerous lakes and reservoirs, some of them privately owned and controlled, but most of them open to the public, which have been stocked with this good, game fish. The season opens in California on May 1 and closes October 30. The limit is fifteen per day, and no bass can legally be retained which is under nine inches in length. The one exception to this rule is Clear Lake in Lake County, California, where there is a limit of ten bass daily with the season open all the year. Fishing for black bass is confined strictly to hook and line angling.

In still-fishing for big-mouth bass in Southern California the angler is generally most successful when a boat is used. While some fishing from the shore is done, better results almost invariably follow when boats are employed. Bass are capricious in their moods, and it is sometimes necessary to row around for some time before water is located which holds the fish in respectable numbers. In warm weather they haunt the deep holes in the middle of the day, and minnows, grubs, grasshoppers, craw-fish, and helgramites will prove very taking lures. The "Coolidge fly" is one of the most attractive baits which can be used, and one which is universally admitted to be of a most "killing" variety.

The "Coolidge fly," or as it is sometimes termed, the "Yankee-Doodle hackle," has no gimp, tinsel, or feathers in its make-up. It is not for sale at the sporting-goods stores, and is usually good for only one bass. To make one take any ordinary hook, and thread a good-sized angle-worm on it so as to cover it entirely. Then twine several other worms around the first one, either using the barb of the hook to attach them, or, in preference, the tiniest of rubber bands to hold them fast, but always giving them plenty of liberty to twist or wriggle when let down in the water.

When a famished big-mouth bass sees this tempting morsel curving and weaving around in the water, he loses all sense of caution, and rushes madly to grab it.

When bass are located in a deep hole, there are likely to be a number of them, and if an anchor has been let down very quietly, and if the fishermen keep perfectly still, several good fish can be brought up from such a place. Loud talking, singing, shouting, or knocking about in a boat are all liable to frighten the fish away, for your big-mouth bass is a shy fish and noise of all kinds is quite likely to get on his nerves.

(*Continued on page 62*)

Announcing

another Great New *Super Elto* The *Quad*—4 Cylinders!

35 THRILLING miles an hour! 4 cylinders, exquisitely balanced, utterly vibrationless! Soft flexibility, tornado-like acceleration! A new-day motor, product of 5 years of study and experiment by Ole Evinrude! A superb power plant for fastest racers and finest runabouts!

Dual ignition! Dual carburetion! An entirely new, advanced degree of dependable performance. Even with one pair of cylinders cut entirely out of firing the Quad will still operate smoothly, still deliver surprising power.

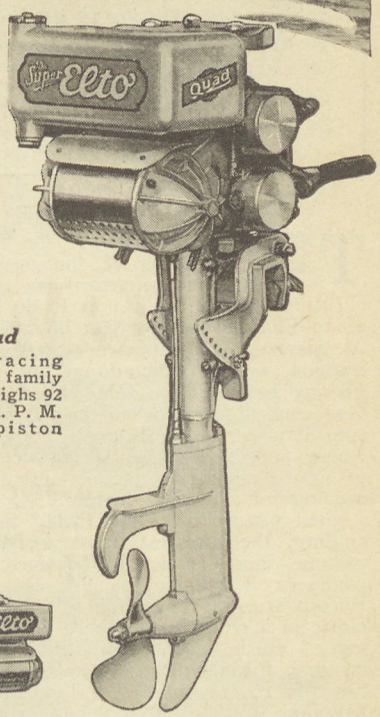
The famous Elto easy instant starting! The Quad starts with even less than the famous Elto Quarter-Turn. With cylinders charged, a flip of the fly wheel over a 2-inch arc starts the Quad!

Ruggedly built for every service! All Quads (regular stock models, muffler equipped, not special racing motors) are built to do 35 miles per hour on standard racing hulls—and to *maintain* top speed for long periods, without undue wear or strain. Such sturdiness specially adapts it for year-in and year-out service on heavy runabouts and family-type speed hulls.

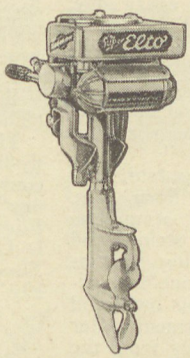
The Super Elto line now includes a motor for every outboard requirement. Complete descriptions of the 4-cylinder *Quad*, the sensational B Class *Speedster* and the famous *Service Twin* are in the new catalog, now ready. Send for it. Mail the coupon below.

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO.
OLE EVINRUDE, President
Mason Street Dept. 42 Milwaukee

Every Super Elto "Starts with a Quarter Turn"

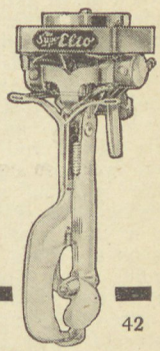


The Quad
35 miles on racing hulls, 20-25 on family runabouts. Weighs 92 pounds. 3800 R. P. M. 39.2 cu. in. piston displacement.



The Speedster
Factory tests of every Speedster before shipment equal the average 1927 official B. Class championship records! 5 to 7 horsepower. Weighs 60 pounds.

The Service Twin
Dominantly preferred for average family use. Drives ordinary open boats to limit of designed speed. 4 horsepower, weight slightly over 50 lbs.



ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO., 42
Mason Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Gentlemen: Send me your book fully describing the complete Super Elto line.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(It is not necessary to fill out the spaces below, but this information will be appreciated).

I am interested in outboards for racing ☐; fast runabout use ☐; average family or utility service ☐.

The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

"What do you do to occupy your time in winter?" I wonder if it was a dyed-in-the-wool angler asked that? Why, there are so many things to do that I just can't find time to do them all. There is fully as much fun in getting ready, in anticipation, as there is in actual fishing.

In Praise of Fly-Tying

THESE are the days of the angler's leisure. Unless of the peripatetic variety, the fisherman has time to burn. Oh, there are things to do besides go to Florida, for one can go ice-fishing if possessed of sufficient courage and stamina, as was pointed out last month. Fishing is most enjoyable when we have been compelled to forego the pleasure for considerable time. I can't think of a worse punishment than being compelled to go to a moving picture show every evening for a month, though I like to see a good picture now and then. So even angling, the sweetest, most worth-while pastime there is, would become dreary drudgery if we had to fish every day. Was it Ruskin who said: "There is no music in a rest, though there is the making of music in it." So while there is no real fishing these snow-bound days, there is the making of fishing in them. (Wonder if that will tease the shade of Ruskin?)

There is no indoor angling pursuit that can compare with tying artificial flies. There is something about the occupation that tugs at the angler's heart strings and assuages that thirst for rippling streams and mirroring lakes. When one has acquired a bit of skill in tying his own, and wonderful counterfeit presentment after counterfeit presentment, tumbles from the little vise, he finds himself ravished with joy. His hands will tremble in anticipation, for he just *knows* those flies will take fish. So as he ties he envisions future battles and future triumphs. No angler ever lost a good fish when angling in the beautiful stream of anticipation. Fly-tying then is more than an occupation, a fad, it is laying beautiful creations on the knees of the Red Gods.

Suffer a word or two upon the literature of the subject. I glance up from my typewriter and marvel at the great number of books I possess, and I do not suppose my collection is in any wise complete. There is Blacker's "Fly Making, Angling and Dying," a little morocco bound volume published in England along about 1850. Illustrated with hand colored reproductions of flies. It is a joy to own such a volume though the practical leadership found therein is somewhat circumscribed. Of course if one wants to get an ancient word, he will turn to a copy of Dame Juliana Barnes' "Treatyse," published about a hundred years after Chaucer splashed ink. I have other ancient fly-tying guides in my library, but these will illustrate how ancient is the craft and how satisfactory to the born collector.

Speaking of books, there is that little volume of Keene's, "Fly Fishing and Fly-Making," published in New York in 1887. It is a practical guide in fly-making as well as interesting from the collector's viewpoint. The one thing which makes it unique among books of the ilk is the fact that it is illustrated—if that is the word—with the real materials glued in. In the popular slang of the day, "Can you feature it?" The book-loving fly-tyer, and it is a book lover's game, is to be congratulated who owns a copy as does the writer.

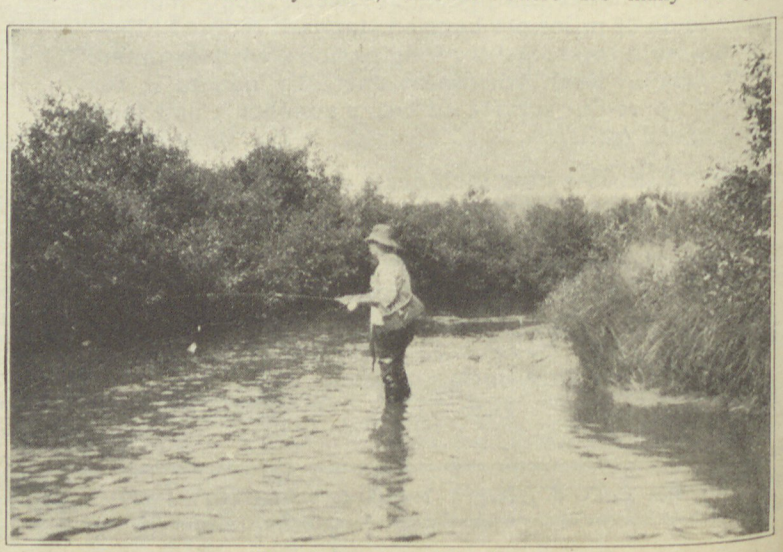
Just a word about the Halford books, for no fly-making library can be complete without them. What a time of it I had securing some, especially "Floating Flies and How to Dress Them"; but I secured it at last, for all things come to him who waits, providing he waits where it comes, and with his right hand in his trousers pocket. I paid, well, never mind how much; but try and get one and see what the second-hand dealers will do to you. The man who is going to tie dry flies should have the volume, for it is perhaps the last word as well as the first on the subject. The other Halford books will prove helpful if not absolutely essential. Just to mention them: "Dry-Fly Fishing," "Dry Fly Entomology" and "The Dry-Fly Man's Handbook."

There are other English books the real fly-fisherman and fly-tyer will want. Of course Ronald's "Fly Fisher's Entomology" and McClelland's "How to Tie Flies for Trout and Grayling." There is Leonard West's "The Trout Fly" and Skues' "The Way of a Trout With a Fly." Oh, there are others, many others, I am surprised at the number grinning down on me from my friendly shelves, but I must pass them up.

On this side of the water there is Dr. Holden's "Streamcraft," latest and best, as well as several little hand-books, like that one included in a certain fly-tying kit and outfit on the market. The American fly-tyer should of course possess Marbury's "Favorite Flies," not to mention Southard's sumptuous volume, "Trout Fly Fishing in America." I have only touched the field, not mentioning the books like Sage's "Salmon and Trout," which give chapters on how to tie flies. By the way, a new edition of this last book came from the press quite recently.

The foregoing will disclose to the reader what a wide literature there is upon the subject of fly-tying, and how when a moderate circumstanced fellow like the writer starts on a hobby he goes sheer crazy over it. It is not simply tying artificial flies, it is the literature on the subject, the entrancing history of it which stretches away into the past beyond authentic record, that fair intrigues one. So, you see, it is not all of tying flies to tie flies, any more than it is all of fishing to fish. The fly-tyer who does no more than tie perfect flies is comparable to the angler who catches nothing but fish, if you get what I mean.

Now while this is not an article on the how of fly-tying I must add that the craft is neither overly difficult nor expensive. You don't absolutely need all these books mentioned, I suppose ninety-nine out of every hundred professional tyers do not know of their existence, but they will add most wonderfully to your heart-enjoyment. The little pamphlet sent out with that commercial outfit which contains all tools and materials sufficient for creating 200 flies is all the guide absolutely essential. Better than a book, perhaps, is sitting in with an amateur in a fly-tying session. There are many really expert



One of the reasons I tie flies.

15 lb. 12½ oz. Bass
Archie Boyd, New Port Richey, Fla., had a perfect right to smile —when he caught this fightin' fool on his Creek Chub Injured Minnow No. 1505!

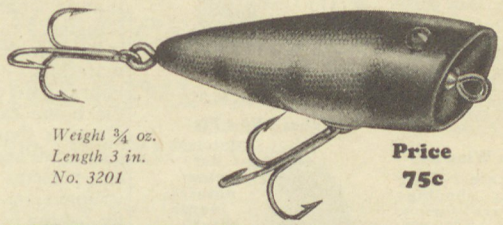
It's the Lure —

THAT GETS THE FISH!

Three *New* Live Ones *for* this Year

BAR none—this is the most tempting, teasing, tantalizing lure made! With a series of short jerks it stands right up on its hind legs and yells "Plunk-Ker-Plunk" meaning—"Come on, Old Top! I dare you to strike me!" And that fussy old bass gets so mad watching it bobbing, dancing, fussing and "Ker-Plunking" along—that, unless he's tied, he nearly throws a fit until he gets it! Toss this new Plunker into a likely looking "pocket" in the reeds or pads—and see what happens—especially on those hazy, lazy days when strikes are scarce! You're sure to get 'em when you least expect it!

NEW PLUNKER

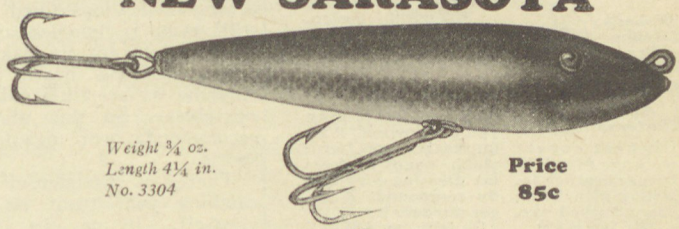


Weight ¾ oz.
Length 3 in.
No. 3201

Price 75c

YES Sir! You'll have to take your nat off to the Sarasota! It's another A No. 1 "Tempter"! And a movement all its own! With a series of long, slow jerks, it dives below the surface, darts along and finally rises to the surface so rapidly as to jump entirely out of the water! Those big, lazy, sleepy fellows, who wait close to the surface for some stray minnow, quickly open their eyes in astonishment and strike it viciously and hard!—even on warm, listless and generally inactive days! The Sarasota has proven its real worth in the South the past two seasons—but watch it come into its own in the North this year! Take one with you—and you're bound to "Catch More Fish."

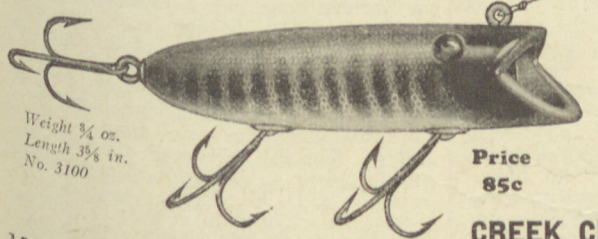
NEW SARASOTA



Weight ¾ oz.
Length 4¼ in.
No. 3304

Price 85c

NEW CASTROLA



Weight ¾ oz.
Length 3⅝ in.
No. 3100

Price 85c

THERE'S a whale of a thrill coming to the fishermen casting this new lure up along side of lily pads, reeds or weeds! It accurately represents a live minnow chasing a fly—hither and thither—up and down—and sideways—with the most erratic, puzzling, teasing motion you ever saw! Reel it fast—then slow—then a little jerk—and the antics this baby cuts up will tease the wariest old he-bass into an excited rush and vicious strike! There's nothing else like it! A sure hooker! And a guaranteed fish getter! Try it, if you want some real fishing sport!

Every Creek Chub Lure sold with a guarantee to Catch Fish—or money back! At your dealer's or direct! Our beautiful new colored catalogue sent FREE upon request!

CREEK CHUB BAIT COMPANY, 322 So. Randolph St., Garrett, Ind.

Manufactured in Canada by ALLCOCK, LAIGHT & WESTWOOD, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., for the Creek Chub Bait Co.

CREEK CHUB BAITS CATCH MORE FISH

25¢ Fly Free and **NEW 68 Page Color Catalog —NOT Free**

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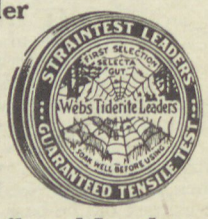
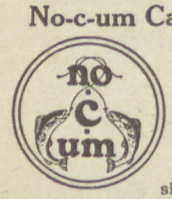
Super Value. All sizes. Half dozen in round carrying box with moistener—Level: Trout, 6 ft., $2: Bass, 4½ ft. $2; Salmon, 9 ft. $6. Dry Fly Tapered: 7½ ft., $3.00. All other sizes and weights proportionately priced.



No-c-um Camouflaged Leader



Striped in two translucent tones — practically invisible. Not a theory but a proved success. Best gut, triple tested. Trout, bass and salmon sizes: 1 to 3 yds. level or tapered. 2 yd. level, 5-lb. test, 50¢ each. Doz. $5.50. Other sizes priced proportionately.

"If Weber Makes It—a Fish Takes It"

The **Weber Lifelike Fly Co.**
Stevens Point, Wis.
Also Operating
TROUT FISHING TACKLE CO. *(Est. 1896)*
and KINNICKINNIC TACKLE CO.
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fly-tyers scattered over the country, men and women who have never sold a fly, but are tying for the sheer joy of creating the beautiful things. Folks are forever sending me samples of their work for criticism, and believe me, some of the work is better than professional, for those who did it tied not for a living but for joy.

One man sent me a fly, and he said he had been working less than a year, and I placed his fly on a card which held a sample from the shop of a distinguished professional. Again and again I displayed the card before competent judges and invariably they said the work of the amateur was that of the professional. Take that for your comfort when you first start "hackling" and the perverse feathery hairs refuse to do your bidding, or the wings just won't go on straight. After your fingers become a bit deft you will look back on your early efforts with wonder, but there is not enough money in overly rich America to take from you the experience if such a thing were possible. For your comfort, too, remember that the counterfeit presentment does not have to be perfect in form and dressing to win trout. What a perverse animal he is, often turning his aristocratic back upon the perfect fly, to take the homely, scraggly effort of the veriest tyro.

Sitting by a glowing grate these cold evenings, while the wood-fire sputters and crackles, reminiscent of many a camp-fire on the bank of stream and lake, with the feathers, vise, varnish and wax conveniently placed is to be thankful that we live in a country where we have the winter for fly-making. It is great sport, that is what it is. Wife will become interested, and if she does her fingers, more nimble in the manipulating of light materials, will soon steal the skill from yours. In this day of the decadence of the home can you imagine anything more pleasing than a picture of a family group gathered about the fire tying flies, while one perhaps reads from one of the many volumes on the subject of fly-making or fly-fishing? It appeals, does fly-tying, to women. We are not surprised to find the professional shops filled with girls, girls still, even if temples are touched with white frost; for fly-making like fly-fishing keeps the heart eternally young. Anyhow we are little older than we think ourselves. So this mid-winter time I recommend over again this sport of sports.

There is wonderful satisfaction in catching your trout on a fly you tied yourself. It may be but a makeshift, a poor copy of a Royal Coachman, but good enough to entice some speckled beauty from his lair under a stump or grass-fringed bank. "Bang!" he hits it. How the line thrums and how the reel shrieks; never so sweetly in your ears, for that little spot of color gleaming on the valiant warrior's lip is the product of your own skill, the creation of your own fingers, and that makes all the difference in the world. Vanquished, you slip the net under his gleaming sides, and you lift him out, perhaps later to return him to the water; but the fly itself you untie from the end of the leader and carefully preserve, precious in your sight, because your first home-made fly to take a trout. You may have experienced some triumphs in the field of science or literature, but nothing like this.

The Critic

I RISE up today in defense of the critic. We may be made by our friends, but we are spurred to greater effort by our enemies. Perhaps I am in error when I class critics with enemies,

Mrs. O. W. tangled in the tree-tops—will she lose the fly?

for sometimes they are our best friends, if you get what I mean. The critics, ah, the critics! They keep us humble and they keep our blood at fighting heat. Sometimes I open a dozen letters, all of which are couched in appreciative and complimentary terms, then the thirteenth (unlucky number!) is from a vitriolic critic, who, with all the skill of the inquisition, proceeds to pierce, skin and break. It does me good, like physic. No, I don't answer critics, I enjoy them. Perhaps "enjoy" is not just the word, though they do me good. Any fool can criticise but it takes a man to do things. So, "Lay on, MacDuff, and—"

"Ye Gods and Little Fishes"

NOW and then we pick up a book that is different, such being the volume under the above title by Eugene E. Slocum. Contains lots of information, but there are "fish yarns" too, which gives the book its appeal.

Goldfish Cross With Carp

Dear O. W.—"We have a species of fish that lives in Presque Isle and Misery Bay, which I believe is a cross between a German carp and a Japanese goldfish, at least such is the opinion of local fishermen. It has the scales of the carp and the contour of body is about like that of the carp, as is also the shape of head and mouth; but the tail is stringy, like a goldfish, and the color varies from a gold to silver. The fish will weigh from a pound up to 2½ or 3. Would carp and goldfish cross?—E. D. M., Penna.

My Dear Sir: In answer to your recent letter I would say that there is no reason why such a cross as you suggest might not have taken place, for goldfish are carp, well bred, but carp just the same. Crosses do take place between closely related species, trout and pike for illustration, but it is extremely infrequent in nature. In my "Book of the Pike" I mention a case where a cross between the

common pickerel and great pike took place in nature, though it is the only one of which I have record, and of course we can not be sure of it. The cross, however, has been forced in ponds. Such crosses have been made between brown trout and our common brook trout, or char, but in such cases the product is a "mule." You can rest assured that in nature few crosses take place, in spite of reports to the contrary. Dame Nature is a wise dame.—O. W.

Some Truth in This

"WHICH way is the wind blowing?" asked the angler as the boatman prepared to launch a tuna kite.

"'Tain't so much the way it's blowing as the way you set your kite," remarked the boatman with a knowing wink.

A Talk With a Great Angler

(Continued from page 22)

I feel it an essential one to be studied most seriously by conservationists and those interested in the preservation of our American fishing.

"A more thorough knowledge of entomology is needed to attain success in the safeguarding of fish eggs. An interesting instance of this came to my notice awhile ago on the test. The flies were laying their small clusters of eggs on the posts of bridges near the shore. I was told by the keeper that the eggs were seen there during the day but that invariably each night they were destroyed by some agency unknown to him. He decided to keep watch at night and discover the marauder. As soon as it was dark a number of caddis bugs appeared on the posts and demolished the eggs.

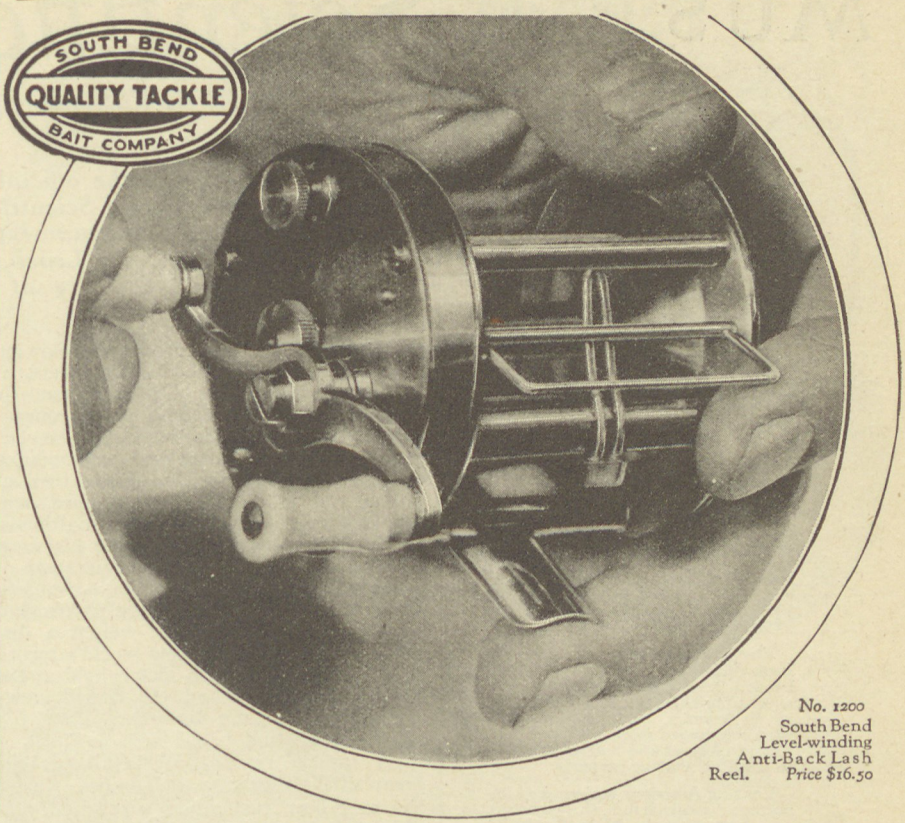
"The next day he suggested that some logs be anchored near the posts by means of wires. Whereupon, the flies thereafter deposited their eggs on the logs where they were unmolested by the caddis bugs, the latter being unable to crawl up the wires to reach their prey.

"I am sending over 10,000 landlocked salmon eggs to Scotland in the spring. There are no landlocked salmon there, you know. My friend, Mr. H. N. Wills has a big place in Invernesshire and we are going to put these eggs into the Garry and the four other rivers running into the Caledonia Canal.

"Mr. Wills' estate is on the Garry. Below him at Inverness, the commercial fishermen take 14,000 salmon each year in nets, leaving but few to run up the river. Mr. Wills proposed stocking the river with salmon on condition that the commercial fishermen would agree to continue taking only their customary toll of 14,000 fish, removing the nets when this number were taken. To this, however, they would not agree, so we are going to attempt to 'let nature take her course' and plant landlocked salmon there which will stay in the lakes and not go to sea at all."

It is plain to be seen that Edward R. Hewitt deserves the distinction of being considered the most progressive fisherman of the age, and one with the most scientific knowledge of trout and salmon. It is a source of pleasure and pride to his countrymen and fellow American sportsmen that such a one is a distinguished American.

FISH AND FEEL FIT



No. 1200 South Bend Level-winding Anti-Back Lash Reel. Price $16.50

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THE severest of all tests—actual use in the hands of over a quarter million anglers—is your guarantee that South Bend and Oreno Reels are *soundly built, rightly principled.*

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The Anti-Back Lash feature of these reels is that originated by South Bend. Today it is the accepted standard of such devices. It eliminates back-lashes, snarls or tangles without any drag whatsoever to retard your cast.

The 4 models here shown sell at $6.50, $8.50, $10 and $16.50. Ask your dealer to demonstrate them for you.

Write for "Fishing—What Tackle and When"—our 120 page book containing helpful hints and suggestions on all kinds of fishing. Sent Free!

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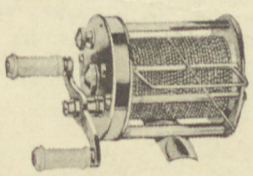
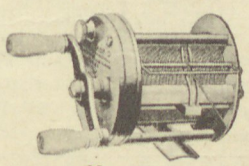
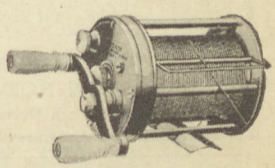
Fishing Tackle of all kinds . . . Rods-Reels-Lines-Baits



No. 1131 South Bend Anti-Back Lash Reel. Price $10

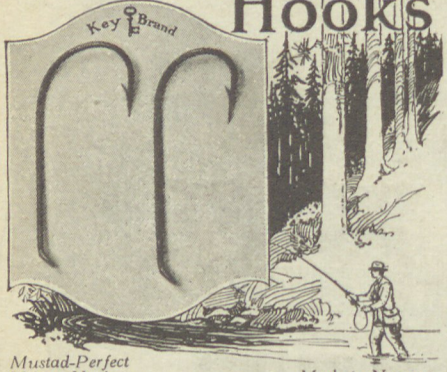


No. 1000 Oreno Level-Winding Anti-Back Lash Reel. Price $8.50



No. 900 Oreno Anti-Back Lash Reel. Price $6.50

MUSTAD Hooks



Mustad-Perfect Viking Hooks, Size No. 1

Made in Norway Used the World over

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The newest Mustad success is the hook shown above in its two kirbed bends. It is the result of years of effort to produce the hook best suited for all America. A hook of such remarkable forged steel, with such perfection of bend and hollow point, as to justify the name perfect.

Leading American makers and importers of artificial flies, snelled hooks, and baits, supply Mustad Hooks. They are made in every standard model, shank length, and form and finish. Specify them when next ordering tackle. Write our New York office, Dept. 52, for booklet "Fine Points of Fish Hooks"—FREE.

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Harrimac I.D.L. Our Own Nets

A Better Rod brings better luck!

You'll catch more fish if you use a Richardson Steel Fishing Rod. They have the "stuff" that makes a "strike" a catch. Light weight, flexibility and rugged strength. A Richardson Rod for every requirement . . . and a price for every purse. At your dealer's . . . or write us if he can't supply you.

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The outstanding Rod in the low priced field. Fancy double grip cork handle. Extra wide crystal agate guides. Detachable finger hook and reel lock. Lengths 3 to 5½ feet. Price $2.60.

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Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

AL FOSS, the writer of the following article on Distance Bait Reels, is Ohio's Distance Bait Champion and is a caster known to all who attend tournaments. His hobby is reels and he has without doubt the finest and most unique collection of any in America. Just at present Al is casting at Baltimore, and the following clipping from a Baltimore paper shows how he is spending his time.

"Al Foss, nationally known sportsman of Cleveland, who is one of the recognized greatest distance casters in the tournament game, cast the half-ounce weight a distance of 351 feet for a new world's record Saturday during a club match held at the casting green in Druid Hill Park, under the auspices of the Baltimore Bait, Fly and Surf Casting Club.

So far as records are available, the greatest distance the half-ounce weight has ever been cast under supervised conditions before was 332 feet, this record being held by Fred Arbogast, for many years champion distance caster of America.

National records are recognized only when made at the annual national tournament, so that many State and district records are much better than the national marks. It might be of interest to know that the present national record for the half ounce is 306 feet, held by Walter Newcomb of Buffalo. This was made at Detroit this summer.

This cast of 351 feet by Al Foss was no fluke, as the five consecutive casts made by him Saturday afternoon were as follows: 310, 320, 351, 301 and 294 feet.

Al Foss in action.

All in all, it was just about the greatest performance of distance casting ever presented anywhere at any time in this country.

Foss is at present holder of all distance records for the State of Ohio, and this year set new records for both the half and quarter ounce weights in that State. He has led his State in the half-ounce ranks for three years and in the quarter-ounce ranks for the past two years."

Distance Bait Reels By AL FOSS

PRACTICALLY all distance bait tournament casting is done with free spool reels, that is, reels in which the spool is disconnected from the winding mechanism in order to make the cast and which is engaged again when the retrieve is started.

Theoretically it would seem that a geared reel (one in which the handle and gears revolve with the spool) would be the best for distance casting as the momentum of the handle and gears added to the momentum of the spool would help to pay off the line and aid the weight in its flight, but such is not the case.

While about the same distance can be made with a geared reel as with a free spool reel, the geared reel is harder to handle and more apt to be unsteady. We will therefore dismiss it as unsuitable and discuss the free spool reel.

Arbors

THE reel must have a spool with aluminum or other light spoolheads as the nickeled silver heads supplied with casting reels are much too heavy for tournament work. It must be provided with an arbor which is generally made of some light wood, such as Balsa wood.

This wood is turned up to the proper size with a hole through the center the size of the spool shaft; it is then split lengthwise, glued to the spool and turned true when dry.

Arbors have also been made of a tube of aluminum held between spoolheads, but they are so smooth and so perfectly balanced that it is difficult to tell by the feeling of the thumb on the line just what the reel is doing as the line pays out. An arbor of this kind can be improved by gluing two narrow strips of paper diagonally across the spool, one on either side. This will allow you to feel just about what the spool is doing when making a cast. However, the wooden arbor is more satisfactory.

Throwing the Spool Off Balance

AS a great amount of force must be put into a cast to obtain long distances a certain amount of friction in the

bearings is necessary in order to get good control. This friction can be produced in several ways. The most satisfactory way is to use standard size bearings, fitting very tightly, with the spool nicely balanced to start with.

With a reel as described above but with bearings of ordinary fit, friction enough to steady it can be produced by throwing the spool slightly out of balance, the heavy side of spool responding to centrifugal force throws the male bearing against the female bearing and causes a chatter, the amount of friction depending on the degree in which the spool is thrown out of balance. From one to five grains are sufficient to throw any ordinary spool out of balance enough for successful casting.

All reels are different and the right amount for any particular reel must be found by experimenting, as the idea is to keep it as nearly in balance as possible and still be able to "step on it" safely.

A simple method of throwing the spool out of balance is to use a piece of lead foil, such as tea is packed in, and place it on the arbor off to one side, so as not to interfere with thumbing the line.

Start with a piece weighing about five grains, cutting the weight down a little at a time until you get it down to the weight where you can make the longest cast with safety, at which time the lead should be glued to the arbor in the same position it was when experimenting.

Other Methods of Causing Friction

FRICTION can also be produced by using greater bearing surfaces. This is usually done by making the bearings of larger diameter than standard, some bearings being made as large as three-sixteenths inches in diameter. I have been successful in using bearings of different diameters, say, an ordinary bearing at one end and one with a one-eighth diameter at the other end of the spool. This is very satisfactory as there results a non-synchronizing effect that makes for steadiness.

As these distance reels make about fifteen thousand revolutions per minute, it is a difficult matter to keep a large sized bearing properly oiled, as the bearings will cut at the slightest provocation. When they do cut, it becomes necessary to true them up, the fit is usually too "sloppy" and then they are practically worthless.

No matter what type of bearings you use the spool should be in as nearly perfect balance as possible to get it, and if you are going to throw it out of balance, you can do it intelligently only by having it in balance to start with.

How to Balance a Spool

A SIMPLE way to balance a spool is to use two safety razor blades inserted in a cake of soap or held level in any other satisfactory manner and allow the pivots of the spool to rest on the razor blades. The heavy side will go down, and then with a rubber band hold about five grains of lead foil on the light side, cutting it off a little at a time until it balances. Then make a small hole in the wood on the light side, insert the lead, the size of which has just been ascertained, and plug the hole with wood. Practically all arbors are out of true and if you have no lathe the reel can be fastened to a board (four screws will do); the handle is turned and with a small wood chisel held the proper distance away you will be able to round the arbor up. It can then be finished and smoothed with a sandpaper finger file and coated with shellac.

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In Universal Demand because of Their Standardized Quality

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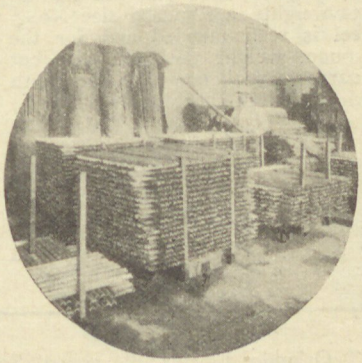

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The GRANGER plan of Quality Standardization demands the same painstaking methods, the same exactness in construction and the same absolute accuracy in the dimensions, the taper and the manufacturing process in all four grades of GRANGER Rods—that each individual rod shall be the very best value in its own class.

The GRANGER line is complete—72 different numbers to select from. Prices range as follows: "Colorado Special" Bait, $10; "Colorado Special" Fly, $12.50; "Denver Special" Bait, $14; "Denver Special" Fly, $18; "Goodwin" Bait, $18; "Goodwin" Fly, $25; "Granger" Bait, $25; "Granger" Fly, $40; Tournament Rods, $20 to $50. All except "Colorado Specials" in individual partitioned cloth bags and aluminum cases. Our Catalog in colors gives complete details. Send for it today.

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Double Tapered Waterproof Silk Trout Lines, H. E. H. 30 Yards, $3.00 and $4.50.
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KEELING'S
BABY TOM
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SURFACE-TOM A TOP WATER WIGGLER
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BETTER THAN EVER
Tells When You Can Catch Fish
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Another way is to spin the spool, holding a lead pencil to it and marking the high spots which are then scraped down with a knife or a piece of glass, or filed, then sanded and finished.

Weight of Spools

THE proper weights of spools should be somewhere between one-half and three-quarters ounce for the quarter and five-eighths ounce casting plugs, but for the half ounce casting plug the spool should weigh between three-quarters and one ounce. The spool for casting the five-eighths plug should be light to compensate for the extra weight of the line which is required for this distance event.

The correct diameter for spool arbors is one and one-sixteenth inches for the half and quarter ounce weights, but for the five-eighths plug the diameter should be seven-eighths of an inch. Although some use smaller diameters for both the half and quarter ounce distance reels, any diameter larger than that specified should not be attempted.

Size of Reel

FOR casting the half and five-eighths ounce weights, a standard size No. 3 Meek reel is recommended and for the quarter ounce weight the same size but with a narrow spool, one and one-eighth inches wide between spool heads.

Some of the good distance casters use a No. 2 reel with a narrow spool for both the quarter and half ounce casting, but just as long distances can be cast with the No. 3 and they will stay "put" better than with the No. 2. In any event do not use a No. 2 for one event and a No. 3 for another as difficulty is experienced in changing from one to the other.

Distance reels should be kept clean in the bearings and oiled with Nye clock oil. Should reel be too fast it can be slowed down by using a mixture of vaseline and oil, and if very fast use castor oil.

Measuring the Line

IT is important to become accustomed to the weight of the spool and this can be done only by always putting on the same amount of line.

As casting reels are quadruple multiplying and as the diameter of the spool for the quarter and half ounce events is approximately one inch, it will be seen that one turn of the handle will put on about one foot of line, so it is well to take off all old line if it measures less than you generally cast and then put on a few feet more than you usually cast, then you will have sufficient line and the weight of the spool will be uniform at all times.

Fifteen feet of nine pound test line should be used as a leader when casting the half ounce, and for the quarter the same length of six pound test line, in both cases, medium braid. This leader should be distributed sparingly clear across the spool and should be under the thumb but care should be taken to keep all knots over to one side to avoid contact with the thumb. About one foot of No. 3 surgeon's silk should be used between the leader and the silk casting line to ease it off and all connections should be made by a single water knot. The silk line should be doubled back on itself a few inches before connecting it to the surgeon's silk.

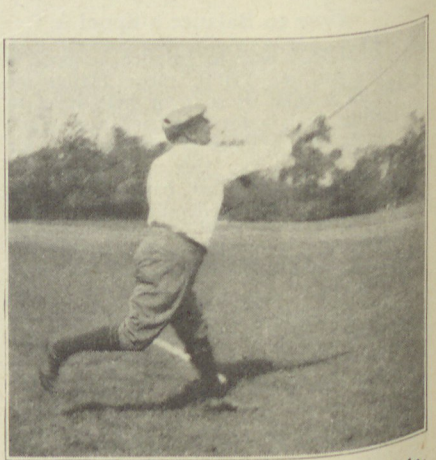
AT Orlando, Florida, the annual Southern States Tournament will be held at Lake Eola from February 9th to the 11th. Already two casters of national reputation are at Orlando in full practice, Lou Hurst of Indianapolis and Walter Willman, formerly of Cleveland.

Along with scores of central Florida enthusiasts, these two friendly enemies are practicing and taking part in weekly tournaments which are conducted by the Orlando Casting Club. Soon Al Foss is expected to join forces while Steve Phillips is expected to take part in the weekly affairs.

In line with making the approaching Southern Tournament better than the first attempt of 1927, the 1928 tournament will be held from a casting platform which has been erected in Eola Park. In addition to the platform, there will be shelter and sufficient locker space for equipment. This added feature of the facilities means that practically all events will be cast on the water and will be especially beneficial in the fly events.

The coming tournament is the second Southern championship held with the sanction of the National Association of Scientific Anglers.

P. J. Cuenin of the San Francisco Casting Club ready for action. Reports show that he has the highest season's average ever reported.



Fred N. White, Illinois Casting Club, winner of the ½ oz. Distance Bait at Detroit, where he beat most of the National crack casters.

How Fly Fishers Are Made

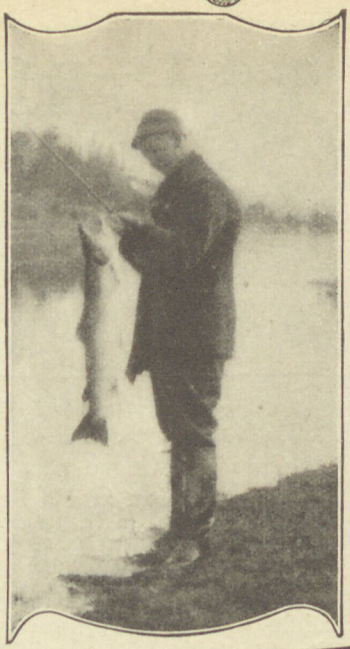
By J. W. COOKUS

IT was late in July when the evenings are still long and likewise when bass fishing is not at its best in the small Kansas streams. It happened that this was Lowell Serights' first season at fly-fishing. We had gone out together a few times and he had begun to get a strike now and then. Each time the thrill of a bass strike on a light 9-foot fly-rod was enlarging his belief that in fly-fishing there is a thrill for every minute. Unfortunately, the season of 1927 was rainy and bad most of the time, leaving the creeks riley and often muddy. At this particular time, however, it hadn't rained for about ten days so I knew the water in my favorite bass creek would be pretty well cleared up.

At my suggestion we both decided to use a white hackle (a great favorite of mine) and a No. 2 spinner. The banks of the creek were steep and muddy. It was impossible to fish from the bank and the water at this particular point was too deep for waders. So we disregarded all rules, donned old shoes and trousers, and decided to wade as best we could. As we waded up the creek, Lowell fished the right bank and I the left. Before I had gone three hundred yards I had bagged about a dozen nice perch, sufficient enough in itself to give most any one a good fishing thrill. All this time we were wading well over our knees in order to be as quiet as possible because there was no ripple on the water anywhere. We were flipping our flies at a distance of about 25 to 30 feet ahead of us. At this point I was leading Lowell by about 25 yards. I then came upon a place where the creek narrowed down to about one-fourth of its normal size. This was a shallow channel, about 3 feet in depth, with vegetation growing out into the water on either side. On the second cast I was delighted to get a good healthy bass strike. About 2 or 3 minutes of play rewarded me with a nice male black bass which weighed about 1½ pounds. Lowell was not slow in following suit, for it wasn't but a few short minutes until he hooked a twin brother of the one I had just bagged. This dandy little bass was a game fellow and tried everything in his repertoire in an effort to get away. Lowell was inexperienced, as his actions proved, but he was just as game and determined as the leaping, running, dashing little fellow on the other end of the enameled, glistening line. The bass broke water five or six times, each time shaking viciously to free himself. Lowell, however, was ever on the job, each second beginning to handle himself more like a veteran. A fixed smile began to show on his face as he gave the fish his final run for the bank. Percentage towards fly casting rose high as Lowell unhooked his treasure and held him aloft for an admiring view.

I was now fishing in pretty deep water. I flipped my white hackle up under a limb hanging over the water. I let the bait settle about twelve inches and began to retrieve. In about the same instant, Zowie! Before you could say Jack Robinson, my rod was undergoing an awful strain and the prospective catch at the end of my line was giving every evidence of being a good sized bass. There were no less than three brush piles within easy

(Continued on page 63)



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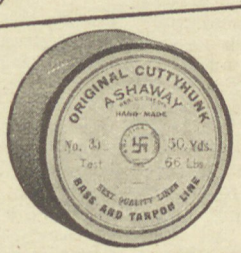

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Gun Rack *and* Game Fields

Edited by
ALEC MERMOD

Gun Editor
OUTDOOR AMERICA

ALEC MERMOD has a remarkable knowledge of guns and ammunition and a long experience in hunting of all kinds. He is a champion trap shot and is familiar with every angle of trap shooting. Consult with him on any of your gunning problems.

EDITOR

WE so often hear some chap, who has just missed an easy straightaway shot, say, "I can't see how I missed that bird, for I certainly held on him," and immediately this man begins to find fault with the gun, shells or powder. Frequently he'll say, "I knew that shell was no good," or "I'll never shoot another load of Z powder," or "I told you this gun made a rotten pattern."

Now the chances are about 1,000 to 1 that the fault was not with gun, shell or powder but with the shooter. "It's the man behind the gun."

I have known men who, when they missed a clay target when shooting at the traps, to go back and pattern their gun, and when a hole about the size of a target showed in the pattern, this man would say, "No wonder I'm missing targets. Just look at that hole." Now as a matter of fact there is about one chance in 400 that the target will slip through that hole. The hazard is a mental one and, as a rule, the man who patterns his gun and finds a space here and there that shows no shot marks, will go back to the traps and miss several more targets, and that proves to him that the reason he misses is on account of the poor pattern.

As a rule, the man who is continually "patterning" his gun does not rank high as a trap shot. He is thinking too much about that poor pattern, though, of course, there are exceptions to this rule, but in all these cases the man continued to experiment with guns and loads till he found a combination that made a pattern to suit, then there would be no more pattern making. If a target was missed it was not laid to pattern.

Of course, at the traps a shooter wants to break every target, and should strive to that end, but in the field it's different. If one scored a kill with every shot there would be no sport in it and no game left in the country.

Some 30 odd years ago, when the factory loaded shells were not as good as they are today, a great many of the best trap shots had their shells loaded to their order, specifying the exact wadding and crimp. These specially loaded shells were popular with the professionals and the practice was kept up for a number of years till the loading companies called a halt on this, and told their men that what was good enough for the general shooting public would have to be good enough for the professionals.

When I owned my first breech loader, factory loaded shells were unknown, and we "loaded our own," and up to just a few years ago there were several men who thought they could obtain better results with their hand loaded shells than with those furnished by the ammunition companies.

It is quite true that some guns will make a better pattern with shot size 7 than with 7½. Just why this should be the case is more or less of a mystery, and I have never had a satisfactory explanation.

Harold Money, at one time one of our best trap shots, found that his gun made the best pattern with 3dr powder and 1⅛ oz. No. 7 shot and used that load during the years he represented one of the ammunition companies. I laughed at him when he told me about the poor pattern made with No. 7½ shot, but he proved by actual demonstration that he was right. Still I do not believe that shooting the load making the poorest pattern would amount to 1/10 of 1% on the score. When I argued this with Mr. Money, he granted that I was right, but he came back saying that, while he knew that this difference in the pattern did not affect the results, it was the fact that the thought was in his mind and that he might miss a target on account of the poor pattern, and as he put it, "If one wishes to make a good score at the traps, he must *shoot*, and *not* think."

In trap shooting, the mental hazards cause more misses than do the physical ones. My advice to any one getting a new gun is to take the manufacturer's word about the shooting qualities, for there are mighty few guns that will make a perfect pattern.

It is not my intention to dwell at length on this mind over matter stuff, so I will give some of the physical reasons why men miss their birds and it may help some to overcome a bad habit.

There is really no excuse for any of us when we miss a straightaway bird, yet we all do it and some of us wonder why. I've been there many a time and I know the sensation.

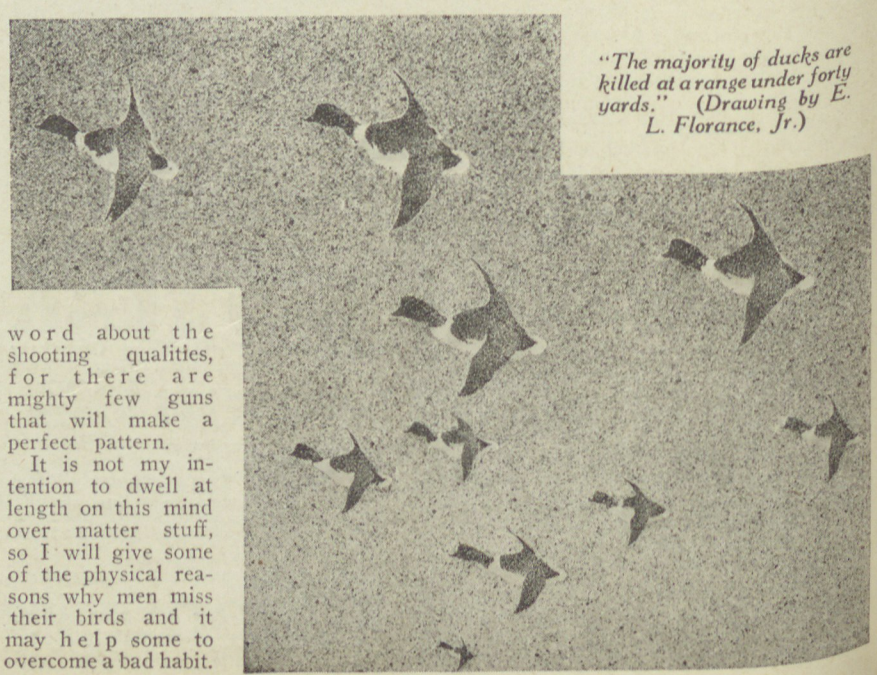
As a rule when a shooter misses a straightaway bird, it is a matter of elevation. If the bird towers it is apt to be under shot, and if it starts out nearly on a level it is over shot. The reason for this misjudgment is because the gun does not fit the shooter, or because, in the shooter's hurry he does not get the gun placed correctly as he throws it to his shoulder, and even though he starts right in the morning, he is apt to get tired before the day is over and fail to get his gun high enough on his shoulder, consequently the bird will be over shot, or he may be so tired that he will not elevate the muzzle of the gun high enough and an under shot is the result.

Another unaccountable miss is at what appears to be a straightaway bird, but which is actually veering just a little to the right or left, and this bird is missed because the load is passing to one side. This miss happens oftener than any, I believe, and the reason is we shoot a little too fast. Two or 3 seconds' delay would be enough for us to see that the bird was turning, and allowances could be made.

When a quartering bird is missed it is generally a matter of lead, though sometimes elevation is a factor.

A great many shooters make the mistake of using too short a stock, others go to an extreme the other way.

Another mistake is the habit of sliding the butt into place on the shoulder when bringing the gun into shooting position, for when doing this a bulge or wrinkle in the coat is apt to catch on the butt, thus preventing the gun coming into correct position. To insure the gun coming to the shoulder correctly the left



"The majority of ducks are killed at a range under forty yards." (Drawing by E. L. Florance, Jr.)

hand (if you are a right hand shooter) should always grasp the fore end at the same spot, for it is this hand that controls the gun, naturally the right hand is always in the same position. The stock dimensions at heel and comb should be such that when bringing the gun to the shoulder the shooter's cheek rests lightly on the comb and the eye strikes the barrel close to the breech, thus giving a perfect alignment.

If possible, before purchasing a gun, the shooter should be fitted with a "try gun" as this is the only way one can obtain a gun which is exactly right, otherwise the shooter must adapt himself to the gun.

Another mistake is to have a gun with too much drop. In former years shooters had an idea that they wanted a gun so crooked that they need not drop their cheek to the comb. This would work out O. K. provided one held his head in the same position which one can readily see is impossible. Fifty years ago guns carried in stock were built with as much drop as 3½ inches while today 2¾ is the limit. For field work the average man needs no more drop than 2½ inches at heel, and for trap shooting a two-inch drop at heel and 1½ at comb will fit 95% of the shooters.

In my opinion it is a mistake to have a gun built with the same dimensions at heel and comb, 1½ inches, as many trap shooters are using. All of these men were obliged to fit themselves to the gun. Fred Gilbert, who crossed the "Great Divide" last year, was one of the best trap shots in the world, and for many years was the target and live bird champion of the United States. He used a gun with a 2 inch drop at heel and 1½ at comb. I have seen dozens of shooters use one of Fred's guns and do better work than with one of their own of different dimensions.

If a novice buys a gun that is not fitted to him, he can soon adapt himself to the dimensions by the following method.

Make a black spot about the size of a half dollar on a piece of paper the size of a playing card and hang this on the wall at about 15 feet distance. Then bring the gun quickly from field position to the shoulder, aiming at the black spot. Keep this up till you line the gun on the spot every time. Always have the gun in such a position that the eye strikes the barrel close to the breech. A little practice once or twice a day will soon make it easy to hold right. If you find that the left hand does not come naturally to the same spot each time, paste a narrow piece of surgeon's tape on the forend so that the ball of thumb will rest on this tape. In this practice always see to it that your cheek rests on the comb.

When you have found that you can bring the gun up on the mark with some degree of proficiency by standing directly facing the mark, stand turned sideways and practice swinging around raising the gun at the same time. Keep this up, alternating from left to right, till you can cover the spot each time. Of course, this practice won't make you an expert, but you will find it very helpful. You will need actual experience in the field where distance and speed must be judged.

Do not expect to score every time you pull the trigger, for it can't be done. I have heard men boast that they could kill 4 out of 5 at flying quail, and keep this up through the season.

I have shot with a good many men in my time and I have yet to see the man who can score 80% through the season. I will admit that such a score is possible if the shooter picked his shots and took

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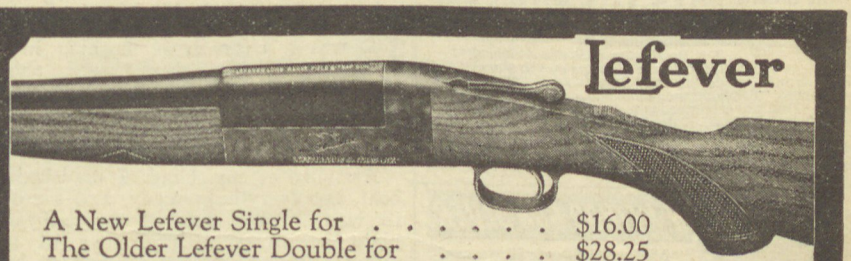

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no chances, but who wants to do that?

In duck shooting the inexperienced shooter misses most of his shots because he misjudges distance. Consequently he is "off" on his lead, or else he is taking shots that are beyond range.

The majority of ducks are killed at a range under 40 yards, but the beginner is apt to shoot when ducks are 60 to 80 yards away and then wonder why he did not score.

Another reason why many shots are wasted is because a man using a magazine gun only thinks of getting in as many shots as possible and exercises no care with the first shot, which is the one that counts.

One duck stone dead when he hits the water is better than two cripples.

Remarkable Non-fouling Primer

UNDOUBTEDLY the most outstanding achievement in the manufacture of ammunition, since the introduction of the metallic cartridge, has been the development in the last year of a non-fouling primer for use in the rim fire cartridges.

It has long been known that the ammunition companies have been working on a non-corrosive primer compound which would work equally as well in center fire cartridges. By the time this is in print, one of the leading companies will have placed on the market twenty-five calibers in the new non-fouling primer and will add more as rapidly as they can get in production. The others, no doubt, will soon follow and it will be but a short while until the old primer will be a thing of the past.

The cause of corrosion in rifle barrels has been due, mainly, to the chlorate of potassium, one of the materials used in the manufacture of the priming compound. This is a salt and like any other salt rapidly absorbs moisture and so causes rust. This will now be eliminated.

In starting to use the new non-fouling primers in cartridges, a rifle which has been previously fired with the old type should have a thorough cleaning and if there is any metal fouling present, it should be removed so that the cleaning can be thorough. The best method of cleaning to remove this chlorate of potassium salt is with boiling water which dissolves it. The bore should be scrubbed with it and then oil should be applied to it after it has been dried. This is to eliminate leaving any of the residue from previous firings in the barrel.

This new development will mean much to the shooters of the larger calibers as it has meant to .22 caliber shooters in the past, and it will be a particularly great boon to those who use their rifles on long and arduous hunting trips and come in so tired at night that cleaning the rifle seems almost a physical impossibility. However, we would not care to recommend leaving a rifle entirely without attention simply because the danger of rusting has been removed from the primer. It still should be given regular inspections but it need not be done at such times that would make it inconvenient.

Metal fouling has quite recently been almost entirely overcome in two methods. The first was the use of tin in the powder. This was first used by putting about one grain in the cartridge, usually in the shape of foil. After it had been tried out and found successful by ammunition companies, powder makers immediately incorporated tin in their more modern powders; one company designates their powders which have tin incorporated in them, by the numeral ½. For instance, 15½ is the old No. 15 powder with the addition of tin. It seems that when a rifle is fired with the tin incorporated in the powder, the tin amalgamates with the metal fouling present and is blown out by blast or perhaps leaves a thin even coating on the barrel.

The second method of overcoming metal fouling has been the use of lubaloy or copper jackets on bullets. These do not leave any lumpy fouling even in the extremely high velocity loads; even the old cupro-nickel jacket bullets may be fired at a moderately high velocity using the more modern powders with almost no fouling at all.

These two things together with the elimination of the primer fouling and the elimination of the metal fouling are the culmination of years of ballistic engineering efforts.

This development in ammunition will add much to the enjoyment of everyone interested in the shooting game and it will also be a great saving economically as it will eliminate the greatest source of destruction of rifle barrels.

The Charge of the 600

By FRANK BYERS

Being a tale of the greatest duck scare ever pulled off on the Rock River

IT was a clear crisp morning in late October. The stars were shining brightly. In fact, it was so light, that as I drove to my blind, six miles from Moline, Illinois, I hardly needed my lights to see the road.

Arriving at my blind, I unlocked my boat, got everything ready, and sat down to wait. I had set out my decoys the night before in a little cove of quiet water. Pretty soon day began to break in the east. A few clouds in the sky gradually took on a beautiful golden tint.

It would soon be light enough to see, and I experienced that thrill of excitement, known to all duck hunters with the realization that soon the whistle of wings would be heard.

Then, about a mile upstream, five shots rang out in rapid succession, "some poor sport shooting in the dark," I said to myself.

A snowstorm had been reported in the north, and I judged that there would be a flight on. Evidently every hunter in the country judged likewise.

Soon ducks began to fly up and down the river. I would not say that ducks darkened the sky. I have heard about that, but I believe it is ancient and not modern hunters' lore.

Below me about half a mile were sev-

eral hunters on the narrow peninsula formed where the Green River flows into the Rock.

Along the opposite shore from me were two boats each with one or two hunters, and out in the middle of the river below me was a bright red canoe. Then the noise started. I knew when a flock was coming about three miles before I saw it. Distant reports up or down the river, gradually becoming louder, marked the flight of a flock.

I have read that savages signal over great distances by using relays of drums. A flock would come into view flying fast, and perhaps 500 feet high. "Bang, bang," went the guns from every blind, and the ducks climbed a little higher.

My little 16-gauge double is a good little gun, but I know its limitations. Every man on the river had a 200 yard gun except me.

Then two mallards lit in the middle of the river directly in front of me. The poor birds were evidently worn out and wanted a drink and a little rest. They paid no attention to the bombardment going on below and above them.

"Why doesn't he shoot?" asked a man in one of the boats. But as the Rock River is 700 feet wide at this point, I did not care to add to the fright of this friendly pair.

My decoys bobbed vainly on the water as did the other flocks of decoys. No need to clean my gun that morning as I had not fired a shot. I got a lot of pleasure out of watching the flight for I saw as many as four flocks in the air at one time.

There was a flight on, but it was a non-stop flight as far as this locality was concerned.

The next morning I was out again, but I did not see a duck. "Wise ducks," thought I, "this country is no place for you. No feed, no water, no rest."

Answer - -

BUILD REFUGES

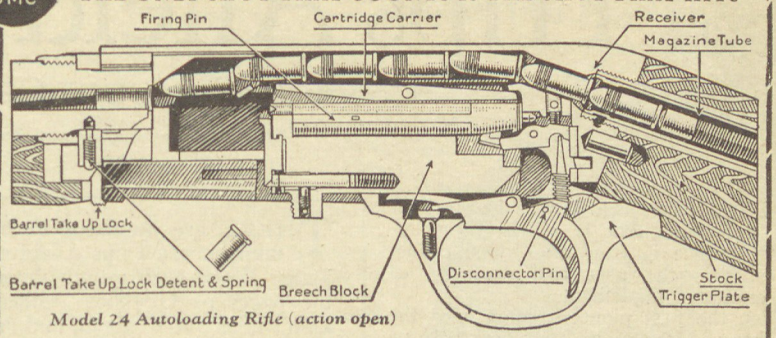
Good Advice to Hunters

A NUMBER of gun companies have written us to the effect that year after year hunters have been requested to have their guns repaired or altered during the early part of the year. A small percentage do this, but fully 90 percent of the good fellows, who hunt, wait until the last minute before sending their guns to a gun maker or gunsmith for repairs or alterations and are bitterly disappointed because they have to give up a shooting trip or shoot a strange gun before their own pet gun can be returned.

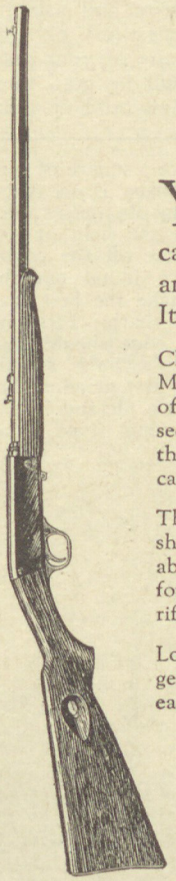
So we advise every owner of a gun of any make to have any needed repairs or alterations done in March rather than in October when all gun makers are flooded with such work.

REMINGTON UMC

"THE ONLY SHOT THAT COUNTS IS THE SHOT THAT HITS"



Model 24 Autoloading Rifle (action open)



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YOU will be amazed at its speed in shooting. Just keep pulling the trigger as fast as you can work your finger and the automatic mechanism does the rest—ejects, reloads, and fires. It talks so fast it stutters but it never misses.

Closer inspection will convince you that the Remington Model 24 Autoloader is just as amazing in simplicity of construction and beauty of line. It takes down in a second and will then fit in a suitcase. You can remove the breech block for cleaning without tools. And you can buy ammunition at any crossroads store.

The Model 24 is chambered either for the regular .22 shorts or for .22 long-rifle cartridges—not interchangeably. The magazine is in the stock and rifles chambered for shorts hold fifteen shots; those chambered for long-rifle hold ten.

Look at the Model 24 at your dealer's. Swing it up and get the "feel" that comes from perfect balance. See how easily and naturally it points. You'll know you want one.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
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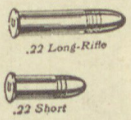

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—Lubricates thoroughly
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—Does not gum or dry up quickly.

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contains no acid—won't congeal. Apply even if you haven't time to clean gun. Stops corrosion immediately! Can be wiped out later. Sold by leading dealers. (A21)

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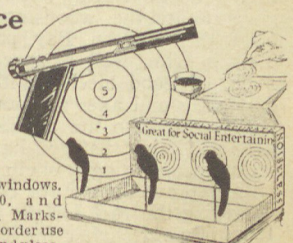

Made by shooters of national reputation. Each pistol tested by an Olympic Team man. Guaranteed to group in ¼ inch circle at 10 feet. Shoots No. 6 shot and does not break windows. Magazine holds 60, and loads automatically. Marksmen of the highest order use them for practice and pleasure. Set includes bull's-eye stamp, bird targets and extra ammunition.

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Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

Member Executive Committee, Izaak Walton League

THERE are hundreds of boys taking these Trips Afield with Judge Wood each month through the pages of OUTDOOR AMERICA. Don't miss one of them, and don't hesitate to write and ask Judge Wood any questions or consult with him on any of your outdoor plans. He will be glad to hear from you and glad to help you.

AFTER the jack knife the outdoor possession that is of the most importance is your axe. One cannot overestimate the uses and necessity of that excellent implement.

When the first pioneers came over the Allegheny Mountains, they carried no other tool and with it they built their log cabins as well as their furniture. Since the passing of our forests and the family wood pile, the average boy has been deprived of the practice which makes for skill with an axe. When he sees a woodsman handle one he is surprised at the ease with which he wields it.

If one is accustomed to handling an axe he turns to it for a great many things. I was delighted to read in the book "Bow and Arrow" by James Duff, one of our foremost craftsmen, that he uses the lowly axe to trim down bow staves for the fine bows he manufactures.

A good axe, like a good gun or fishing rod, will become a greater treasure every day you possess it. I do not know anything that will as completely spoil an outing as an axe that does not handle properly, loses its edge or allows the head to fly loose from the handle, unless it be a poor companion. Either one is a great nuisance and should be promptly gotten rid of.

In picking out your axe it is well to get the very best. Good steel that will hold an edge, a handle that will stay put and will hold the head in place in an emergency will richly compensate for the very small difference between a good and poor one. For all purposes it is best to have a small axe. If one is to be out in the open for a long time and transportation is no object, by all means take a full size axe; but for a constant companion, one should have the smaller size which may be carried on the belt. The size, shape, and hang are of the utmost importance. There are a lot of small thick-bladed stubby axes with short handles on the market which may have their uses, but a trim well-balanced axe with a good tool steel blade is not easily come by. In selecting one, it is a good rule to follow the example of those who have for years used the implement you are contemplating purchasing. In the north woods, for generations, the woodsman has used the Hudson Bay pattern. This is trim, well balanced and made of good steel. With one of these small axes at your belt, you can go into the woods with the knowledge that you have the means of building a shelter that will keep out the rain or cold, of providing the fuel for the fire in front of your shelter for warmth and for cooking. If hard put to it, you can even build a snare to capture small animals for food. A woodsman can show you how to remove a square of birch bark with your axe, shape it so that it will hold water and by its means cook over the coals. With the help of your axe you can almost live off the country.

When you have found one that precisely suits you, take the best care of it. It should be kept sharp. First, it should be ground. The edge should not be too narrow, but should have a substantial bevel. After the first grinding, it can be kept in shape with a file and finished with the little carborundum stone I mentioned before. The fine edge is easily spoiled by allowing the blade to strike the ground or a log in which a bit of dirt or sand has become lodged. A heavy leather sheath not only guards the edge but will protect you when otherwise you might stumble against it and be badly cut. At best the axe is a dangerous thing when not properly handled. A carelessly placed blow may glance and lame one for life or cause the loss of a few toes or fingers. It is well to take into account your surroundings. An overhanging branch may catch the blade and cause a serious accident. I remember one time when I was splitting some wood for the family cook stove. My father did not think I was putting quite the proper amount of energy into the job. It is quite likely that my mind was more intent upon the fact that down in the timber the squirrels would be out in the fall sunshine. I knew just where there was another youngster who would like to go after them with me. At any rate, father came out, took the axe, and started to split a tough old oak knot. It did not split at the first blow and he followed with another, not observing the clothes line overhead. He was a big powerful man who had split all the rails for a large farm in the Missouri river bottoms when they were the frontier. He put the full measure of his strength into the blow. As the axe descended, it caught the clothes line and struck Father a glancing blow beside the head. It was a narrow escape, but fortunately the blow missed hurting him seriously by a very small margin.

I might add that I no longer find cutting the family wood irksome, for as I write I am seated before a leaping fire, the logs for which I cut in the timber last winter, with the keenest enjoyment.

To use an axe properly, takes some practice but more care. Most boys start to cut without planning the work in hand. In cutting a log, it is well to start the cut just wide enough so that the V will either go through, or just half way through, in case you are working from each side of the log. Take plenty of time in making your cut and see that the sides are straight and clean. With some practice and great care you will soon learn to make a smooth cut. If you wish to fell a tree, commence on the side toward which you wish it to fall. Make a cut low down on the trunk. The lower side of the cut should be nearly straight in and should extend about one-half of the diameter of the trunk. Then start on the other side a similar cut a little higher than the first. When these two cuts meet, you will hear the swish of the descending branches

"A good axe like a good gun or fishing rod, will become a greater treasure every day you possess it."

When you're miles from a lamp-post

and it's so dark that a Senegalese looks like an Albino, that's when you need a good flashlight to blaze a trail of safety. Every outdoors man and woman needs one, as a matter of fact.

Get a flashlight, by all means, and keep it "loaded for bear" with power-packed Eveready Batteries. Be sure they're Eveready and you'll be sure of bright, white light when you press the button. The battery DOES make a difference. Buy the best and you take no chances.

The flashlight habit is a healthy one. It's a step in the LIGHT direction!

Hoppe's for guns

Good Enough for Uncle Sam

WHEN in 1918 the General Staff of the United States Army produced the Soldier's Handbook of the Rifle for the United States rifle Model 1917, it recommended Hoppe's No. 9 for cleaning bores. Just another endorsement of the sort that indicates sound merit. Use No. 9 for your guns—keep the bores bright as new.

Send 10c in stamps for sample of No. 9

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Hoppe's Lubricating Oil is specially refined for the working parts of all firearms. Pure, light, penetrating, with high viscosity, it never gums. Hoppe's Gun Grease has special acid neutralizing qualities, making it an excellent emergency cleaner and all around rust preventive.

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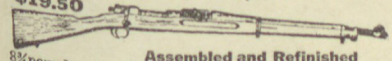

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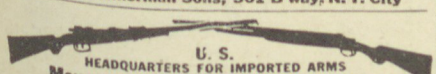

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that always brings a thrill. I always feel pained when I see the timber being cut off the hills. There are, however, some trees that should be felled for the good of the remaining timber. One may chop these without that guilty feeling which those who ruthlessly despoil must experience.

When you have carried your axe afield with you, have built a shelter, have watched the blaze curl about the logs you have cut with it, knowing that in the morning under the ashes there will be coals upon which you can cook your breakfast, you will cherish the little tool that is indeed indispensable in making camp comfortable. In common with all woodsmen, you will look with suspicion upon any one who wishes to borrow it, because you know that no one will be so careful of its keen edge as yourself. You will pick it up around home just to caress it, just to have the joyful feel of its weight in your hands, and to run your fingers delicately over its priceless edge to awaken your memories of happy campfires.

Finally, never venture on any woodsy excursion without your axe in prime condition riding at your belt. Let it be your vade mecum. (Where's that Latin dictionary?)

The Judge Gets *a New Knife*

Dear Judge Wood:

We have been strangers up to the time I read your "Trips Afield with Boys" in the December OUTDOOR AMERICA. I enjoyed your graphic experience with pocket knives.

I think I can help you some; if you will accept a home made affair of mine.

It is a development of some years hatched out in the Oxtange region of upper Canada, skinning black bear and such kindred specimens.

It is a hobby of mine to make knives occasionally whenever I can get a suitable deer horn, to present some of these to my friends of the "Woods."

I have none for sale and the string attached to the knife is to fasten it on your pants button and it will not leave you unless your pants go with it.

You certainly gave splendid advice to keep knives in good shape.

I present a specimen of my hobby to you for you to pan on its merits (if any). I have used it for a number of years on my vacation trips without much attention. You may apply your own sharpening methods.

Push the button and open the blade, which will be locked when open.

I am seventy-two and still going.

Yours truly,
Herm L. Peters.

JUDGE WOOD writes us that the boy whose picture illustrates Trips Afield this month is a particular friend of his with whom he has spent many happy days outdoors. Send Judge Wood *your* picture to add to his album of Woodsboys.

EDITOR

SEAVER-WILLIAMS SW BOSTON-MASS.

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SPORTSMEN, PROFESSIONAL MEN, EXECUtives, Business Men, Explorers, Aviators are astounded at its *AMAZING* performance under gruelling action. It is WEATHER-PROOF! Case is DUST-PROOF! MOISTURE-PROOF! Has famous Illinois "Sportsman" WEATHER-PROOF Movement; RESILIO wheels, plates, escapements, secret process tempered. Genuine Ruby Jewels—not 7 or 15 Jewels, but 17 JEWELS for *Precision!* Radium dial GLOWS time *vividly* in darkness! It tells time, day and night, and—tells it RIGHT! Built for DRESS-wear! SPORTS-wear! ANY-wear! Handsome cushion shape. Men are PROUD to display it! Created by Illinois Watch Company, Springfield, Illinois. The U. S. Government, during the World War, requested their entire output of Strap Watches because they were conceded the best. List Price $50. Our price, to emphasize our "Direct-by-Mail" Values, is..... **$33.95**

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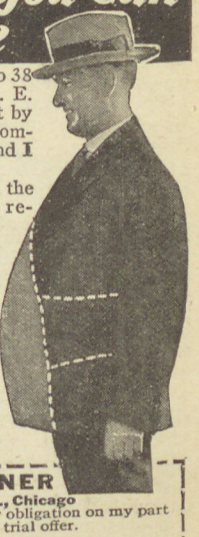
Too Fat? You Can Reduce



"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

The Director Belt gets at the *cause* of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

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Camping

Nothing gives greater pleasure and health than life in the open

Edited by MURDO GIBSON
Camping Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA

"OUTSIDE the thermometer registers fifteen degrees below zero," cheerily writes Murdo Gibson from his midwinter tent home in the heart of the wilderness.

Sitting here in a warm office shivering at the air from a half inch raised window, we marvel at the contented letters that come from this dweller in the winter woods.

All of which goes to prove what we have often said before, that Murdo Gibson *knows his camping*, all the season 'round.

Consult with him on any item of your own camping outfits or camping comforts. Your letters will be forwarded to him, and he will answer you personally.

Your letter from him may be frostbitten and hung with icicles, but it will contain the most helpful camping advice you have ever received.—EDITOR.

In Camp, December, 1927.

THOSE who read last month's article, in this department, might like to know how I am getting along during the sub-zero season, in my rotten and much dilapidated tent. The answer is: splendidly.

Roof and side walls are now almost completely covered with sheets of magazine and newspaper. Holes in end walls were merely patched, with small pieces, because I wanted some surface through which daylight could enter. As it is, the interior is darker, during the day, than I like but at night the papered portion reflects more lantern light than the dark colored canvas did.

Paste was made by stirring together, in a tomato can two-thirds full of cold water, two heaping tablespoons white flour, one of dry-powdered, skimmed milk and one of granulated sugar. The can was then placed on the stove and the mixture boiled, and frequently stirred, until it thickened.

Professional paperhangers may scoff at that formula, but it was the best I knew how to make with materials available and it did what I wanted it to do, satisfactorily. Not a sheet has loosened, yet, although they have all been thoroughly soaked by seepage from melting snow. When it withstood a test of that sort I feel safe in predicting that it will hold all winter.

On my first trip to town I shall try to find some flexible window material so I can observe, in comfort, my many visitors, both furred and feathered. Zero weather and open tent flaps don't go very well together.

"My" chickadees have habits quite like those of the Canada jay. Not content with a mere cropful, they must carry off, and hide, every morsel of meat (fat preferred) they can find. Except for about an hour at noon, they are on the job from dawn till dusk, every day.

They are even more fearless than most jays, and fly from their bacon rinds just fast enough and far enough to avoid being stepped on, or hit by a stick of wood when I toss the night's supply toward the tent door.

It is amusing to see their reluctance, on a "crispy" morning, to alight in newly fallen snow. They remind me of river drivers. How the boys do shrink from the first wetting, when an early spring dawn discloses a skim of ice on the sloughs. Both birds and men know perfectly well that it is not only inevitable, but quite endurable, after the first shock. Both will be absolutely indifferent about it long before noon, yet they dread that initial plunge and go to ridiculous trouble to postpone it.

A big stove is a great comfort in this climate. Not only can I burn whatever kind of wood is handiest but its large capacity permits its being loaded at bedtime with such large chunks of green aspen that the fire usually lasts all night.

Both yesterday and today there were enough live embers and glowing coals to start the breakfast fire without the use of "kindling." This morning, when I arose, the tent was comfortably warm and a pail of beans, resting on a rear corner of the stove, was cheerily emitting puffs of fragrant steam. Outside, the thermometer registered fifteen degrees below zero. Small wonder that I favor large fire boxes for winter tenting.

Another source of satisfaction is the large (six-inch) pipe. Even with the stove lid removed, for broiling fish there is neither smoke-nuisance nor smell, inside the tent. Sometimes I take off the cover just to treat myself to the illusion of an open fire. From my seat on the bed rail I stare at the seething flames and indulge in fancies similar to those induced by the glow of an outdoor campfire.

This reference to broiled fish prompts me to mention my eleven (so far) feasts of broiled "Jumbo" whitefish. "Jumbo" is a trade name given to extra large whitefish. Generally, they are shipped to the largest cities only, and bring a higher price than those of ordinary size.

The day before pitching camp here I bought two of them from an Indian. His price was five cents per pound, guessed weight. They measured twenty-five inches in length and sixteen and a half in girth. By skinning, splitting down the back and dividing each half into three parts, I had twelve large broiling pieces from the two fish.

To say I am enjoying these fish meals doesn't express half my meaning. When broiled over a smokeless fire until their sides are colored to a rich, dark russet brown, these boneless slabs of firm, snow-white deliciousness taste a little better than any other fish I ever ate. And that, friends, is saying a lot.

Just to convince the skeptical reader that I am not indulging in mere imaginative exaggeration, I will state that, since the second broil, I have eaten them without salt or any other seasoning. Formerly I added both butter and salt but soon learned that even these detracted, noticeably, from the rare delicacy of flavor inherent in the natural fish.

I have learned, also, that "pre-thawing" is unnecessary. Before, I would put the piece to be cooked next into a basin of cold, salted water and soak it until completely thawed. But one evening I came

Not Murdo Gibson but another contented prowler in the winter woods.

in so "fish hungry" I dispensed with that preliminary. Although the fish was frozen as hard as cast iron, when put on the grate—which I used as a broiler—it cooked almost as quickly and tasted fully as well as the others.

Eliminating that process saves time, trouble and dishwashing. Now I can cook and eat my broiled fish without using a dish of any kind. When broiled, the piece is placed on a sheet of paper and, after cooling slightly, held in my hand as if it were a slice of jam-laden bread. The paper is used as a napkin (or serviette, if you prefer that term) then burned. No fuss, no bother, no smelly dish rags. One more step toward achievement of the "Simple Life."

Chopping out the water hole is part of my daily routine. For this, I am now using an ice-chisel, improvised from a worn-out, ten inch, flat file, fitted into a maple staff six feet long and one and a half inches thick.

To remove the temper, the business end of the file was shoved through a draught hole in the stove and heated to a bright red. After cooling, it was easily filed to a chisel edge. The handle end was then heated and used to burn a deep, narrow mortise in the staff. Into this the file was driven and bound securely with hay wire. Re-tempering was successfully accomplished at the first trial, by heating to a "cherry red," then plunging it into a pail of cold water.

Until the moment it breaks through to the water, an axe is a proper tool for cutting a hole through thick ice. But as soon as the water gushes up and fills the excavation, it should be exchanged for a chisel. If not, every blow will splash water and, when the surface is covered with fragments of ice, the axeman is unable to see what and where he is hitting. I have known this to be the cause of so many broken axe handles, I advise winter campers to include in their equipment either an ice-chisel or else some spare axe helves.

With an ice-chisel fitted to a stout staff, one can strike straight down, avoid most of the splash and keep sides of hole perpendicular. When ice forms to a thickness of three feet or more, vertical sides become an important consideration.

At the inn on Yellow Girl Point, I begged two empty five-gallon kerosene tins. After cutting out their tops one was set, horizontally, on four stakes, beside the stove. As it is flush with the top of the stove, heating surface is greatly increased. Soup, for instance, when placed on this shelf, will continue to simmer as long as an inch of the kettle rests on the hot stove. Most of the time, this shelf is occupied by a large marshmallow tin that serves, regularly, as a hot water reservoir and, occasionally, as a laundry tub.

The other oil can is the receptacle for dirty dishwater and other refuse that most winter campers *throw* from the tent door. Befouling the premises in that manner is not what I would call "Outdoor Good Manners" but it is a common practice that should be tabooed by all sportsmen. Far better to *pour* the liquid garbage into a small hole, situated where it will not offend.

From one of the oil can tops I made a snug fitting collar for the stove pipe. The one that came with the stove let in too much ozone. By supplementing it with the homemade affair, that fault was remedied. The circular disc, from the center, retains its original handle and is used as a cover for the smaller cooking utensils. The other top is the oven door.

For trimming the edges of these tins I use ordinary housewives' scissors. Mine

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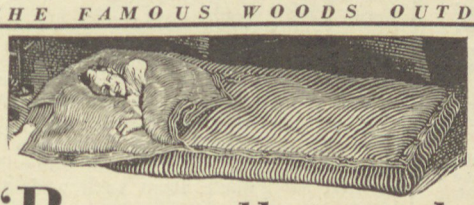

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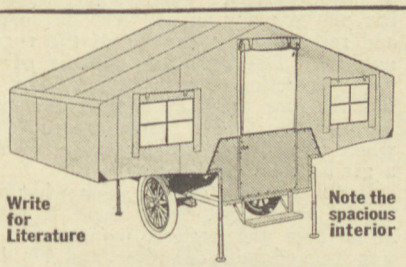

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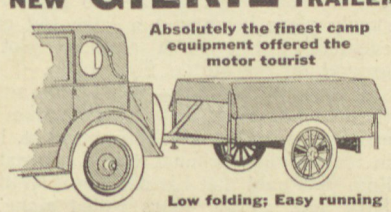

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have been used for that purpose scores of times without any injury that I can detect. I also have a little leather punch, bought more than ten years ago in a dime store. It has punched thousands of holes through tin and stove pipes and seems to be as good today as when new. I never visit one of these stores without looking for another of these punches, but without success. I have paid up to two dollars and a half for leather punches, but of the half dozen or more, not one would withstand use on sheet iron. All were too hard and their tubes would crumble under the strong, sliding pressure necessary to punch a hole through stovepipe iron.

Seldom do I molest any birds or animals around my camps. Even mice and reptiles are free to come and go without interference from me. But last night a large weasel became so objectionably presumptuous, noisy and destructive, I set my ten-cent, spring-wire rat trap and caught him within thirty seconds.

He was not satisfied with the fish heads, fins and other scraps I put in a convenient place for all my guests, but had to tear through the papers covering the broiling pieces and rend my precious provender, without the slightest regard for me. Repeatedly I shooed him away, but as soon as I was safely inside the tent he returned to his work of wanton destruction. So I sentenced him to death.

The arguments used to convince myself that this was the right action to take seemed sound at the time. Since, there have been doubts and regrets. The hour was late and sleep would have been impossible while that vandal was crackling papers and devouring my fanciest food. I might have put the fish out of his reach but that entailed considerable time and trouble because it was cold (fifteen below zero) and the stove had been filled for the night with great chunks of green wood. This would have to be taken out and replaced with dry fuel in order to thaw myself when the task was finished. There were other reasons why I favored capital punishment. The marauder wore a beautiful coat of pure-white fur and I knew that a certain young lady would be delighted with a collarette, or something of that sort, made from such a daintily handsome pelt.

It is not difficult to find reasons for killing fur bearing animals. It is their defenders who have the hard task. Ask your game warden; he knows.

THE MAIL IS IN! I have known that announcement to cause wild excitement in a northern mining camp. Even here, after but three weeks of isolation, it produced quite a thrill. That night was spent reading "OUTDOOR AMERICA" for December—an excellent number, of which headquarters should be proud, as I know all members of the League are.

From now until spring, dog, horse and auto transportation will be available nearly every day. As my tent is only two and a half miles from the traveled route, sending and receiving mail and parcels should be easy.

I am enjoying every minute of my holiday. There hasn't been a dull moment since leaving civilization. On the contrary, time passes unbelievably fast. Although I am never idle, my activities are congenial and so varied that there is not the faintest suggestion of drudgery or monotony. I thoroughly like the solitude. It has much to recommend it. Here, there is no one to murmur at my irregularities; no one else to consider, when I read all night and sleep until late next day. No schedule is disrupted if I eat four times, or only twice, between sleeps. Much more could be said in favor of lone camping but it will have to await another occasion.

Nourishment and stimulation for the spiritual, or aesthetic part of one's nature is not lacking. It is here in abundance. Gorgeous, vividly colored sunrises and sunsets are the rule and when the moon lights snowy expanses of the lake and its pine-clad islands, one is compelled to marvel, reverently, at the sublime pageantry of the universe. If that be not worship it is closely akin to it. If David, by lifting up his eyes to the hills of Palestine, gained strength and inspiration, why may I not receive some measure of benefit by fixing my gaze still higher? May I not change his declaration a little and, without irreverence, but with equal assurance, proclaim: I to the *skies* will lift mine eyes from whence does come mine aid?

Old Days and Bob White

By DR. S. S. DICKEY

FAR back in the Allegheny foothills of southwestern Pennsylvania Nature has played many an odd trick in shaping and reshaping the contour of the rugged uplands. The dissonant outlines of the ridges sometimes present a scene not unlike the raw teeth of a saw, and then, again, wide fertile valleys spread out where meandering streams have reached a gradient fair and serene.

In this seraphic country, somewhat over eighty years ago, there came a settler from over the eastern mountains. He was rugged and dauntless and his hale and hearty spirit urged him to make this genial country his home. So giant oaks slowly were hewn and a cozy log cabin eventually occupied a spacious plot of ground on the fertile flood plain.

It was in this very cabin and amidst these wild hills that I made the acquaintance of the worthy immigrant, back in the old days when I was a mere stripling. He said that his name was William Kirk and, as the years rolled along, he became widely known and much respected by the countrymen far and near.

I myself was an enthusiastic sportsman, and many an odd hour and holiday snatched from my rounds of duties, found me scouting the hills in quest of game. The stealthy mink, the shy ruffed grouse, the grey squirrel, and the cottontail made up my usual run of game; but above all others the bobwhite became my favorite. His swift flight through thicket, cornfield, and cattle range, completely thrilled me, and the choice shots which he afforded me made of me an enthusiast in the realm of the quail.

And so, as the years rolled on, and my journeys carried me into the wilds which William Kirk had partially subdued, the old woodsman and I formed a fast friendship and frequently hunted the bobwhite together in the wild uplands of southwestern Pennsylvania.

As the still, crisp days of November were ushered in, our hearts throbbed with eager anticipation.

Our course often led us along a prominent hog back ridge beyond a scattered grove of Bull nut trees where clumps of poverty grass usurped odd spots amid red tar-weeds and blue grass. Here on a memorable 5th of November, during the late nineties, we began a hunt that stands

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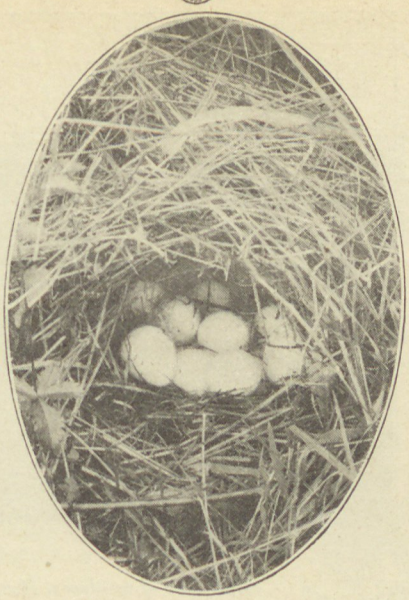

Nest of bobwhite where frequently as many as sixteen eggs are found.

out in my mind as a particular red letter day in our sport.

We had just reached the extremity of the Bull nut trees and our old setter dog, Toney, was slightly in the lead. Of a sudden he made a pretty point. Then, with a whir of wings, up arose a covey of fourteen quail. William Kirk fired first and I followed with a second shot, while the covey made off to the northwestern flank of the ridge. When the smoke cleared away and I told Toney "dead bird," the dog was off in his search for the fallen game. We in turn hurriedly made after him, and very soon he came towards us bearing a nice fat bobwhite, its wings so arranged that they well nigh covered the dog's face, making a very odd sight. I soon had the first bird in my hand and then the good old dog secured a second prize and brought it in to us. That started the day in fine form, and we trudged nimbly along an ancient post-and-rail fence in quest of the vanished covey.

In a stand of persimmon trees, under whose branches a heap of brush had been piled, we heard the bobwhite's call notes. We went hastily forward and Toney again made a perfect point. Bill Kirk cast a stone amidst the brush and eight quail made a whir through the grove of persimmons. I, by good fortune, was in a favorable spot for shooting and, by firing both barrels, I took a chance at winging my game. This time, however, Bill was out of luck, and on account of an impeding mass of trees and branches he did not fire. Toney rushed out and gathered two more fat quail which elated me not a little. I had scarcely expected to take more than one bird with my two shots, and I felt that my aim had been a lucky stab; but all good sportsmen realize, as I did, the thrill that comes to him who happens to get his game by such long chances.

Over the ridge and into a recently stacked cornfield we made our way. A little stream ran sluggishly through the silty soil; Spanish needles and fox tail grass usurped the greater part of the interstices between the corn shocks. In a rather extensive stretch of soggy ground, where recent rains had left their remnants, we sought a bit of higher ground.

Old Toney soon made his point and we got ready for action. I had made it known to friend Bill that he should have the next opportunity to make his number

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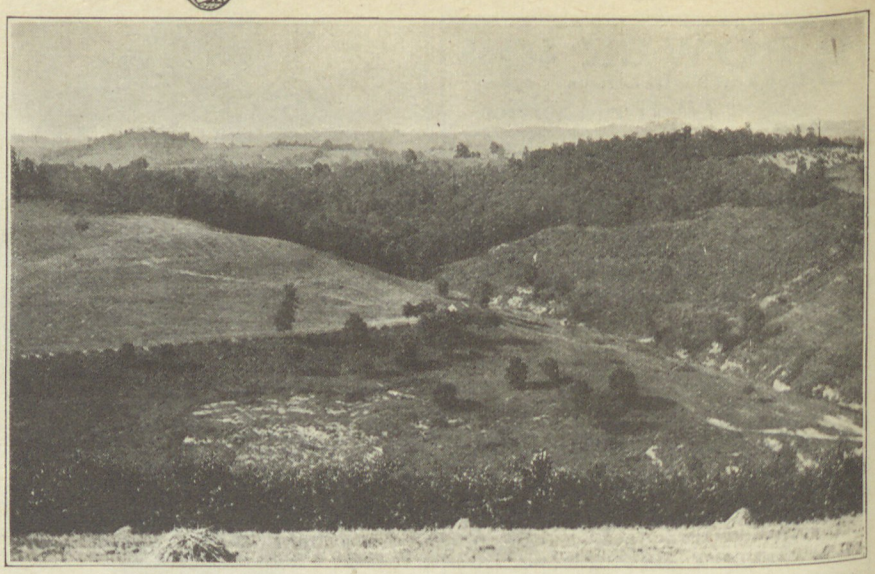

A portion of southwest Pennsylvania haunted by the bobwhite.

of birds equal to my three prizes. So when the covey of five quail rushed from the fox tail grass Bill let them have the contents of his two barrels and he awaited for the smoke to clear away. Then Toney worked in fine style and brought in a single dandy which my friend looked on with fond eyes.

It must be remembered that in those bygone times, we sportsmen took slight cognizance of the numbers of birds which we might call it good sportsmanship to pop off in a day's hunt. But, to be frank, we did accomplish the feat of bagging sixteen birds that November day. Never before or since have we equaled that day afield with the quail, but I have learned from an ardent old timer of my home village that he once took, all told, twenty bobwhite. Naturally enough, when he related the tale the other day, he was reticent and felt that he had committed an outrage which all good sportsmen of today would censor severely.

In these modern days, old Bill Kirk, who is now eighty-four years of age, laments the fact that we slew so many quail on that November outing of long ago. He tells me that he still dreams over exploits afield, and yet his better nature makes him aware that the bobwhite ought to be kindly looked after, and that a good sportsman should not set his hopes on more than a half-dozen birds in a single season. He is undoubtedly right, and I feel that we of the open places ought to keep within decent bounds when we go in quest of bobwhite.

Still Fishing for Bass in California

(Continued from page 42)

Much of the scenery around the Southern California reservoirs and lakes is rarely picturesque and beautiful. Some of these waters are bordered to the very edge with pine and other timber, and others are lightly wooded, and studded with huge rocks along the shores. From some of the elevations on these rocks distant views of the mountains reveal wonderful vistas.

The big-mouth bass in the colder waters of the upper lakes are courageous fighters. They will often leave the water in a fierce endeavor to shake themselves from the hook, for a two or three pound fish can put up a lusty struggle.

Old-fashioned fishermen use cane poles, yanking the bass out by sheer strength and awkwardness. But this is murder pure and simple. It does not give the fish as much of a chance as a cat in Gehenna without claws.

As a table fish, the big-mouth bass are in a class by themselves. Fried in thin shavings of bacon they are delicious.

Still-fishing for big-mouth bass in Southern California is royal sport. They will run from a pound to four pounds in weight, although fish from a pound and a half to two pounds are most common. September and October are the most pleasant months for the fishing, the weather at that time being cool in the mornings and evenings and generally warm enough during the middle of the day to allow for good still-fishing.

Are you giving the birds a chance?
They need food and grit these cold snowy winter days. Locate, feed and protect them.
They will fully repay your efforts.

How Fly Fishers Are Made

(Continued from page 51)

reach and many over-hanging limbs, so I knew it would be some game of wits.

To keep this big fellow out of all these hazards and land him there under the steep bank was something to think about. We had no landing net. With each added move of the finny beauty and my efforts to control him, Lowell's face took on a new thrilled expression. Although the water was quite chilly, I was beginning to perspire and wonder where there was a safe place to try for a landing. In addition to many other maneuvers, I had to swing the rod over my head frequently to change the course of my captive. Finally I spied a log about fifteen yards down the creek to parts unknown at bank right at the edge of the water. I knew the log was my only hope, so I proceeded to lead Mr. Bass down the creek.

After many attempts, I managed to get to the far end of the log and began playing him for a long run. Sure enough this scaled warrior started for a journey down the creek to parts unknown at break-neck speed. This was all in my favor. I immediately took advantage of it by leading and guiding him in a circle. This caused the bass to travel very fast and threw him off his guard. Fortunately, I had the situation timed to the second. His natural speed, together with my assistance, sent him flying onto the bank directly behind the log. Lowell and I stood for some time admiring this four pound beauty.

If there had been any doubt in Lowell's mind about what I call the "only real way to fish," it was now wiped out completely. Before we left that evening, Lowell hooked a two pound bass and was master of the situation from beginning to end. My opinion of fly-fishing is best expressed in what a brother of mine once said. "Red," as he was called, had done a lot of fishing sitting on the bank using a bobber and considered himself quite some fisherman. One day about three years ago, he went out to watch a cousin of mine do some fly-fishing. Upon their return he remarked to my father, who has also done a lot of bank fishing, "Dad, I'll never dig another worm. Why, you can catch more fish with a fly-rod and a fly accidentally than you can with anything else on purpose."

78 Bass Caught in 3 Hours from a Florida Lake

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Outboard Motors and Small Boats

Edited by
PAUL BURRESS

The Deserved Popularity of Outboard Motors

DID you ever stop to consider the cost of maintaining a motor boat on every navigable body of water in the world? The combined millions of Ford and Rockefeller would not provide this convenience to you which is available at a nominal sum.

The development of outboard motor transportation has made available our richest scenic and sporting recreational regions. The efficient little motor has opened the door to all nature lovers and sportsmen at small cost. Ask any man who uses one.

Outboard motor users are unanimous in their opinions that pound for pound and dollar for dollar, the outboard motor and small boat will give as great if not a bigger value in realizing outdoor recreation than most any other piece of outdoor equipment.

This modern and clever little device multiplies your opportunities for hunting, fishing and scenic exploration jaunts, and provides safe, speedy transportation, opening a new field in water sports. The possibilities are enormous when compared with the small investment and almost negligible operating expense.

When you realize that a self contained power, fuel and propelling unit, capable of being transported as a piece of hand luggage, adaptable to most any canoe, skiff or row-boat, furnishing transportation for a boat capacity load with speed and comfort, when you add this facility to your vacation pleasures year after year at one original cost of less than one hundred and fifty dollars, you will agree that your outboard is equal to or even of greater value than any of your sporting goods investments.

The sport of shooting or fishing is not assured by merely owning arms and tackle. Railroads, and in most cases automobiles will not put you in THE fish and game locality. In addition to the recreational pleasures of motor boating, your field for hunting and fishing is multiplied in the same proportion as strong-back rowing is to a cool breezy outboard motor boat speed of from one to thirty miles per hour.

As the automobile has revolutionized land transportation the outboard motor has revolutionized inland water transportation. Aside from the popular sport of outboard motor racing and polo, there is of course the ever increasing demand for these sturdy little power units for transportation.

National yachting and powerboating figures have been quick to realize the importance of the outboard motor. Commander Eugene F. McDonald, Jr., in a recent letter to the writer stated: "The growth of the use of the outboard motor during the past few years, and its wonderful possibilities, from the standpoint of sport, makes absolutely necessary a means by which it can be developed and co-ordinated." There has been organized the American Outboard Motor Association, of which Commander McDonald is National Commodore. This organization will co-ordinate the individual efforts being made in many communities where outboard clubs have been organized. Such co-ordination will enable the boatmen throughout the country to accomplish the things they know are necessary to the proper enjoyment of outboard motoring.

It is not in any sense of the word a commercial venture, as none of the officers receive a salary. It is simply a national medium that will render a complete service to the small boat owner and give him the recognition due him.

The stump field away up at the head of the lake where the big blacks wait, is easily and quickly accessible with an outboard.

The objects of the association as taken from its national constitution are as follows:

1. Render a national service to the owners of small craft.
2. Promote increased interest in small boat motoring.
3. Promote national, international, state, interstate, and local regattas and cruises for outboard motorboat owners.
4. To aid and encourage the use of boats by boys and girls by the closest co-operation with the Boy Scouts, Sea Scouts, Camp Fire Girls and Junior Izaak Walton League Chapters and others.
5. To aid and advocate national, state and local action or legislation favorable to water motoring such as the following:

(a) Encourage the provision of adequate housing and docking facilities.

(b) Encourage and promote the installation of reservoir basins of sufficient capacity to maintain a navigable water level throughout the season.

(c) To assist in creating a special national department in Washington to supply the small boat owner with reliable information on inland navigation.

(d) To aid in combating the pollution of our inland and coastal waterways which detracts from the pleasures of small boat users.

(e) To insure proper recognition of small boats and the courtesy due them.

Waterways are happy ways, producing miles of smiles with safety and economy in an outboard motor boat.

(f) To arrange courses and other facilities for regattas, races, etc.

(g) To influence the design of harbors and park lagoons to accommodate small motor boats.

Commander Eugene F. Mc Donald, National Commodore of the American Outboard Motor Association.

Any person over the age of fourteen years, of good moral standing in his or her community, is eligible to membership in this association. Additional information about the A. O. M. A. may be had by addressing the editor of this department.

The number of outboard motors in use has been doubled and trebled during the past six years. Such popularity has been well earned. We will endeavor to give our readers monthly homeopathic doses of the technical and recreational causes and effects of outboard motors and small boats. The editor of this department, whose time is now devoted almost exclusively to this phase of outdoor sport, will give to the readers of Outdoor America reliable and interesting information that will tend to create a greater desire and love for the out-of-doors through the medium of watercraft.

It is our sincere desire and pleasure to be of service to you, and, in keeping with the purpose of this department, we solicit your inquiries on the how, why, when and whereof of outboard motoring and small boats.

QUESTIONS

? ? ?

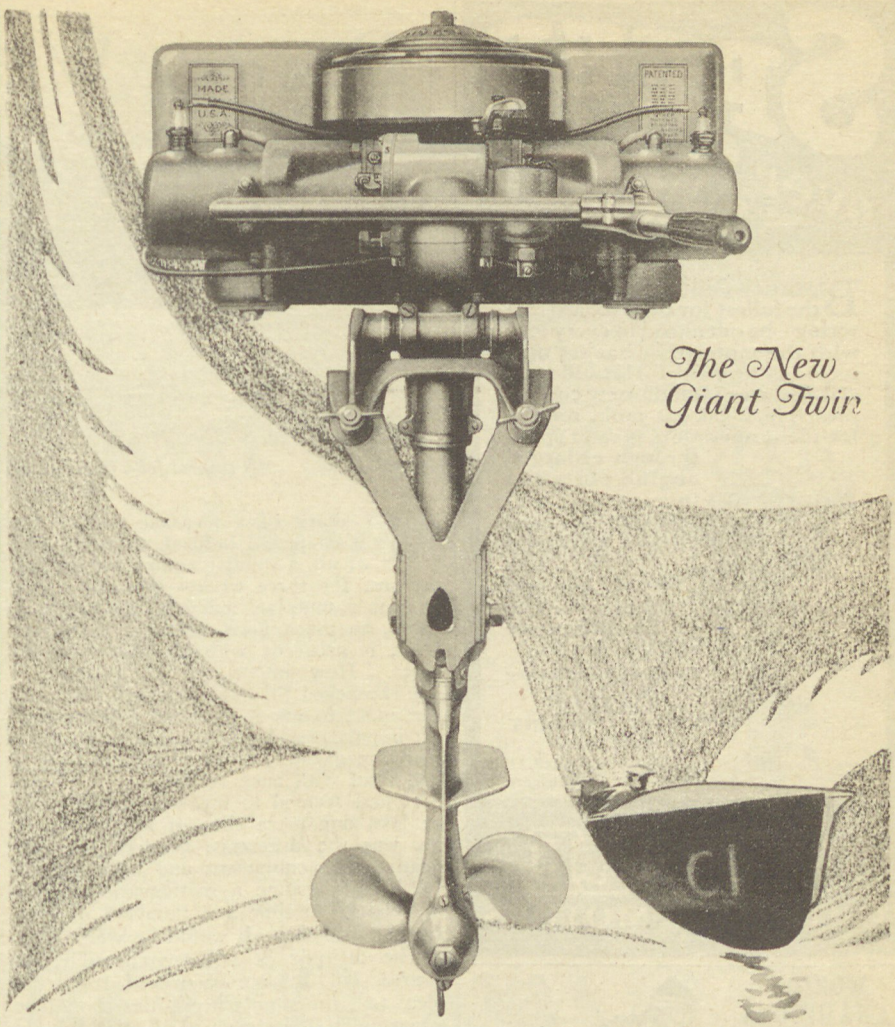
for readers about

Outboard Motors and Small Boats

will be gladly answered by

"JED" BURRESS

editor of this dept.



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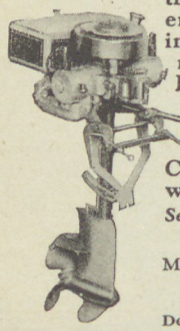

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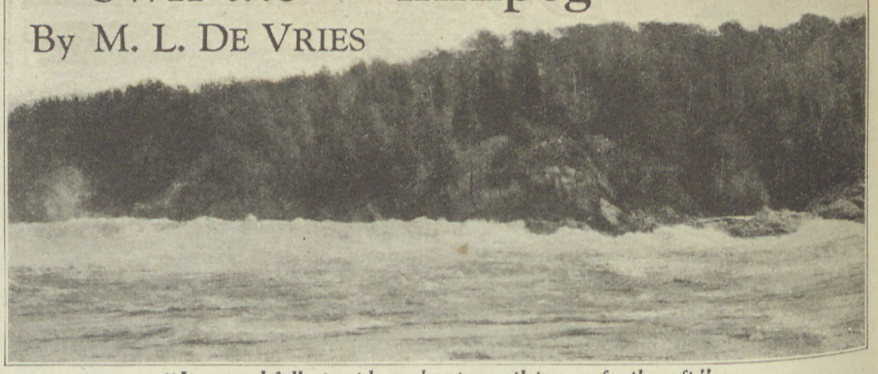
Down the Winnipeg

By M. L. DE VRIES



"It seemed folly to ride such a turmoil in our frail craft."

MY diary of a pleasant trip on the Winnipeg, I noticed, suggests, first of all, a suitable equipment for two persons, for three weeks—so many ropes, so much tent, so many pans, so many beans, so much flour, and all that—then, later, it proceeds with its casual adventures. How important, that inventory! We ransacked St. Paul to meet its requisitions and to me it assumed a great deal of importance, indeed, because of those many magazine articles about camping, I had read with such relish.

It had seemed to me, one spoon, more or less, one more slice of bacon, yes or no, was the difference between life and death. The equipment and provender, I felt, must assume a mathematical nicety in relation to time and numbers of consumers, and then all would be well.

The attitude is not reprehensible, of course, but I have recovered from the idea, that the simple necessities should be taken quite so seriously. What is a piece of sow-belly, more or less, between friends? In fact, the very casualness of the preparations, it seems to me, enhances the pleasures of the trip all the more.

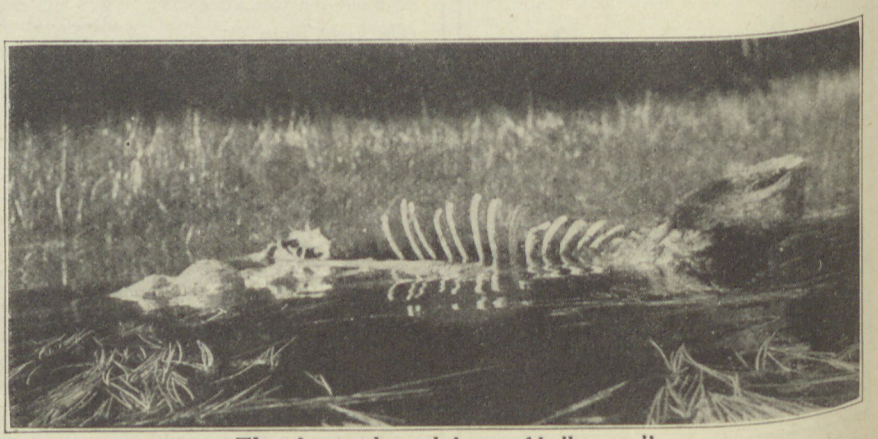
Before entering on the really serious business of canoeing down the Winnipeg, we served a sort of apprenticeship on Lake of the Woods, a very pleasant apprenticeship, indeed, and I hesitate to think what might have occurred to us on the river, had we not had that much less dangerous experience on the lake.

We shipped our canoe and guns and various paraphernalia to Warroad in northern Minnesota, which is almost at the southerly point of Lake of the Woods, and from there we started out on our small adventures. My diary mentions some one, who said a map was important and upon looking at one that he had, we thought so too. Abrupt peninsulas, myriad islands—it seemed amazingly futile to go on without a map. So we took one along, but wore it out in three days by constant reference and then were gloriously lost.

I recall the early morning of the day that we dropped our canoe in the water. When we had left the rotting dock at Warroad an eager wave sent a tremor through my body as truly as a real danger would have done. But steadily we bowed into them, careening dizzily from crest to furrow. And soon I came to like it, although I failed to penetrate the persistent mist to any shore whatever. I hoped to Heaven there was one somewhere about.

Lake of the Woods is a dismal place from our side, although in Ontario it is exquisite—like a field of nodding daisies. Hours passed, and at noon a bite of chocolate sufficed to keep up our energy A following wind rushed us onward, through the afternoon, and after a while, we noticed that the moon already hung in the east and we searched the shore for a first camp. Bog and tamarack streched away to the further hills, the purple horizon—but a small nook, white and sandy, eventually drew us shoreward. Then we saw a pier, almost submerged, stretching out into the lake, for the occasional ranger's convenience, no doubt.

A fire glowed quickly under a lone pine, the pup-tent caught the glow and assumed a cozy warmth, too inviting to be long denied. A mosquito hummed, a general, I think, and we had scarcely turned in before he had his phalanxes mustered for the attack. We countered with huge white sheets of netting but to no purpose. They did squads right and squads left in our necks, our ears and mouths—battalion formations and regimental drill, until we



"There lay two huge skeletons of bull moose."

fled distracted for the lake, those white sheets floating behind us like majestic bridal trains. Far out on the pier we considered our defeat—our utter rout—and wondered what to do about it. We could find nothing and the mere thought of going back into that Argonne paralyzed us. The pier was scarcely more than a few inches above the water and as the waves rolled in, they lapped the boards that made our bed, until I wished I was home. But so we slept, on that frail and delicate latticework, and I almost doubt whether we should have awakened if the whole thing had crashed to the bottom.

For several days we wandered from island to island, sown with a prodigal hand in the Little Traverse, as the northern end of the lake is called.

Then there was a portage around the log boom, and, just below, the waters of the Winnipeg rippled swiftly away into the forest. Almost at once the banks rose into towering palisades and we rushed headlong into that ominous gorge. But then suddenly the sun shone about us again and the banked granite fell gradually away. Our swift and headlong plunge became a saner progress.

Then as the day wore on, there was Manaki, somehow a summer resort, no doubt by virtue of the railroad, both of which we resented. We hurried on and lost them around the bend. That was the last of people, almost. Loafing Indians, hardly changed that impression—they neither questioned nor welcomed our approach. They only stared blankly.

We had gone on and on and days became indistinguishable, a camp here and a camp there, charming at the moment but almost forgotten in the beauty of the next. And the Winnipeg became shoreless, in its wide expanse, but we pushed on from island to island, and then once, when evening came, we had drifted into a peaceful lake with sandy shores and water as blue as a summer sky.

A pair of loons, which we supposed to be ducks, until they shrilled their tragic laugh, swam contentedly about. We wondered what they did that night, when a black and furious tempest lashed Sand Lake into a tossing ferment, and crackling lightning plunged headlong into the forest around. But when morning came they still rode gaily on the waves and laughed their loudest when they plunged from the top of a crest into the deepest trough.

It was impossible to leave that storm-tossed lake that day and we walked along the sandy beach, and made excursions into the rocky hills and drank from trickling springs and then came out again on the beach. We had walked, perhaps, halfway around the lake, when to our astonishment, we were hailed by some one further up the bank.

He proved to be the ranger on his circuit and when we could finally leave, he led us a merry pace to White Dog. Time and again, I looked around at Tom as we ploughed along, my back breaking and my arms aching in every muscle, but Tom insisted on keeping alongside. To me, a portage became a blessing, thoroughly disguised, but a blessing, nevertheless.

White Dog was Hudson Bay Co's., a store and a house of white-washed logs—the factor, a saturnine Indian, from whom we bought some moccasins and pink and green and red candy—gaudy poison.

Some miles beyond, we happened to lose our way entirely. Labyrinthine bays and small mounded islets, completely befuddled us and all sense of direction was gone. A moose, bathing itself in a secluded bay, distracted us for the moment and we approached as quietly as possible

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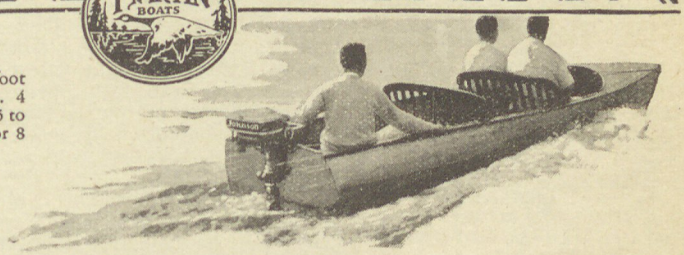

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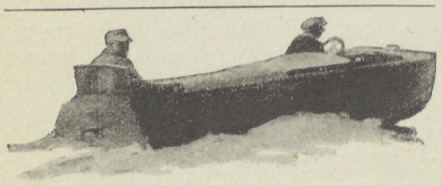

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for a picture. But the camera was so complicated, I became confused and couldn't operate it and the animal went crashing through the woods in fearful flight.

Evening was falling before we could find any path out of that chaos of waters—deep bays and dead rivers, that seemed to stop before they were well begun. But just then we heard tumbling water ahead and thought our difficulties solved. Alas! The waters were tumbling the wrong way. We had always been traveling down stream and this falls was without doubt, tumbling toward us. We had only time to pitch our tent and stir up a fire and it was night.

Morning saw no solution to our difficulty, but later an Indian appeared, drifting down the English—that is what the river turned out to be—and when he had portaged the falls, we questioned him. He was cheerful and willing, but his language was not ours. Nevertheless, we moved along with him and by dint of elaborate explanation, at which he laughed tremendously, he finally grasped our difficulty and with the most gracious goodwill, went many miles off his course to direct us. And along the way, we bartered our extra, cracked store paddle for his sturdier home made one, which pleased him immensely. I believe we acquired some of his grace at paddling too—a long sweep on his left and then, throwing the paddle with the same motion high over his head and plunging it in the water on his right—the whole movement as effortless, as fascinating and regular as the swing of a pendulum. For us to keep along became another back-breaking business.

And when he left us we came into a secluded bay, where the waters swirled in small eddies and the trees hung deep over the shore. Thus we chanced upon a tragedy of the woods, the exact nature of which we could only surmise. There, in the shallowest water, lay two huge carcasses of bull moose, head to head, scarcely more than skeletons but surely not more than a season, dead.

Their huge spread of horn served for a head rest and a school of minnows played around their ribs. Had they been shot down by some wandering marauder, or had they both fallen in a titanic battle of their own? It seemed to us they would have chosen firmer footing for that and besides their horns were not locked. Or had they stood at bay here against a pack of wolves?

There were so many moose along the river here—were they all cows or had the bulls shed their horns? Or didn't they shed their horns? We didn't know. They were as a rule unafraid and from their bed of lilies in a quiet spot, watched us drift by without a quiver. Deer, of ourse, were hardly so bold—quick and graceful, they darted into the woods as we approached.

And families of ducks would drift down the river ahead of us and as their fear grew stronger, become confused and scurry in all directions and when we had left them, assembled again and seek a safer place. And geese more defiant although the youngsters seemed more capable of taking care of themselves. It was a peculiar sensation to have a huge gander poised directly overhead, screaming defiance at us as we passed along, seeming ever on the verge of taking our collective heads off.

Then came those long portages along the Seven Sisters and their numerous progeny, some of which we refused point-blank to make. Those rapids, which looked the least disastrous, we attempted to shoot, and Tom said once he distinctly

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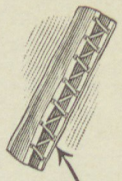

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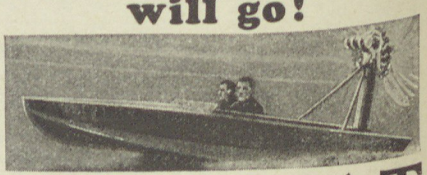

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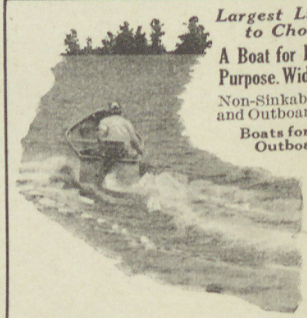

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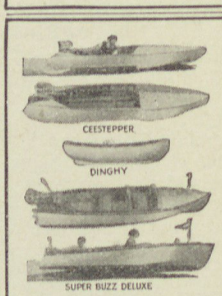

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heard St. Peter ordering a couple of Number Three harps. Whipped from side to side in the churning white water, we raced madly down, trusting to kind providence that no half submerged rocks lay in our path.

And when quieter water surrounded us, we gasped a sigh of relief and vowed to be wiser at the next opportunity. But there is a big thrill and exhilaration, scarcely to be denied, which lures one surely to destruction.

It seemed, now, it was the second Sister that treated us so shrewishly. We had driven into her buoyantly, but our prow was suddenly whipped about and before we could regain control, a wave came ripping toward us and landed without much ado, directly in my lap. I grabbed a bucket to bail with, but a second and third wave, no smaller than the other, submerged us in a moment and we seemed to be sitting in the middle of that wild tempest with nothing but water below us. Then, if ever, should St. Peter have spoken. I recall going to the bottom, a journey of some distance, but on arrival, making a jump and popping to the surface like a jack in the box. Tom was there, and the capsized canoe, the keel being almost the only part that was visible. Somehow, I managed to catch hold of that and then together, we travelled in ever increasing circles until at last we came near the bank and straggled onto shore. Thereafter care and caution became less abstract principles.

Only once, to save a tortuous portage, we laid those principles aside, and in consequence, for a moment, which seemed infinity we stood poised on the very brink of a ten foot plunge. Happily, we were only a foot or two from the bank and somehow, Tom got out without capsizing us and pulled the canoe to safety.

Lac du Bonnet was quiet and peaceful after that, stretching away to a hazy horizon, and there on the westerly shore, was the town. There was an hotel there, where the waitress discussed us to a finish with other habitues, who declared we came from the "Etat Unis," and although French was almost a closed book to us, nevertheless, we glowed under their eager curiosity. On Tuesday a train came from Winnipeg, and we left them, and the blue river, which they said, dashes, then, madly to Fort Alexander and the lake.

NOTICE

THE Illinois Annual State Convention will be held at Aurora, February 21-22-23, 1928 at the Aurora Leland Hotel. This will be a convention of tremendous importance to the conservation efforts of the Izaak Walton League in Illinois. Headquarters urges that each chapter in the state send one or more delegates.

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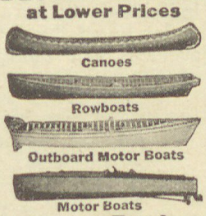

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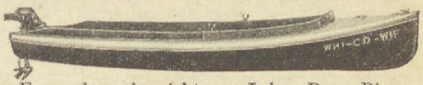

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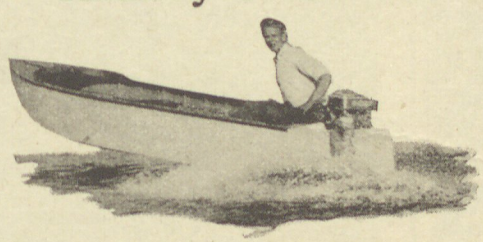

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Your Dog And Mine

Breeding Ways in Dogdom

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY
Dog Editor. OUTDOOR AMERICA

IT matters not whether our predilections are for hounds, spaniels, pointers or setters, those of us who bestow the right attention on breeding matters, the care of the matron, the selection of the right stud dog and the provisions for clean healthy quarters for the reception and subsequent activities of the young are bound to get good results. When things go wrong despite your attention you will always have the feeling of having done your best, and that amounts to a great deal in dogdom.

There is no gainsaying the unalterable fact that it is just as easy to raise a good dog as a dub—a pure bred as a mongrel. Perhaps you have to arrange for more comforts for the highly bred fellows, but, when this is done, they will repay the troubles of their keep a hundred fold. Furthermore, dog men who exercise common sense and devote care to their charges are not the sort who depend upon luck in raising dogs, but all the time they know just where they stand and how to perfect the standard of their animals and remedy any of the little evils which constantly are cropping up to make dog breeding and dog raising a studious and fascinating pastime.

Dogs, of all animals, are the closest to the human race in intelligence. Doubtless, many surpass certain members of the human race in intelligence, for none of them try to live at the high rate of speed indulged in by the youth of today. They have speed, it is true, but it is an intellectual and physical asset that they devote to their natal destiny. They are a little better off than humans for they combine all work and all play as their vital existence and transmit a part of the thrills they are experiencing to their owners.

Look at the present day American-bred fox hound, for example. He is a composite of wonderful excellencies that have been brought about by superb methods of breeding. He is an embodiment of royal blood and kingly perfection. He may be regarded as a sleepy, lazy chap for the time being while indolently indulging in his long siesta in the kennel yard, but he is only following Nature's way of storing up energy in order to be able to perform his tasks. And I often suspect that during those tranquil moments he is mentally active, revolving much over in his mind.

Truly it might tax credulity to think that one could compare the well bred hound with modern youth, yet it can be done, not at the expense of the dog, not at the expense of youth, but rather to put an animated picture before the mind of the latter, one which would be well for him to study and remember.

The hound of the present era is a product of breeding; reproduction by selection from the fittest parents. Here is the real reason that well bred dogs have the advantage over humans. With humans often unsatisfactory results come from the fact that there is no selection of parents, but, instead, a little blind, nude chap by the name of Cupid arranges matters, whose only faculty seems to be the one of bringing together males and females through the sentimental attraction of love, while he amazingly overlooks that thing of fitness, seemingly being influenced only by the thought that, if he is able to do this, his work is done and he has no need to care about the consequences of the inevitable law in breeding that blood will tell.

This is not meant to be written in a humorous vein, but the comparisons are brought about for their outstanding argument of choosing the best parents for the fathers of the future sporting dogs.

A good hound or bird dog is the result of good breeding. A high class hound or bird dog comes from mating the best performing specimens. And the same may be truly said about any breed of sporting dogs, plus the fact that blood lines of performing potency for many years back are ascendantly the surpassing kind. The truth of the matter is that no matter what breed of dogs for outdoor purposes is selected as a subject we can regard them as being bred as specialists. The hound is a specialist and such can be said equally without danger of contradiction of the setter, pointer, spaniel, Chesapeake or even the greyhound. The high class performer must have certain blood lines dominant in his system.

Of course, now and then, we discover individuals of rare merit, though of inferior blood lines. This can be called an accident, but though they may be great individual performers, unless their blood lines are the best, seldom have they the power to transmit their qualities to their progeny.

For the moment I am going back to the hound, his mentality, physical qualities and performance, because by the average man who knows no better they are the most maligned breed of all sporting dogs. Yet, study him and there is no reason for this appalling state of ignorance. He is a specialist and has been bred as a specialist countless generations, pure! So powerful and so desirable were his faculties that his blood was used time and again in producing other breeds which required his fundamental qualities. The sleepiest looking hound of worth has superior blood coursing through his system. His lazy acts around the yard are only Nature's method of recuperating and, as stated previously, storing up Nature's energy for his future excessively hard work. I am inclined, too, to believe he is revolving in his mind all the incidents of the previous chase, criticising his faults and debating with himself how to improve in efficiency in every way. Were not this true, how could we account for the gradual or sudden improvement in dogs; for it can scarcely be attributed entirely to the development of instinct? Improvement must come entirely from a combination made up of brains and instinct.

Another thing we discover in the dog, and that is the transcending character of hunting instinct which discloses the possession of a certain acute faculty of the greatest value in his outdoor work. In the bird dog we call it the bird brains; in the hound the mental processes include knowledge of game locality, ability to start the quarry and then handle each

Mike Gibbons, ex-middleweight champion and his field trial setter, Osake's Duff.

divergency of scent and trickery of a wily red fox with competent mastery. There must be a high state of mental activity going on all the time to produce the exceeding desire to hunt, the compelling wish to pursue and the do or die spirit to excel and execute which is most marked in the going of every great dog.

That all these mental qualities, intent on aiding physical affairs, are constantly keen and acting can be well understood through the vocal announcements of a hound. Every hunter knows them and understands them better than if they were proclaimed through a golden trumpet. For they are flung into his sensitive ears by a pure voice of unparalleled excellence, a voice which has been bred for these purposes for innumerable years. The master, miles off, if in hearing of his dog, can tell every mental emotion of his capable, faithful animal—the doubtful or actual strike, the cold trailing, the real starting of the game, rapid following of a hot scent, the speed of the going and the stamina of the dog; suddenly the crisping, blood stirring, passionate staccatoes of the sight race, and then the almost doleful, solitary killing or holing of the game. Most all this happens whether the hunt and race is a short or a long one, and every reverberation or high-pitched or diminuendo intoning is a veritable musical record of the thrilling moments to the master, for that thing of voice very frequently has been bred for as carefully as other qualities since time immemorial.

With the bird dog, the things which appeal to the sight add most to the sport provided by the wonderful creature. Without the presence of a bird dog, the hunting of grouse, chickens, pheasants and quails would be devoid of the major charm. It would result in a meat getting proposition, devoid of thrills, where man alone is the hunter. The bird dog, however, rarely registers his mental emotions, yet every instant flashes his impressions and the efforts of his brain and physical workings, by his deportment. The tail and the animated body and the rest of the wonderfully efficient being perpetually are telling what is going on better than sound. The cast, the apparent fling of all concentrated energies on the likely places, vast enjoyment of the sport stand out like a great bas relief of events in the hunter's mind, however hard the going, or the scarcity or abundance of the game. Then comes the big thrill. All other accompaniments of the questing are but secondary to it—the sudden wheeling into a perfect body scenting point on game. The rigid or trembling form of the animal, quivering with excitement, at the greatly desired culmination of his search. In that moment the accompaniment of combined brain workings and physical stressings cries out loudly for acknowledgment of the achievement. The untiring search, the uncanny knowledge of where the birds ought to be found, much superior to that of the master, the perfect handling of the game, however difficult it was to do it under existing conditions. Mental and physical coordination of the highest character are the attributes of a high class bird dog, and they, too, have been brought about only by this fascinating, putative mystery of breeding, but which, in fact, is only the application of common sense when choosing the sire and dam for future progeny.

We find in the dogs used chiefly and separately for retrieving game conspicuous qualities. With them, as with others, there are class, ordinary and dub dogs, produced by the mating of parents. The traits, natal and characteristic, of retrievers obviously are love of hunting, retrieving game, indifference to the inflictions of cold water or hard going in the various sorts of upland cover or aqueous growths. Physical sufferings are entirely ignored during their endeavors to perform their task in all kinds of weather. Their brains must be employed constantly to cope with the trickeries of wounded game on land or in water, breasting high waves or swimming in swift, dangerous rapids, and even, at times diving to retrieve some wounded specimen of the anatidae family, that has submerged itself and clings to the bottom during its last efforts to escape. And all of this work on the part of the retriever must be executed promptly, in and out of water, often at zero temperatures when the water is

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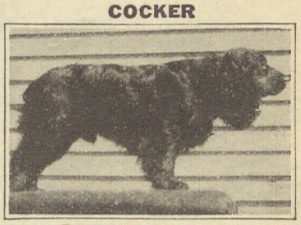

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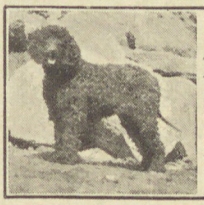

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freezing cold. The animal later, in a wet coat, is in a freezing state but he must wait patiently in a blind close to his master in order to repeat the act at the very next opportunity. The animal which performs this with greatest efficiency is the one that has generations of breeding back of him for the purpose—parents which are selected for brains, nose and scenting qualities.

All the above may be justly construed as emphasizing the necessity of intelligent breeding to procure desirable progeny. If the reader is convinced, then the author feels happy, for he will know that sportsmen are listening to the wide-going call for more attention to breeding, which is nothing more, after all, than a forerunner to actual performance. Seemingly the fault with the average American breeder has been a tendency to follow lines of least resistance and take for granted spectacular though unsound work of a dog, rather than devote a little time to studying just what sort of parents the future hunting dog in his kennels ought to have.

Following the line of least resistance is injudiciously according honors to pedigree and pedigree alone, and attributing field performance to pedigree, whether it existed continually in the families to be mated, or not. Following the line of least resistance unfortunately characterizes nearly everything connected with our mundane affairs. The unthinking breeder follows it by letting the other fellow in a way think for him. He has no time for it, and, therefore, takes too much for granted. The result is that the country is overwhelmed with dubs produced by careless breeding of pedigreed dogs because the average dog owner firmly believes that like produces like, champions should produce champions, which they would, if breeding were followed as the big line of champions were created. This subject will be continued further next month.

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anything you want to learn about dogs.

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Barking on a Rabbit Trail

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I am writing you to find out the best way to get a young spayed English Beagle to bark on a rabbit trail. She is about fifteen months old, and tracks well, but does not bark on the trail—only when she sees the rabbit.

Any suggestions you can give me will surely be appreciated.

Yours sincerely,
F. E. MILLER,
Kokomo, Ind.

Dear Mr. Miller:

Your dog will ultimately bark on trail only through continually hunting it.

You followed a poor method by having it spayed. After such an operation rarely does a bitch come up to standard performance.

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Pointing Close

Dear Ozark Ripley:

As a reader of the wonderful magazine, Outdoor America, I would like to ask a few questions in regard to my dog in the field.

First—I might say she is a fast wide ranger. Would you recommend I make her work close in?

Second—she seems to crowd her game too close before coming to staunch point, yet has a good nose, but seems to want to crowd in too close to the game. What would you recommend for this habit?

Third—retrieves part of the time. What would be your advice on forcing a dog to retrieve, and do you recommend a spike collar in teaching this?

I am told by some hunters that she will finally break herself of crowding game too close, but I am not so sure about that, as she is two years old this fall.

I would be glad for any suggestions you might give me, as my experience is very limited, although I have hunted over some very good dogs.

Yours for the great outdoors,
LESTER E. MEADOWS,
Richmond, Indiana.

Dear Mr. Meadows:

It is all up to you whether or not you wish your dog to work close. As far as the desirability of it is concerned, pointing close, if staunch, is a good indication of body scenting methods. If your dog handles properly I would not change it. A dog pointing close is much more efficient than a dog pointing from a distance, and there is not the danger of inadvertently flushing the game. Of course you will have to teach it not to crowd birds to a flush, and I think if you have the dog under control this will come about easily.

Teach force retrieving and use a force collar for it. The spikes will hurt the dog, but have them slanting, and the collar of the type which prevents choking so soon as the dog yields.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

Irish Water Spaniels

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have what I think is an exceptional spaniel. I bought this dog as an Irish Water Spaniel, without papers, but I have been thinking of trying to get papers on her.

I would like to know something of the history of the Irish Spaniel and also the description of one. I have noticed advertisements reading genuine curly coated, rattail, topknot Irish Spaniels. Are there more than one type of Irish Spaniel? The dog I have is a little darker in color than the topknot spaniels I have seen, and not as curly, but a much prettier dog.

Will you please tell me what you know concerning the Irish Spaniel.

Yours very truly,
E. A. HANEY,
Madison, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Haney:

There is but one standard type of Irish Water Spaniel which can be identified as a pure breed by pedigree alone—the only real verification. The curly coat, rat-tail and topknot are outstanding characteristics of the breed. Some may be a little darker in color than others. But proof of a pure strain is absolute only in a certified copy of pedigree.

The Irish dog has been mixed with the cocker and other strains of spaniels, which often effects texture of coat, color and size.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

Setter or Springer for Pheasants?

Dear "Ozark Ripley":

I am taking advantage of the Editor's note in December Outdoor America. I want your candid opinion on a pup (English Setter) sired by Eugene Mead, he by Champion Eugene Mead ex Birdie Cummings. The dam Ben's Rhodie Bell by Champion Shore's Ben ex Betsy Rodfield, she by Champion Master Rodfield.

Do you think that a male pup of this breeding would be suitable for Pheasants? In Ohio we are unfortunate to have the quail placed with the song birds, and have had to supply the foreign Pheasant in place. He proves a real bird for heavy cover in the low land and seems very hard to take as he is able to carry (at times) an entire load of shot. There is no doubt as to your

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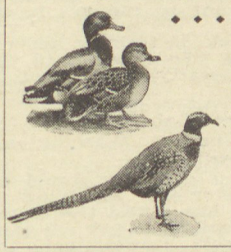

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experience in this game. Getting back to the dog question: I have never had any experience with dogs myself but the Pointer and Springer seem to be favorites here. You know what you get into when you start a discussion on dogs.

I want your reply just as I have stated. Don't leave anything out. I remain,

Sincerely yours,
ROBERT E. FRIEL,
Lore City, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Friel:

Handled properly your dog ought to develop into a good performer on pheasants, much better in fact than the other breed you mention. Pointers and setters cannot be beaten by any breeds that hunt game birds.

The blood lines of your pup could hardly be improved, though sometimes the best of breeding does not make a great individual, but your chances for a good performer are excellent and you ought to give the youngster all chances possible to develop on game.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

How Enforce Obedience?

Dear Ozark Ripley:

As a constant reader of Outdoor America, I am writing for information.

I have a bitch (setter) ten months old. She ran wild until I got her one month ago. Since that time I have won one puppy stake with her and taken second in another. She is a rapid, wide-going pup. In the open she will range a half mile on each side. She is bold and fearless with a wonderful sense of direction. She stands on point for about six to eight seconds then flushes and often chases her birds. She is not yard broken to any degree, although she minds me when I call her and will "down" when told, etc. However, when some distance away she will not come unless she happens to feel like it, although she is improving. I can call her from much farther than I could two weeks ago. She has so much pep and is so bird crazy that I fear to use a spike collar to force obedience for fear of cutting down her boldness and great bird-finding qualities.

Would you overlook this for the time or would you force obedience and how?

Of course, I want to run her in the derby next year.

I have your book on training and enjoy it very much. Your advice in this matter will be greatly appreciated. I remain,

Very truly yours,
MANGUS E. MAC MILLAN,
Chehalis, Washington.

Dear Doctor MacMillan:

If I were you I certainly would not force the youngster into steadying yet on point while it has a field trial career ahead of it, particularly as you are going to run it in a derby. I would make this plain to the pup, however, that you are able to catch it at any time.

The dog has such outstanding and meritorious qualities that you would come dangerously near hacking it were you not exceedingly careful with the use of the force collar. But bring the dog up into game and hold it on point without any severity by having it on a long lead at least thirty feet in length. It will soon learn to know what you mean when you hold it there for a while steady to point and wing.

If I can be of further service at any time please let me know.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

No, Don't Do It

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a little female Springer Spaniel pup about three months old. I had thought of having her spayed so as not to have her bothered with other dogs during training time, but some have said that if she were spayed she would be spoiled as a hunting dog. Could you advise me whether or not it would be advisable to have this done, and when the best time would be to do it?

Thanking you for your advice in this matter, I am

Yours truly,
GEORGE L. ANGSTMAN,
Mora, Minnesota.

Dear Mr. Angstman:

You will follow a very uncertain-in-results program if you have your bitch spayed. Very few females are worth their keep after such an operation.

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Why Howard Cleaves Knows His Stuff

For nearly three years Mr. Cleaves was with the New York State Conservation Commission, where he learned the new practices now followed in the protection of birds, in fish and game propagation, the planting and guarding of forests, the rearing of game birds.

He has camped and tramped in the Catskill and Adirondack Forest Preserves.

Mr. Cleaves was also state secretary of the Wild Life League of West Virginia, a conservation body.

On the Hundred Yard Line

(Continued from page 31)

and the fisherman tended strictly to his knitting. The boat was steered ahead of the moving school of minnows and then cut across in front of them. Willis was trailing a hundred yards of line, well clear of the wake of the boat—as it should be.

Zowie! A strike. The line went taut like a flash. The engine was stopped. Skillfully and not too eagerly Willis brought his victim in. There it was a few feet from the side—a yellow tail. And it sure was a dandy. And just as Willis was about to bring the creature over the gunwale, said fish gave a terrific lunge—and was gone.

Then, strange to say, Willis appeared at his best. One plain, all-inclusive, all-conclusive "Damn" and the episode was ended. The face of the fisherman was as placid as the summer sea about him, and there was even a suspicion of a twinkle in his eyes.

"Better luck next time."

And so they circled around and attacked the enemy from its left flank. The same care, the same deliberate trailing of the 100 yards of line.

Again, zowie! And the line tightened while everybody's face grew tense. Once more the deliberate intake, with the victim drawing nearer and nearer.

Having spoken as I have about the uncanny deductive powers of Willis and his prowess with jiu-jitsu, I approach this part of my narrative most reluctantly. You see the little skiff was out there miles from land. There was not another human being in the whole world looking on and for all anybody might know that second yellow tail was landed.

But the bitter truth is that the second ye'low tail too defied the laws of man and Neptune and jumped the hook! This time there was not even a "Damn"—only the swish of the waves and a dark cloud somewhere in the vicinity of Willis's head. But presently even that vanished and the air was clear again.

Evidently the rest of the yellow tail had been properly warned, for no more were lured to the hook.

But fisherman's luck is a variable quantity, and a few "good ones" lost now and then does not matter. "There are plenty of days ahead," thought Willis, "and another time we can go after something really worth talking about. Jew fish for example."

Willis was as good as his word, and on a well chosen morning this placid fisherman set forth determined to avenge himself on the dwellers in the sea. Folks looked wonderingly as he set out in his little boat, with the avowed purpose of getting a Jew fish, but their disbelief did not disturb him.

As on other trips of this sort his equipment was simple, but adequate. "You've got to know as much as your fish," says Willis, "or you're done." Thereupon he sorted out his bait and selected a big chunk of flesh and placed it on a hook about five inches in length. The hook was attached to a 26-strand line by eight feet of steel leader. Evidently no minnows were to be sought that day.

"It's practically a still fishing proposition," Willis explained. The little craft was allowed to drift with the breeze, the motor being shut off. "These big lobsters lay low, you know, and when they get after a hunk of that bait they do a whole job of it, and swallow the whole business, way down to their stomach."

So it proved. Patience permitted the party to idle for a long time that day. Occasionally a restless individual was for pulling up stakes, so to speak, and seeking other waters. But not so Willis. The day wore on slowly, with Catalina gradually slipping away beyond the horizon. Then when it seemed as though there was no more hope in the sea, the looked-for moment arrived. The line hummed into a taut fiddle string and Willis was upright in an instant, deftly managing reel with one hand and rod with the other. It was a case of piscatorial jiu-jitsu, right. Somebody was at the other end of that 26-strand line and believe me it was as busy as any telephone line serving the Stock Exchange. The messages that came over it ranged all the way from "Mr. Fish is just leaving" to "Get the hook," and "You have the wrong number," but Willis refused to hang *up*. He knew he had the right number and believed that by hanging *on* he could get in direct communication with his party.

He did. It took about twenty minutes to do it, but at last the great fish—almost worthy of Jonah himself—loomed on the surface apparently subdued and ready to give up. There were occasional suggestions from his tail, however, that seemed to indicate that he was not exactly dead. The sea had become choppy and the boat was bobbing badly, but the master fisherman kept his balance admirably, at the same time never allowing too much strain on the slender line, and never allowing it to become too loose. Little by little the huge creature was drawn nearer and nearer. Now he was almost within reach of the gaff.

With a swish of his tail the devil dove and the reel hummed, it seemed for an hour. A smile played over Willis's face and he held on intently, watching the pull on his line. Friend fish evidently was not to be taken so easily. At length the dash for liberty ended and then began the laborious job of once more drawing him to the gunwale. It was a long, tedious task and occupied 40 minutes. With the old fellow in sight once more the little party in the boat brightened up and everything took on an air of business. Willis reached for his handkerchief and wiped his perspiring brow. His arms ached clear to the shoulders. Somebody else reached for the gaff. Ah, there the old boy was four feet away.

With a lunge the gaff was thrust into him and the trophy was safe! Getting the fish into the boat was another matter. Bringing 180 pounds of dead weight—for such it eventually proved to be—over the side of a sixteen-foot boat is not an easy task. Several attempts proving futile, it was decided to tow the carcass, at least to quiet water.

So that afternoon the natives and newcomers in the magic harbor of Avalon, who were strolling along the beach enjoying the beauty of the animated scene, were suddenly given a new thrill. Willis with his little putt-putting boat "steamed" into the bay with an unusual wake behind him. In due course, while the populace gathered round, the big Jew fish was hauled out of the water and suspended from the scales where have been weighed so many of the famous catches by Zane Grey, Jimmy Jump, Harry Mallen and others. Weight, 180 pounds.

"I've been bucking the 100-yard line all day," said Willis with a broad smile, "but I guess I've kicked a goal."

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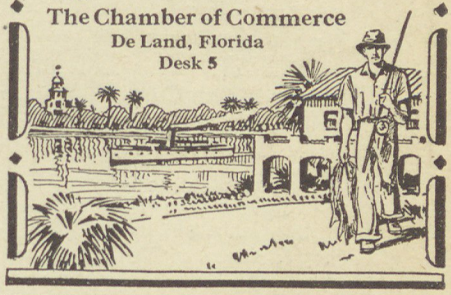

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BEAUTIFUL pedigreed Newfoundland puppies. Also St. Bernard. Real companion and guard. Earl Thurston, Hartsville, Indiana.

FOX terriers, collies, bulldogs, pretty puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Indiana. (12-5)

RAT Terriers, Fox Terriers, Police, Beagles. Lists 10c. Pete Slater, Box 0A, Pana, Ill. (6-3)

GREAT Danes, registerable. Tanana Kennels, Steamboat Springs, Colorado. (6-5)

Newfoundlands

NEWFOUNDLANDS, mammoth, healthy, intelligent registered dogs; pups for sale. Birky Kennels, Fisher, Illinois.

Pointers and Setters

POINTERS and setters. Have some extra fine puppies, all ages. Also some partly trained dogs and a few thoroughly trained dogs. All extra fine individuals and the best of bloodlines, all shipped on approval. Write us your wants. Catalogue ten cents. Oak Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. (12x27)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

BARGAIN: Beautiful registered winning Irish Setter bitch in whelp to winning dog; also exceptional young Gordon. Also puppies. Charles Inglee, 155 Montague Street, Brooklyn, New York. (3-4)

FOR Sale: Two pointers 7 months. Male and Female. Eligible to register $25.00 and $20.00. C. C. Chamberlain, 418 7th St., S. W., Rochester, Minnesota.

PEDIGREED English Setter Puppies. Two months old. Riley Frush and Count Moring breeding. Males, $20.00. F. H. Adams, Hartley, Iowa. (3-3)

POINTERS and Setters. Young dogs for spring training. Vaccinated against distemper. Eligible to register. I. G. Howe, Belmont, N. Y. (3-4)

WIREHAIRED Pointing Griffons, finest all-around bird and duck dog. Eligible youngsters at $60. Dr. Dratz, Missoula, Montana. (2x28)

FOR Sale: Real honest to goodness Irish setters now ready to train, all papers. L. D. Hegg, Covington, Indiana. (3-2)

Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Continued

AT stud: Irish Setter: by Sean of Boyne, Pocahontas Red Jacket. Fee $15.00. Axel Nelson, Newell, Iowa. (3-3)

IRISH setter puppies. Good blood. Papers furnished. J. E. Prai, Brainard, Nebraska. (3-2)

ENGLISH Llewellyn setter puppies, from private hunting dogs. R. Staehr, Kearney, Nebraska. (3-4)

Police Dogs

60 POLICE puppies, papers to register, imported and domestic breeding. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. None better bred, all colors. Females $15.00. Males $25.00. Open and bred females. Shipped anywhere C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, North Dakota. (6-4)

BEAUTIFUL police dogs, bitches, pups and stud; reasonable. Hedback Kennels, Cumberland, Wisconsin. (3x27)

Spaniels

SPRINGER pups from exceptional working strain, combining blood lines of Prince of Avendale, Field Trial Champions Rex, Flush and Flint of Avendale and Colinette, and International Champion Laverstoke Powder Horn. Five handsome bitches, $25.00 each, one dog $40.00. Shipped on approval. S. B. Buckner, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

IRISH water spaniel pups. Nine males, one female. Genuine curly coated. Rat tails. All beauties. Registration papers with each. Most easily trained. Sire and dam wonderful retrievers. Land or water. Can stand the gaff. No water too cold. Price $25 each. Safe delivery guaranteed. Guy Stone, M. D., Fargo, North Dakota. (3-4)

IRISH water spaniels, genuinely curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (7x27)

SPRINGER spaniels at stud. "Rivington Valentine" (imp) black and white. "Rivington Roysterer" (imp) Liver and white. At one show their progeny won thirteen firsts, two seconds, including best in show, all breeds. Illustrated particulars. John Stewart, Minot, N. D. (3-2)

FOR Sale: A. K. C. pedigreed black cocker spaniel puppies. None better. Sired by Rocko Rockatello, grand sire, Bonny Moore Prince. Males $30.00, females $20.00. Sidney Adema, Roscoe, Ill. (3-2)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Choice farm raised pups. Avandale blood. $25.00 upward. Partly broken bitches in whelp. Bargain. Papers furnished and ship on approval. Lakeland Kennels. H. J. Robertson, Olivia, Minn. (3-2)

SPRINGER spaniels. Litter puppies, 4 months old. Real stock, priced right. Tip of Iowa at Stud. Fee $25.00. Dr. Grant Newby, Platteville, Wisconsin. (3-3)

SPRINGERS: We are short of room and will sell a few choice puppies in liver and white, and black and white, at $25.00 each. Joe Stephenson, Boyne Falls, Mich. (3-2)

WATER Spaniels. Pups. Half Irish, half cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Males $15.00, Females $12.50. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-2)

REGISTERED Springer Spaniels and Irish Water Spaniels, best of blood lines and from trained hunting stock. Priced reasonable. Pryor & Dosdall, Red Wing, Minnesota.

IRISH water spaniels for sale. Pups and adults. Fine brood matron. Bargain price. All registered. Water Magnus, Webster, S. D. (3-4)

FOR Sale: Pedigreed Cocker Spaniel Pups. Red or black. From reliable parents. Price $25. Harold Jensen, R. R. 1, Box 60, Sturtevant, Wisconsin.

AT Stud: A Reg. Irish Spaniel. Sire—Irish Toney, Dam—Topsy O'Dare. Fee $15.00. Ship to J. W. Lockie, Pomeroy, Ia. (3-2)

COCKER Puppies from first class show and hunting strains. Some ready for training. Rowland, Greensville, Ontario. (3-2)

SPRINGER spaniels bred from hunters, twenty-five dollars each. Ship March first. Chas. M. Brooks, McGregor, Iowa. (3-4)

Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

COCKER Spaniels. Beautiful youngsters; from thorough hunters, registered; $25 up. Pellor Farm, Northeast, Pa. (3-3)

IRISH Water Spaniels. Working strains with type and brains. M. M. Oliphant, Missoula, Mont. (3-3)

REGISTERED Springer Spaniels, puppies, beautiful stock, price right. Phil Ziebarth, Plentywood, Mont.

SPRINGER Spaniels, puppies, youngsters and trained dogs. All papers. G. L. Gosney, Dayton, Washington.

THIRTY springers. Send for list. Avalon Kennels (Reg.). Al. Nichter, Canal Fulton, Ohio. (3-3)

SPRINGER spaniels. Fifteen dollars each. Denver Ackley, Cattaraugus, N. Y.

QUALITY bred Springer Spaniel pups; Harold Williams, Belleville, New York.

Terriers

DARE Devils. (Irish Terriers.) Protection, Playfellow, Pal for Kiddies. Only one man dog, fierce with strangers. Hunter. Noted for Courage and Brains. Litter registered pups for sale, bitch bred to Champion. Red Top Kennels, O. A. Teague, Texas. (4x26)

IRISH Terriers. Ideal for the woods and home; real pals, royally bred. Some sturdy youngsters ready for shipment. Eligible for registration. Mackellen Kennels, 205 Federal Bldg., Lexington, Ky. (3-3)

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

Trainers—Dogs

WANTED bird dogs for boarding and training. M. F. Courtney, Route 2, Gibsland, La. (3-4)

WANTED: Bird dogs for boarding and training. C. W. Tuttle, Ina, Illinois. (12x27)

Wanted—Dogs

WANTED puppies, all breeds. Write age, sex, lowest price in first letter. Market Pet Shop, 439 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dog Remedies and Supplies

TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and found as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

REGISTER your dog. Application blanks and rates for stamp. American Dog Breeders Stud Book, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-3)

Firearms and Ammunition

B&M SPORTER, Watson Sights, Telescope Sights, Reloading Tools and Components, Cleaning Rods and other accessories. Free circulars. Complete handbook fifty cents. Belding & Mull, 832 Osceola Road, Philipsburg, Pa.

SELL one hundred new and used rifles and shotguns, mostly big bore duck and goose guns and high power rifles. We trade, what have you? Printed firearms list 10c. Frayseth's Hardware, Milan, Minn.

EXPERT gunsmithing. Restocking to order from five to eight dollars. Thirty-five years' experience. Work guaranteed. William Tietz, So. St. Paul, Minnesota. (3-2)

OVER-STOCKED Winchester '86 cartridges at $2.00 per hundred. Special pump guns at $33.75. McCallister's, Baltimore, Md. (3-2)

WANTED old time Colt and Remington revolving rifles, cap and ball. B. C. Smiley, Angola, Indiana. (3-4)

NITRO Solvent formula, 25c. V. Deberthauser, Bowling Green, Missouri. (3-4)

Fish and Game Attractions

TERRELL'S Giant Wild Rice Seed and 35 other plants for attracting fish, game, muskrats, etc, 32 years experience. Expert planting advice free. Discount on orders placed during winter. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 71 L. Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-2)

MINNESOTA giant wild rice seed. Write for special price for immediate delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly Company, Aitkin, Minnesota. (6-4)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

FLY or bait rods made by our expert rod maker, Win. Coultas, of special selected and evenly balanced, split bamboo, are a dream. New joints made to match your Rod. All kinds of rod repairing. Let us make you a rod. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ware Brothers Company, Spokane, Wash. (3-4)

MR. FISHERMAN. Try us for a good fishing line, silk or linen. We sell direct to you and will do you good. Enclose stamp for card with samples and prices. Silkline Co., Dept. K, Pekin, Illinois. (4-5)

Food Products

SPRUCE Gum. Refined from high grade stock fresh from Maine forest. Twenty 5c packages to box, $1.00 postpaid. Eastern Gum Company, Monson, Me. (3-2)

PURE Maple Syrup, 1 gal. (11 lbs.) $3.75 postpaid. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wis. (3-4)

For Advertisers

ADVERTISE: 28 words in 200 Rural Newspapers, $7.50. List free. Roberts Agency, Forreston, Ill.

Forest Tree Nurseries, Plants, Etc.

ALL kinds of evergreens for forest planting. Provide cover for game at a profit to yourself. Write for price list. Keene Forestry Association, Box 378, Keene, N. H. (6-4)

MAPLES, elms, walnuts, etc., trees, three to six feet; $6.00 per dozen. Order now. Spring delivery. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-2)

GLADIOLUS. Select varieties. Write for list. Riverview Glad Gardens, Rock Rapids, Iowa. (3-2)

For Sale or Exchange

EXCHANGE beautiful mounted 8 point deerhead, in original crate; cost $40.00. Want shotgun, rifle or good revolver. Frank Smatlak, Rice Lake, Wisconsin.

BARGAINS in new and used guns, binoculars, watches, diamonds. I buy, trade or sell. List free. Robert G. Parman, Arkansas City, Kansas.

For Smokers

SEND 10 cents silver or stamps for sample package 20 finest quality mild cigarettes. Large tin special smoking tobacco sent for 10c. Direct-to-smoker. French Tobacco Company, Dept. 45, Statesville, North Carolina. (3-4)

TOBACCO users: Write for free sample and prices. Answer this ad, it means something to you. Troutt & Son, Dept. W-4, Hickory, Ky. (5-4)

Game, Birds and Animals

WE offer extra fine, dark, Northern Minnesota Muskrats from our Battle Creek and Pine River Muskrat Ranches, for breeding stock, for delivery during 1928. $25.00 per pair for single pairs. Special prices for quantity contracts. All orders will be taken care of in the order received. Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corp., R. F. D., Lake Elmo, Minnesota. (9x27)

DARK Mink for Sale: Bred up from Eastern Canadian strain. Very prolific and dark. We sell in pairs or single males. Instructions can be obtained on how to make easy money in mink ranching. Booklet dealing on mink issued in January. N. A. Johannes, Licensed Fur Farm No. 599, Port Washington, Wisconsin. (3-4)

Game, Birds and Animals—Cont'd

FOR Sale: Registered well developed silver fox puppies. Our strain have been bred together for eight years and we have a strain which breeds true. Excellent types inoculated against distemper. Prices reasonable for first class stock. White Lake Fox Ranch, D. R. Aitken, Ranch Manager, Montague, Michigan. (3-3)

"PHEASANT Farming," illustrated, postpaid one dollar. Reliable, practical information. Quarter century's experience in game propagation. 'Gene M. Simpson, Route No. 1, Corvallis, Oregon. (3-2)

SUCCESSFUL Mink Raising, 22 pages 6x9 of practical information, pen drawings, illustrations of pens and animals. Mailed for $1.00. Our surplus 1927 mink are now sold. Davis Fur Farms, Inc., St. Johnsbury, Vt. (3-2)

PHEASANT eggs, Spring delivery. English Ringnecks 25c each, Mongolian Ringnecks 35c, Golden 60c, Silver 70c, Lady Amherst 90c, Reeves $1.00. Towamencin Pheasantry, Souderton, Pa. (3-4)

WOOD Ducks, Mandarian Ducks, Pheasants, Quail. All hand raised, extra tame. Silkie and common bantams for hatching wild duck and pheasant eggs. F. T. Mudd, Falls City, Nebraska.

SILVER foxes, chinchilla rabbits, pigeons, mink, muskrat. Tell me how you are situated and I'll show you how to make big profits. Write for facts. 721 Conrad's Ranch, Denver, Colo.

LIVE Muskrats, black or brown, immediate delivery. Shipment in perfect condition guaranteed. Write for information. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. 57, Chester, Pa.

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (3-4)

SKUNKS easily raised. Bred skunks, raccoons, minks. Instructive interesting catalog, 10c. Shady Fur Farm, Springfield, Minn. (3-2)

MUSKRATS—We have them. Can you distinguish the sex? Send name for literature. La-Bar's Fur Ranch, Austin, Minnesota.

MINKS, Northern Dark, Healthy. Reasonable price. Will ship C. O. D. Write today, Minnesota Fur Ranch, Frost, Minn.

PEAFOWL, pheasants, bantams, pigeons, wild geese, ducks, free circular. John Hass, Bettendorf, Iowa. (5-6)

FOR Sale: California Valley Quail, Doves and rare pheasants. J. V. Patton, Hollister, California. (6-3)

MINK. Best Northern Mississippi Valley minks. Orders taken any time. Cold Spring Fur Farms, Homer, Minnesota. (3-2)

PHEASANTS. Golden and Amherst. Also Japanese Silkie Bantams. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-2)

WILD geese—wild ducks—decoys—Breeders. Beautiful folder free. Wild Game Farm, Mohler, Ore. (3-3)

CROSS Foxes, proven breeders, big beauties. Eyrle Nelson, Englevale, North Dakota.

PIGEONS: Beautiful list free. Day Pigeon Co., Port Huron, Michigan. (3-4)

FERRETS, nice ones, healthy stock. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa.

CANARIES, Breeders. Lee Morton, Galena, Illinois.

Help Wanted, Instructions

FOREST Rangers, Border Patrol Inspectors, Railway Mail Clerks and other Government positions; $1,500 to $3,000 yearly. Vacancies soon. Particulars free. Write, Ozment Instruction Bureau, 119, St. Louis, Mo. (1x28)

MEN wanting outdoor work, qualify for Forest Ranger Position. Start $125 month; cabin and vacation; patrol the forests; protect the game; give tourists information. Write Mokane Institute, M-17, Denver, Colo. (12-12)

BE a detective. Excellent opportunity. Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 2190 Broadway, N. Y. (3-2)

MEN, get Forest Ranger job; $125-200 month and home furnished; permanent; hunt, fish, trap. For details write Norton, 249 Temple Court, Denver, Colorado. (3-2)

Indian Goods

PEACE Pipes, War Clubs, $5.00; Beaded Belts, Moccasins, $4.50; Watchfobs, $1.00; Bow, Arrows, $1.60; 25 selected stone age relics, $10.00; dozen fine arrowheads, $2.50. Tomahawks, Rare, $15.00. Everything in Indian Curios. Costumes. Blankets. Prehistoric Relics. Catalogue and Birchbark canoe, 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O. A., Harbor Springs, Michigan. (2x28)

INDIAN eagle feather war bonnets only $10.00. Indian Silver bracelets, turquois mounting $5.00. (Send 25c for arrow head, foreign coin and catalogue). Indiancraft O. A. Company, 466 Connecticut, Buffalo, N. Y. (11x27)

BEADED trappings, ancient Indian stone specimens, antique arms, ivories, fossils, minerals, all kinds of curios. List ten cents. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wisconsin. (3-4)

Manufacturers

MANUFACTURING Models, dies, stampings, brass work, one or thousands. Folder free. Baum's Metal Specialties, Kansas City, Mo. (3-3)

Miscellaneous

TAKE a real big game hunt in the Yukon, Cassiar, White River. Game plentiful. Moose, Caribou, goats, white and saddle back sheep, grizzlies, black and brown bears, small game and fishing, good pack and saddle horses. First class equipment. Success guaranteed. Johnnie Johns, Guide, Carcross, Yukon Territory. (3-4)

SALMON and trout fishing in Norway. Most reliable offers and service through Bernhd Brekke-Trondhjem, establ. 1880, cable address: Activ Trondhjem. Personally caught 5 salmon above 45 lbs. (4-5)

BARGAINS in 21 jewel Elgins, Walthams, Hamiltons and other standard watches, $24.50. Guaranteed to pass railroad inspections. Robert Parman, Arkansas City, Kansas. (3-2)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-4)

TWO old trappers' secrets on trapping muskrat, a quarter. Arthur Tascone, Box 337, Curry Road, R. D. No. 6, Schenectady, N. Y. (3-4)

QUIT tobacco easily, inexpensively. Send address. Paul Stokes, Mohawk, Florida.

Music and Musical Instruments

RECORDS, latest selections, thirty cents each. Write for catalogue. Pleasing Sound Phonograph Company, 204 East 113th Street, New York, N. Y. (3-3)

Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

PATENTS—Write for instructions. Carl Miller, Registered Patent Attorney (Former Patent Office examiner), 211-0 McGill Building, Washington, D. C. (3-3)

Photography—Cameras

MAKE money in photography. Learn quickly at home. Spare time or full time. New plan. Nothing like it. No experience necessary. Write for particulars. American School of Photography, Dept. 1298, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago. (12-10)

$50.00 for photographs. This price paid for photographs if they meet our requirements. Perhaps one of yours will bring this amount. Address Redkrafts, Dept. 7, Denver, Colorado.

AGENTS wanted to take orders for vanity pocket mirrors. Send in one of your favorite film negatives and 25c for sample to Az-U-Lyk-M Photo Service, Box K, Bristol, Vermont. (3-4)

Photography—Cameras—Cont'd

HAND paintings in oil colors from your hunting and fishing photos. Any size. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Paul N. Domke, Artist, Rogers City, Michigan. (3-4)

ENLARGEMENTS—from your films—8x10 or 7x11 inches, fifty cents. Three same, one dollar. Hobby Shop, Box 6, Traffic Station, Minneapolis, Minnesota. (3-3)

SPORTSMEN: Beautiful 7x11 oil colored enlargement from your favorite vacation film. $1.00. Lawrence's, 433 12th St., Toledo, Ohio. (3-3)

DIE cut oval prints something new for kodakers. Send dime with negative for sample and catalog of specialties. Frank Scobie, 68-O, Sleepy Eye, Minnesota.

ROLL developed and 6 prints 20c or 10 printed from negatives, or two 5x7 enlargements. Blad, Wareham, Mass.

Poultry

PLANS for poultry houses. All styles, 150 illustrations; secret of getting winter eggs, and copy of "The Full Egg Basket." Send 25 cents. Inland Poultry Journal, Dept. 517, Indianapolis, Indiana. (5-3)

Printing, Stationery and Rubber Stamps

SPECIAL offer—150 Bond Letterheads, 8½ x 11, and 150 envelopes printed to order, $1.50. John Ferreira, 249-1 Eugenia St., New Bedford, Mass. (3-3)

200 LETTERHEADS and 100 envelopes, $1.10 postpaid. Oberman Company, Box 1268, Chicago. (3-2)

Rabbits

BIG money raising Chinchilla Rabbits, garage, woodshed or barn, spare time. Pedigreed well bred stock. Write for particulars and prices. DeCamp Carson, Delta, Wis. (3-4)

RAISE Fur Rabbits, Chinchillas, Flemish Giants, New Zealands. Booklet 10c. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (3-3)

Real Estate

CANADA Tax Sale. Buy these bargains by mail. Pay in monthly payments $5 or $10. $49.50 for 2 acres lake front. $63.00 for 25 acres on road. $180.00 for 100 acres with creek. $112.50 for 1,000 yards river frontage. $450.00 for 300 acres game preserve. $67.50 for 5 acres on Georgian Bay. $171.00 for 79 acres Ocean front. These are a few items taken at random from our new twenty page illustrated booklet of Canadian properties seized and sold for taxes, which is free for the asking. Beautifully situated hunting camps and fishing lodges where there is real hunting and fishing, summer cottage sites, islands, heavily wooded acreages situated in Muskoka, Highlands of Ontario and the New North. Also farms in Old Ontario, Quebec, the Prairie Provinces and British Columbia. You couldn't buy these for ten times the price in the ordinary way. Now is the time to invest in Canada's future—minerals, forests and farms. Don't delay. Send no money, but send for the booklet today so you will have first choice. Full particulars. Tax Sale Service, Room 610, 72 Queen Street West, Toronto 2, Canada. (3-3)

27 ACRES on Big Spider Lake, Hayward, Wis. Joins State land and large game preserve—plenty timber for cabins. Price $1500. W. W. Cook, 1713 Monroe St., Madison, Wis. (3-4)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

FLORIDA Game preserves improved and unimproved. Large acreage, groves, beautiful estates and hotels. W. A. Dade, 314 E. Amelia Street, Orlando, Fla. (3-4)

FOR Sale: Lakeshore property in Arrowhead Country. Arrowhead Lakes Land Co., Tower, Minnesota. (3-3)

Stamp Collecting

50 DIFFERENT Turkish stamps, 30c; 11 Albania, 8c; 16 Armenia, 12c; 10 Newfoundland, 6c; 6 Nicaragua, 6c; 25 Cuba, 16c; 25 Airpost, 15c; 20 Finland, 10c. Frederick Jackson, Dos Rios, California. (3-4)

SENSATIONAL values. Over 140 different Algeria, Barbadoes, Cameroons, Gabon, etc., 10c. Lists free. 100 diff. U. S. 30c. 1000 hinges 9c. Hawkeye Stamp Co., Cedar Rapids, 49, Iowa. (3-2)

1000 DIFFERENT genuine stamps, only $1.00. Guaranteed to please or money back. A. B. Nickles, 213 Seaton, N. E., Washington, D. C. (3-3)

AFRICAN stamps free with orders, 10c packets: 500 different, 39c; 1000 different, 79c. High grade approvals. Simmons Stamp Company, Horton, Michigan. (3-3)

1,000 DIFFERENT, $0.80; 2,000, $3.50; 500, 40c. Fred Onken, 630 79th Street, Brooklyn. (3-3)

FORTY different United States 10c stamps on approval at 60% discount. C. Seidenberg, Baroda, Michigan. (3-4)

PENNY Approvals that satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-2)

BIG bargains, ¼ c up. Babcock, 405 E. Fort, Detroit, Michigan. (3-3)

Taxidermy

BETTER Taxidermy. Work that really reproduces nature. Scientifically correct and life-like, according to approved and tested modern museum methods. Experts in charge of all phases of the work. Birds, game heads, fish, tanning, museum groups. Get our free circular and list of moderate prices. Wire or write to the largest natural history house in America. General Biological Supply House, 761-763 East 69th Place, Chicago, Illinois. (3-3)

LIFELIKE Plastic Taxidermy. Prof. Stainsky of National reputation. To be sure your trophies are preserved true to life, they should be mounted by Prof. Stainsky, originator of Plastic art in Taxidermy. Send for price list. We save you money. Our chamois tanning has no equal. Colorado Springs, Colo. (3-4)

TAXIDERMY, furrier service. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ralph Feld, 331 S. State, Marion, Ohio. (3-3)

GLASS eyes: G. Schoepfer, 16-18 W. 36th St., New York. (3-3)

Wanted

CASH paid for butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 72. (7-7)

WANTED. Outboard motor. Chas. Leeper, Clarksville, Iowa.

Wearing Apparel

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

IRISH tweeds. All wool, hand woven; price 4s. 6d. per yard. Ideal for Sports wear; patterns free. Daniel & Co., Beragh, Tyrone, Ireland. (3-4)

Something to Sell?

If you have something to sell, and you want to be sure of selling it at a minimum expense for doing the job, put your ad in the Classified Department of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Use the form below and mail with correct amount so that we receive it by February first.

Write Your Classified Advertisement Here

Izaak Walton League
536 Lake Shore Drive
Chicago, Illinois

Classified Advertising Rate
15c per word for one insertion. 30c per word for three consecutive insertions.

I enclose $_____ for the following classified ad to run _____ times in OUTDOOR AMERICA starting in the _____ issue.

Ad must reach us by February 1st to appear in March issue.

The Land of the "Hand Out"

Might Be a Paradise for Beggars and Ne'er-do-wells BUT

there will be no "hand out" or "good fairy" to give back to your boys and girls the joys and benefits of the glorious outdoors which the grown-ups of this generation are doing so much to wipe out. Or, even worse, which they are watching disappear as they indifferently stand by. Are we to steal from the unborn generations that which honestly belongs to them? Shall Walter Chudy and his boyish wail be ignored?

IF you are a father or mother—if you honor the obligation of that splendid distinction—if you appreciate this great country which is showering its blessings upon you—if you cherish health, wealth and pleasure for you and yours and America as a whole—if these are worth anything to you—a thought or a spare moment's effort—VOTE TO SAVE THEM.

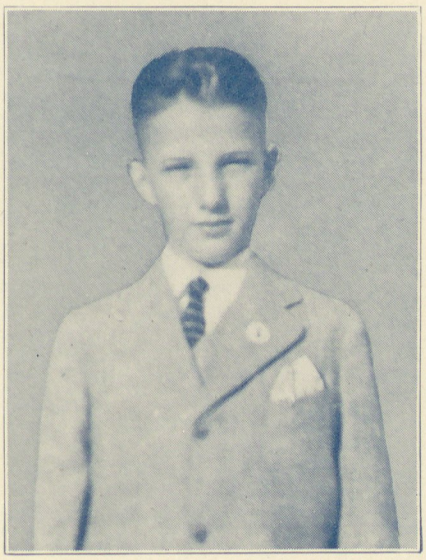
Walter Chudy is one of many thousands. He represents the American youth of today—youth that needs and wants a chance to enjoy the same outdoor pleasures and health-building and character-building advantages that were enjoyed by earlier Americans.

Outdoor life is the basic factor in the American character and leadership. It can be preserved only by the concerted action of hundreds of thousands of Americans just like you who are reading this.

SEND IN YOUR BALLOT TODAY. LEARN HOW TO EARN THE "MARKS OF MERIT" OF WALTONISM—THE SILVER FOUNDERS BUTTON AND THE MERIT FOB.

These are the distinguished service badges of Waltonism!

Will You Vote for Walter Chudy?



3343 Crystal Street
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. Sportsman:

I think it would be a good idea for the Izaak Walton League of America to save a little sport for me. I am always thinking about hunting and fishing. I go fishing sometimes. And I can't go hunting because I am only twelve years old. My father is going to buy me a gun for Christmas. I WISH THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA WOULD SAVE HUNTING AND FISHING FOR ME AND OTHER CHILDREN. I am twelve years old and my birthday is May 23. We are moving to Thorp, Wis., next year in July or August.

Yours truly,
WALTER CHUDY (signed)

Here Is Your Ballot! Vote!

I vote for the continuation and intensification of the efforts and works of the Izaak Walton League to save and restore America's outdoor treasures. I realize these are not only tremendous recreational but immense economic values. I believe in action more than talk and am sufficiently interested to aid as checked below.

1. ☐ I want to become a member. Please tell me how.
2. ☐ Please tell me how I may earn—
   (a) My founders button
   (b) My merit fob
3. ☐ I will help you organize a chapter in .....
   Please send me forms and necessary information.
4. ☐ Realizing that to actively prosecute the League's great restorative undertakings entails expense, I may be willing in time of need to modestly contribute to your war chest. You distinctly understand that this does not obligate me in any way to make any contribution unless I see fit.
5. ☐ I nominate the persons named below for membership. Please send them explanatory literature, copies of OUTDOOR AMERICA without charge, and to me an equal number of application cards so that I may attempt to obtain their membership.

Name Town

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

9 TIMES AS MUCH FOR YOUR MONEY

"I'll say it's great! Real writing mileage at last"

Free—With each Postal Pen you receive, absolutely free, 5 gold premium postcards, each worth 50c on the purchase price of other Postal Pens or Postal materials.

WITH a few strokes of a pen you can instantly short-circuit a lot of expense. This is made possible by a simple, easy and very quick sales method successfully established three years ago by the Postal Pen Company.

Your name on the coupon below eliminates jobbers' discounts, salesmen's commissions, retail discounts—two-thirds of the "profits" that a pen must yield when sold in the ordinary way.

But that isn't all. It brings you, direct from manufacturers' factory, the pen with hundreds of thousands of users who consider it superior to any fountain pen, regardless of price. Its exclusive patented features put the Postal Pen in a class by itself.

The One Reason

Figure this out for yourself. There's just one reason for carrying a fountain pen. You can't carry an inkwell around in your pocket or handbag. You want a fountain pen so that you will always have a smooth, beautiful, easy-flowing writing instrument that carries its own supply of ink. When it is dry, it is no better than an old-fashioned steel pen until it is filled again—the more ink it holds the more real *Service* it renders you.

Then compare the following features of the Postal Pen with any other pen at any price!

Postal—the same size as other fine fountain pens—*actually holds three times more ink!* Has three times the usual inside-of-barrel capacity. Three times as much writing service.

3 Times 3 Is 9

To carry this much ink—to be able to write this long without the trouble of refilling—you would need 3 ordinary fountain pens. And to get ordinary pens of similar unexcelled quality, you'd have to pay 3 times as much as you pay for a Postal Pen, 3 times as much service—and a fine, beautiful pen absolutely guaranteed equal in quality and workmanship to pens costing 3 times as much—3 times 3—9 times as much for your money when you buy a Postal Pen!

And one of the biggest features of all is the fact that the Postal Pen Barrel is actually transparent. Keep it clean and you can always see, right through the barrel, exactly how much ink you have. Other pens run unexpectedly dry. Postal never does—you always know when to re-fill it.

Finest iridium tipped solid 14-karat gold point—the same quality as in the costliest pens. Absolutely guaranteed. All of the materials and craftsmanship are absolutely guaranteed to be equal or superior in quality to those found in any other pen sold at $7, $8.75 or more.

Another Great New Feature

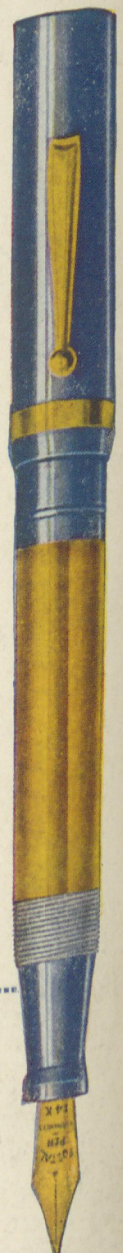
But how will we know exactly what kind of point you need? Our experts have been working with graphologists—handwriting experts—for months, and now they can tell *from your own handwriting* exactly what type of point will suit you best. Just as an expert, after making an examination, can tell a person who needs glasses exactly what kind of lenses he should have. *You wouldn't try to select a pair of glasses from a little corner store with only a few to choose from.*

Costs Only $2.50

Thirty days free test? So satisfactory has this greatly improved new method of selecting a pen point proved that we will let you use your Postal Pen a full month and then return it and get your money back if you don't find it the most satisfactory pen and point you ever used in your life.

Don't wait until tomorrow! Mail the coupon today—right now! If the signature space isn't large enough for you to write in your natural style, write on the margin of the page so that our pen point experts can select from a gigantic stock the point exactly suited to your natural style of writing.

Send no money—merely deposit $2.50 with the postman when he delivers your pen, and then try it thirty days before you even decide to keep it! **Mail coupon now!**



MAIL COUPON TODAY

Postal
RESERVOIR PEN

POSTAL PEN CO., Inc., 41 Park Row, Desk 315, New York City

POSTAL PEN COMPANY, Inc.,
Desk 315, 41 Park Row, New York City

Please send me one Postal Reservoir Pen, and five special Premium Postcards which I may use, give away, or dispose of at 50c each. I will pay $2.50 upon receipt of the pen. If after 30 days' use I desire to return the Postal Pen, you agree to refund purchase price. Send size checked here:.....Men's size.....Women's size.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....